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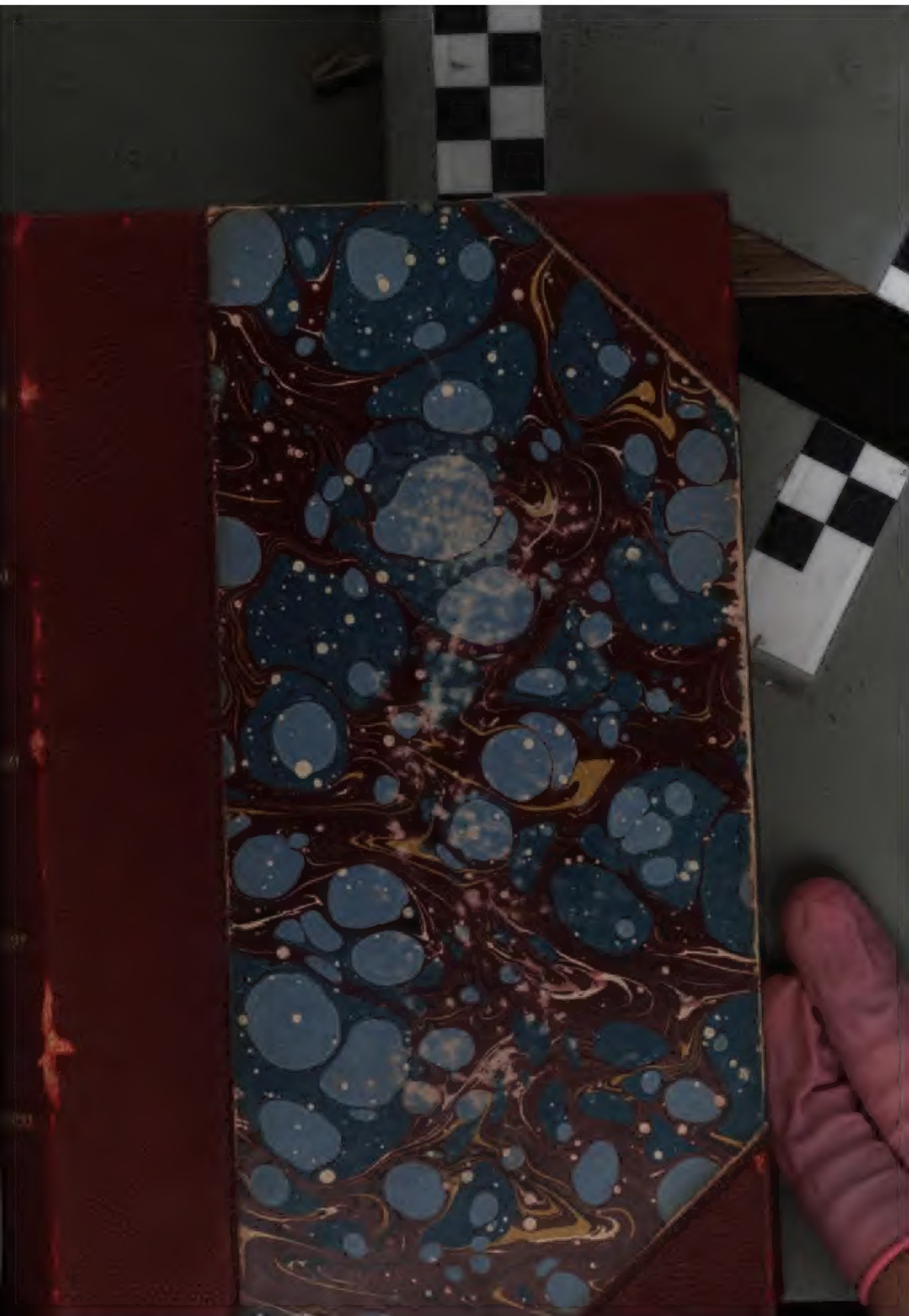

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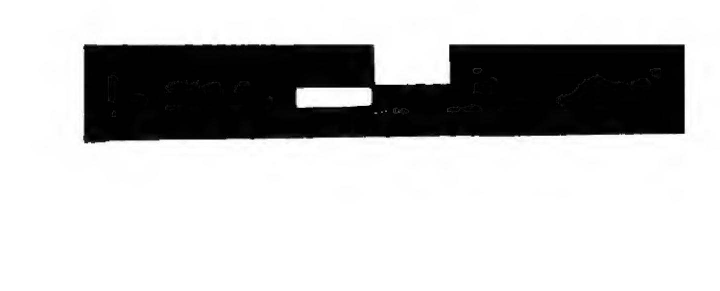
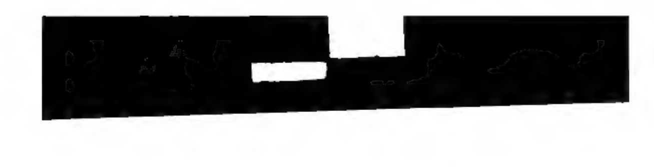


THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE—NOVEMBER,

1869.



THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES

VOL. III.

JUNE—NOVEMBER.

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# Preface.

THE Preface is peculiarly an Urbanian institution. In the early days of *The Gentleman's Magazine* the editorial prologue was done in metre; loyal odes, songs of incident, and florid rhymes, ushered into the world the favoured periodic numbers. Later, the portals of St. John's Gate resounded with the footsteps of Dr. Johnson and the volumes bore upon their frontal pages the impress of his famous pen. It must, we cannot but believe, have quickened the pride even of "the dull, oily printer," as Carlyle, in one of his noblest essays, terms the phlegmatic Edward Cave, to read the great man's tribute to the excellence of his publication. Dr. Johnson's Prefaces were models in their way. They hit the times. Vigorous disparagement of contemporary magazines and outspoken praise of *The Gentleman's*, they awed opponents and confirmed the wisdom of supporters.

We are not going to say that the worthy Doctor's praise and censure were not both alike just; but other times, other manners. Even the special cunning of the Johnsonian pen would be at fault in these days, when it is an act of grace to see merits in contemporary work, and be modestly, if not honestly, dumb about your own. Respect for the customs of our predecessors keeps up in our New Series this honoured title of "Preface;" while a proper submission to the tastes of the day makes us content to leave our labours to the judgment of the public.

We changed the style and manner of our publication because the newspapers filled the ground which we had previously occupied. For the same reason we have in this present volume discontinued another journalistic feature—"Obituary Memoirs." It was impossible that we could keep pace in a monthly record with the daily and weekly chronicles. We believe we have since filled this space with greater satisfaction to our readers. At the same time we have not lost sight of the more important social topics of the day, nor have we disregarded the wide range of subjects indicated on the framework of our cover.

The continued growth of the large constituency enfranchised by our new tariff is a guarantee that the Magazine has met with public approval. We hope our next may be a still more worthy link in that long series of volumes which reaches back to the days of George the First and the Duke of Marlborough.

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THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1869.

# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

## CHAPTER III.

### ALONE.

THE child remained motionless on the rock, with his eyes fixed; no calling out; no appeal. Although it was unexpected, he spoke not a word. The same silence reigned in the vessel. No cry from the child to the men—no farewell from the men to the child. There was on both sides a mute acceptance of the widening distance between them. It was like a separation from ghosts on the banks of the Styx. The child, as if nailed to the rock, which the high tide began to bathe, watched the departing bark. It seemed as if he realised his position. What did he realise?—the Darkness.

A moment later, the hooker gained the strait outside the creek and entered it. Against the clear sky, the masthead was visible rising above the split blocks between which the strait wound as between two walls. The truck wandered to the summit of the rocks and appeared to run into them. Then it was seen no more—all was over—the bark had gained the sea.

The child watched its disappearance—he was astounded but dreamy. His stupefaction was complicated by a sense of the dark reality of existence. It seemed as if there were experience in this dawn of being. Did he, *perchance*, already exercise judgment? Experience coming too early constructs, sometimes, in the obscure

depths of a child's mind, some dangerous balance—we know not what—on which these poor little souls weigh God.

Feeling himself innocent, he yielded. There was no complaint—the irreproachable does not reproach.

Their rough expulsion of him drew from him no sign —he suffered a sort of internal stiffening. The child did not bow under this sudden blow of fate, which seemed to put an end to his existence ere it had well begun; he received the thunderstroke standing.

It would have been evident to anyone who could have seen his astonishment unmixed with dejection, that, in the group which abandoned him, there was nothing which loved him, nothing which he loved.

Brooding, he forgot the cold. Suddenly the wave wetted his feet—the tide was rising; a gust passed through his hair—the north wind was rising. He shivered. There came over him, from head to foot, a shudder of awakening.

He cast his eyes about him.

He was alone.

Up to this day there had never existed for him any other men than those who were at that moment in the hooker. Those men had just stolen away.

Let us add what seems a strange thing to state. These men, the only ones he knew, were unknown to him.

He could not have said who these men were. His childhood had been passed among them, without his having the consciousness of being of them. He was in juxtaposition to them, nothing more.

He had just been—forgotten—by them.

He had no money about him, no shoes to his feet, scarcely a garment to his body, not even a piece of bread in his pocket.

It was winter—it was night. It would be necessary to walk several leagues before a human habitation could be reached.

He did not know where he was.

He knew nothing, unless it was that those who had come with him to the brink of the sea had gone away without him.

He felt himself put outside the pale of life.

He felt that man failed him.

He was ten years old.

The child was in a desert, between depths, where he saw the night rise, and depths where he heard the waves murmur.

He stretched his little thin arms and yawned.

Then, suddenly, as one who makes up his mind, bold, and throwing off his numbness—with the agility of a squirrel—or perhaps of an

acrobat—he turned his back on the creek, and set himself to climb straight up the cliff. He escaladed the path, left it, returned to it, quick and venturous. He was hurrying landward; just as though he had a destination marked out; nevertheless, he was going nowhere.

He hastened without an object—a fugitive before Fate.

To climb is the function of a man; to clamber is that of an animal—he did both. The slopes of Portland facing southward, there was scarcely any snow on the path; the intensity of cold had, however, frozen that snow into dust very troublesome to the walker. The child got free of it. His man's jacket, which was too big for him, complicated matters, and got in his way. Now and then he encountered on an overhanging crag or in a declivity a little ice, which caused him to slip down. Then, after hanging some moments over the precipice, he would catch hold of a dry branch or projecting stone. Once he came on a vein of slate, which suddenly gave way under him, letting him down with it. This crumbling slate is treacherous. For some seconds the child slid like a tile on a roof; he rolled to the extreme edge of the decline, a tuft of grass which he clutched at the right moment saved him.

He was as mute in sight of the abyss as he had been in sight of the men; he gathered himself up and reascended silently. The slope was steep; so he had to tack in ascending. The precipice grew in the darkness; this vertical rock had no ending. It receded before the child in the distance of its height. As the child ascended, so seemed the summit to ascend. While he clambered he looked up at the dark entablature placed like a barrier between heaven and him. At last he reached the top.

He jumped on the level ground, or rather landed, for he rose from the precipice.

Scarcely was he on the cliff than he began to shiver. He felt in his face that bite of the night, the north wind. The bitter north-wester was blowing; he tightened his rough sailor's jacket about his chest.

It was a good coat, called in ship language a sou'-wester (*suroit*), because that sort of stuff allows little of the south-westerly rain to penetrate.

The child, having gained the tableland, stopped, placed his feet firmly on the frozen ground and looked about him.

Behind him was the sea; in front was the land; above, the sky—but a sky without stars; an opaque mist masked the zenith.

On reaching the summit of the rocky wall he found himself turned towards the land, and regarded it attentively. It lay before him, as

far as the sky-line, flat, frozen, and covered with snow. Some tufts of heather shivered in the wind. No roads were visible. Nothing, not even a shepherd's cot. Here and there, pale, spiral vortices might be seen, which were whirls of fine snow, snatched from the ground by the wind and blown away. Successive undulations of ground, becoming suddenly misty, rolled themselves into the horizon. The great dull plains were lost under the white fog. Deep silence. It spread like infinity and was still as the tomb.

The child again turned towards the sea.

The sea, like the land, was white, the one with snow, the other with foam. There is nothing so melancholy as the light produced by this double whiteness. Certain lights of night are very clear cut in their hardness; the sea was like steel, the cliff like ebony. From the height where the child was, the bay of Portland appeared almost like a geographical map, pale in a semicircle of hills. There was something dream-like in that nocturnal landscape—a wan disk of waters belted by a dark crescent. The moon sometimes has a similar appearance. From cape to cape, along the whole coast, not a single spark indicating a hearth with a fire, nor a lighted window, nor an inhabited house, was to be seen. As in the sky so on earth, no light. Not a lamp below, not a star above. Here and there came sudden risings in the great expanse of waters in the gulf. The wind disarranged and wrinkled this vast sheet. The hooker was still visible in the bay as she fled.

It was a black triangle gliding over the livid light. Far away confusedly the waste of waters stirred in the ominous clear-obscure of immensity. The *Matutina* was making quick way. She seemed to grow smaller every minute. Nothing appears so rapid as the flight of a vessel melting into the distance of ocean.

Suddenly she lit the lantern in her bow. Probably the darkness falling round her made those on board uneasy, and the pilot thought it necessary to throw light on the waves. This luminous point, a spark seen from afar, clung like a corpse light to the high and long black form. You would have said it was a shroud raised up and moving in the middle of the sea, under which some one wandered with a star in his hand.

A storm threatened in the air: the child took no account of it, but a sailor would have trembled. It was that moment of preliminary anxiety, when it seems as though the elements are changing into persons, and that one is about to witness the mysterious transfiguration of the wind into the wind-god. The sea becomes Ocean: its power reveals itself as Will: that which one takes for a thing, is a

soul. It will become visible. Hence it is terrible. The soul of man fears to be thus confronted with the soul of nature.

Chaos was about to appear. The wind rolling back the fog, and making a stage of the clouds behind, set the scene for that fearful drama of wave and winter, which is called a Snow-storm. Vessels putting back hove in sight. For some minutes past the roads had been no longer deserted. Every instant troubled barks, hastening towards an anchorage, appeared from behind the capes; some were doubling Portland Bill, the others St. Alban's Head. From afar ships were running in. It was a race for refuge. Southwards the darkness thickened, and clouds, full of night, bordered on the sea.

The weight of the tempest hanging overhead made a dreary lull on the waves. It certainly was no time to sail, yet the hooker had sailed. She had made the south of the cape. She was already out of the gulf, and in the open sea; suddenly there came a gust of wind. The *Matutina*, which was still clearly in sight, made all sail, as if resolved to profit by the hurricane. It was the nor'-wester, a wind sullen and angry. Its weight was felt instantly. The hooker, caught broadside on, staggered, but recovering held her course to sea. This indicated a flight rather than a voyage, less fear of sea than of land, and greater heed of pursuit from man than from wind.

The hooker, passing through every degree of diminution, sank into the horizon. The little star which she carried into shadow paled. More and more the hooker became amalgamated with the night; then disappeared.

This time for good and all.

At least the child seemed to understand it so; he ceased to look at the sea. His eyes returned upon the plains, the wastes, the hills, towards the space where it might not be impossible to meet something living.

Into this unknown he set out.

## CHAPTER IV.

### QUESTIONS.

WHAT kind of band was it which left this child behind in its flight?

Were these fugitives Comprachicos?

We have already seen the account of the measures taken by William III., and confirmed by Parliament, against the malefactors, male and female, called Comprachicos, otherwise Comprapequeños, otherwise Cheylas.

There are laws which disperse.

The law acting against the Comprachicos determined, not only the Comprachicos, but vagabonds of all sorts, on a general flight.

It was the devil take the hindmost.

The greater number of the Comprachicos returned to Spain; many of them, as we have said, being Basques.

The law for the protection of children had at first this strange result. It caused children to be suddenly abandoned.

The immediate effect of this penal statute was to produce a crowd of children found, or rather lost. Nothing is easier to understand. Every wandering gang containing a child was liable to suspicion. The mere fact of the child's presence was in itself a denunciation.

These are very likely Comprachicos. Such was the idea of the sheriff, of the bailiff, of the constable. Hence followed arrest and inquiry. People simply unfortunate, reduced to wander and to beg, were seized with a terror of being taken for Comprachicos, although such was not the fact. But the weak have grave doubts of possible errors in Justice. Besides, these vagabond families are very easily scared. The accusation against the Comprachicos was that they traded in other people's children. But the promiscuousness caused by poverty and indigence is such, that at times it might have been difficult for a father and mother to prove a child their own.

How came you by this child? How were they to prove that they held it from God? The child became a peril—they got rid of it. To fly unencumbered was easier; the parents resolved to lose it—now in a wood, now on a strand, now down a well.

Children were found drowned in cisterns.

Let us add that, in imitation of England, all Europe henceforth hunted down the Comprachicos. The impulse of pursuit was given. There is nothing like belling the cat. From this time forward the desire to seize them made rivalry and emulation among the police of all countries. And the alguazil was not less keenly watchful than the constable.

One could still read, twenty-three years ago, on a stone of the gate of Otero, an untranslatable inscription—the words of the code outraging propriety. There, however, the shade of difference which existed between the buyers and the stealers of children is very strongly marked. Here is part of the inscription in somewhat rough Castilian, *Aqui quedan las orejas de los Comprachicos, mientras que se van ellos al trabajo de mar.* You see the confiscation of ears did not prevent the owners going to the galleys. Whence followed a general rout among all vagabonds. They started frightened; they arrived

trembling. On every shore in Europe their furtive advent was watched. Impossible for such a band to embark with a child, since to disembark with one was dangerous.

To lose the child was much simpler of accomplishment.

And this child, of whom we have caught a glimpse in the shadow of the solitudes of Portland, by whom had he been cast away?

To all appearance by Comprachicos.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TREE OF HUMAN INVENTION.

It might be about seven o'clock in the evening. The wind was now diminishing, a sign, however, of impending violent recurrence. The child was on the tableland at the extreme south point of Portland.

Portland is a peninsula; but the child did not know what a peninsula is, and was ignorant even of the name of Portland. He knew but one thing, which is, that one can walk until one drops down. An idea is a guide; he had no idea. They had brought him here, and left him here. *They* and *here.* These two enigmas represented his doom. *They* were humankind. *Here* was the universe. For him in all creation there was absolutely no other basis to rest on but the little piece of ground where he placed his heel, ground hard and cold to his naked feet. In that great twilight world, open on all sides, what was there for the child? Nothing.

He walked towards this Nothing. Around him was the vastness of human desertion.

He crossed the first plateau diagonally, then a second, then a third. At the extremity of each plateau the child came upon a break in the ground. The slope was sometimes steep, but always short; the high, bare plains of Portland resemble great flagstones overlapping each other. The south side seems to enter under the protruding slab, the north side rises over the following one; these made ascents, which the child stepped over nimbly. From time to time he stopped, and seemed to hold counsel with himself. The night was becoming very dark. His radius of sight was contracting. He now only saw a few steps before him.

All of a sudden he stopped, listened for an instant, and with an almost imperceptible nod of satisfaction, turned quickly and directed his steps towards an eminence of moderate height, which he dimly perceived on his right, at the point of the plain nearest the cliff.

There was on the eminence a shape which in the mist looked like a tree. The child had just heard a noise in this direction, which was the noise neither of the wind nor of the sea, nor was it the cry of animals. He thought that some one was there, and with a few strides he was at the foot of the hillock.

In truth, some one was there.

That which had been indistinct on the top of the eminence was now visible. It was something like a great arm thrust straight out of the ground; at the upper extremity of the arm was a sort of forefinger, supported from beneath by the thumb, pointed out horizontally; the arm, the thumb, and the forefinger drew a square against the sky. At the point of juncture of this peculiar finger and this peculiar thumb, there was a string, from which hung something black and shapeless. The string moving in the wind sounded like a chain. This was the noise the child had heard. Seen closely, the string was that which the noise indicated, a chain—a single chain cable.

By that mysterious law of amalgamation which throughout nature causes appearances to exaggerate realities, the place, the hour, the mist, the mournful sea, the cloudy turmoils on the distant horizon, added to the effect of this outline, and made it seem enormous.

The mass linked to the chain presented the appearance of a scabbard. It was swaddled like a child, and long like a man. There was a round thing at its summit, about which the end of the chain was rolled. The scabbard was riven asunder at the lower end, and shreds of flesh hung out between the rents.

A feeble breeze stirred the chain, and that which hung to it swayed gently. The passive mass obeyed the vague motions of space. It was an object to inspire indescribable dread. Horror, which disproportions everything, blurred its dimensions while retaining its shape. It was a condensation of darkness, which had a defined form. Night was above and within the spectre; it was a prey to ghastly exaggeration. Twilight and moon-rise, stars setting behind the cliff, floating things in space, the clouds, winds from all quarters, had ended by penetrating into the composition of this visible nothing. The species of log hanging in the wind partook of the impersonality diffused far over sea and sky, and the darkness completed this phase of the *thing* which had once been a man.

Once, but now no longer so.

To be nought but a remainder! Such a thing is beyond the power of language to express. No more to exist, yet to persist; to be in the abyss, yet be above it; to reappear above death as if indissoluble. There is a certain amount of impossibility mixed with such

reality. Thence comes the inexpressible. This being—was it a being? This black witness was a remainder, and an awful remainder —a remainder of what? Of nature first, and then of society. Nought, and yet totality.

The lawless inclemency of the weather held him at its will; the deep oblivion of solitude environed him; he was given up to unknown chances; he was without defence against the darkness, which did with him what it willed. He was always the patient; he submitted; the hurricane (that ghastly conflict of winds) was upon him.

The spectre was given over to pillage. He underwent the horrible outrage of rotting in the open air; he was an outlaw of the tomb. There was no peace for him even in annihilation: in the summer he fell away into dust, in the winter into mud. Death should be veiled, the grave should have its reserve. Here was neither veil nor reserve: cynically avowed putrefaction. It is effrontery in death to display his work, he offends all the calmness of his shadow when he does his task outside his laboratory, the grave. This dead being had been stripped. To strip one already stripped—what a relentless act! His marrow was no longer in his bones; his entrails were no longer in his carcase; his voice was no longer in his throat. A corpse is a pocket which death turns inside out and empties. If he ever had a Me, where was the Me? There still, perchance, and this was fearful to think of. Something wandering around something in chains,—can one imagine a more mournful feature in the darkness?

Realities exist here below which serve as issues to the unknown, which seem to facilitate the egress of speculation, and which precipitate hypothesis. Conjecture has its *compelle intrare*. In passing by certain places and before certain objects one cannot help stopping —a prey to dreams within the realms of which the mind progresses. In the invisible there are some dark portals ajar. No one could have met this dead man without meditating.

In the vastness of dispersion he was worn silently away. He had had blood which had been drunk, skin which had been eaten, flesh which had been stolen. Nothing had passed by without taking somewhat from him. December had borrowed cold of him; midnight, horror; the iron, rust; the plague, miasma; the flowers, perfume. His slow disintegration was a toll paid to all—a toll of the corpse to the storm, the rain, the dew, the reptiles, the birds. All the dark hands of night had rifled the dead.

He was, indeed, an inexpressibly strange tenant, a tenant of the darkness. He was on a plain and on a hill, and *he was not*. He was palpable, yet vanished. He was a shadow added to the night. After

the disappearance of day into an expanse of silent gloom, he became in lugubrious accord with all around him. By his mere presence he increased the moaning of the tempest, and the calm of stars. The unutterable which is in the desert was condensed in him. Waif of an unknown fate, he added himself to all the wild secrets of the night. There was in his mystery a vague reverberation of all.

About him life seemed sinking to its lowest depths. Certainty and confidence appeared to diminish in his environs. The shiver of the brushwood and the grass, the desolate melancholy, and anxiety, which seemed to embody a conscience, made the whole landscape in tragic unison with that black figure suspended by the chain. The presence of a spectre in the horizon is an aggravation of solitude.

He was a Sign. Having unappeasable winds around him, he was implacable. Perpetual shuddering made him terrible. Fearful to say, he seemed to be a centre in space, with something immense leaning on him. Who can tell? Perhaps that equity, half seen and set at defiance, which transcends human justice. There was in his unburied continuance the vengeance of men and his own vengeance. He was a testimony in the twilight and the waste. He was in himself a disquieting substance, since we tremble before the substance which is the ruined habitation of the soul. For dead matter to trouble us, it must once have been tenanted by spirit. He denounced the law of earth to the law of Heaven. Placed there by man, he there awaited God. Above him floated, blended with all the vague distortions of the cloud and the wave, boundless dreams of shadow.

Who could tell what sinister mysteries lurked behind this phantom? The illimitable circumscribed by nought; nor tree, nor roof, nor passer-by were near this dead man. When the unchangeable broods over us, when Heaven and the abyss, life, the grave, and eternity appear patent, then it is we feel that all is inaccessible, all is forbidden, all is sealed. Even when infinity opens before us there is no barrier more formidable.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CONFLICT BETWEEN DEATH AND NIGHT.

THE child was before this thing, dumb, wondering, and with eyes fixed.

To a man it would have been a gibbet; to the child it was an apparition.

Where a man would have seen a corpse, the child saw a spectre.

Besides, he did not understand.

The attractions of the obscure are manifold. There was one on the summit of that hill. The child took a step, then another; he ascended, wishing all the while to descend; and approached, wishing all the while to retreat.

Bold, and yet trembling, he went close up to survey the spectre.

When he got close under the gibbet, he looked up and examined it.

The spectre was tarred; here and there it shone. The child distinguished the face. It was coated over with pitch; and this mask, which appeared viscous and sticky, varied its aspect with the night shadows. The child saw the mouth, which was a hole; the nose, which was a hole; the eyes, which were holes. The body was wrapped, and apparently corded up, in coarse canvas, soaked in naphtha. The canvas was mouldy and torn. A knee protruded through it. A rent allowed the ribs to be seen. Some parts were corpse, others were skeleton. The face was the colour of earth. Some slugs, wandering over it, had traced across it vague ribands of silver. The canvas, glued to the bones, showed relief like the robe of a statue. The skull, cracked and fractured, gaped like a rotten fruit. The teeth were still human, for they retained a laugh. The remains of a cry seemed to whisper in the open mouth. There were a few hairs of beard on the cheek. The inclined head had an air of attention.

Some repairs had recently been done; the face had been tarred afresh, as well as the ribs and the knee which came out of the canvas. The feet hung out below.

Just underneath in the grass were two shoes, which snow and rain had rendered shapeless. These shoes had fallen from the dead man.

The barefooted child looked at the shoes.

The wind which had become more and more restless, was now interrupted by those pauses which foretell the approach of a storm. For the last few minutes it had altogether ceased to blow. The corpse no longer stirred; the chain was as immoveable as a plummet line.

Like all new-comers into life, and taking into account the peculiar influences of his fate, the child, no doubt, felt within him that awakening of ideas characteristic of early years which endeavours to open the brain, and which resembles the pecking of the young bird in the egg. But all that there was in his little consciousness at this moment was resolved into stupor. Excess of sensation has the effect of too much oil, and ends by putting out thought. A man would have put himself questions; the child put himself none; he only looked.

The tar gave the face a wet appearance; drops of pitch, congealed in what had been the eyes, produced the effect of tears. However,

thanks to the pitch, the ravage of death, if not annulled, was visibly slackened and reduced to the least possible decay. That which was before the child was a thing of which care was taken; the man was evidently precious. They had not cared to keep him alive, but they did care to keep him dead.

The gibbet was old, worm-eaten, although strong, and had been in use many years.

It was an immemorial custom in England to tar smugglers. They were hanged on the sea-board, they were coated over with pitch and left swinging. Examples must be made in public, and tarred examples last longest. The tar was mercy; by renewing it they were spared making fresh examples. They placed gibbets from point to point along the coast, as now-a-days they do beacons. The hanged man did duty as a lantern. After his fashion, he guided his comrades, the smugglers. The smugglers from far out at sea perceived the gibbets. There was one, first warning; then another, second warning. It did not stop smuggling; but public order is made up of such things. The fashion lasted in England up to the beginning of this century. In 1822 you might have seen three men hanging in front of Dover Castle. But, for that matter, the conserving process was not employed only with smugglers. England turned robbers and incendiaries to the same account. Jack Painter, who set fire to the government storehouses at Portsmouth, was hanged and tarred in 1776. L'Abbé Coyer, who described him as Jean le Peintre, saw him again in 1777; Jack Painter was hanging above the ruin he had made, and was re-tarred from time to time. His corpse lasted—I had almost said lived—nearly fourteen years. It was still doing good service in 1788; in 1790, however, they were obliged to replace it by another. The Egyptians used to value the mummy of the king; a plebeian mummy can also, it appears, be of service.

The wind, having great power on the hill, had swept it of all its snow. Herbage reappeared on it, interspersed here and there with a few thistles; the hill was covered by that close short grass which grows by the sea, and causes the tops of cliffs to resemble green cloth. Under the gibbet, on the very spot over which hung the feet of the executed criminal, was a high and thick tuft, uncommon on such poor soil. Corpses, crumbling there for centuries past, accounted for the beauty of the grass. Earth feeds herself on man.

A dreary fascination held the child; he remained there open-mouthed. He only dropped his head a moment when a nettle, which felt like an insect, stung his leg; then he looked up again—he looked above him at the face which looked down on him. It appeared to

regard him the more stedfastly because it had no eyes. It was a comprehensive glance, having an indescribable fixedness in which there was both light and darkness, and which emanated from the skull and teeth, as well as the empty arches of the brow. The whole head of a dead man seems to have vision, and this is awful. No eyeball, and yet we feel that we are looked at. A horror of worms.

Little by little the child himself was becoming an object of terror. He no longer moved. Torpor was coming over him. He did not perceive that he was losing consciousness: he was becoming benumbed and lifeless. Winter was silently delivering him over to night. There is somewhat of the traitor in winter. The child was all but a statue. The coldness of stone penetrated his bones; darkness, that reptile, was crawling over him. The drowsiness resulting from snow creeps over man like a dim tide. The child was being slowly invaded by a stagnation resembling that of the corpse. He was falling asleep.

In the hand of sleep is the finger of death. The child felt himself seized by that hand. He was on the point of falling under the gibbet. Already he no longer knew whether he was standing upright.

The end always impending, no transition between to be and not to be, the return into the crucible, the slip possible every minute. Such is the precipice which is Creation.

Another instant, the child and the dead, life in sketch and life in ruin, would be confounded in the same obliteration.

The spectre appeared to understand, and not to desire this. All of a sudden he stirred. One would have said he was warning the child. It was the wind beginning to blow again. Nothing could be more strange than this dead man in movement.

The corpse at the end of the chain, pushed by the invisible gust, took an oblique attitude; rose to the left, then fell back; re-ascended to the right, and fell and rose with the slow and funereal precision of a ship. A wild game of see-saw. It seemed as though in the darkness the pendulum of the clock of Eternity was to be seen.

This continued for some time. The child felt himself waking up at the sight of the dead; through his increasing numbness he experienced a distinct sense of fear.

The chain at every oscillation made a grinding sound, with hideous regularity. It appeared to take breath, and then commence again. This grinding resembled the cry of a grasshopper.

An approaching squall is heralded by sudden gusts of wind. All at once the breeze increased into a gale. The corpse emphasized its dismal oscillations. It no longer swung, it tossed; the chain, which

had been grinding, now shrieked. It appeared that its shriek was heard. If it were an appeal, it was obeyed. From the depths of the horizon came the sound of a rushing noise.

It was the noise of wings.

An incident occurred. A stormy incident, peculiar to grave-yards and solitudes. It was the arrival of a flight of ravens. Black flying specks pricked the clouds, pierced through the mist, increased in size, came near, amalgamated, thickened, hastened towards the hill, uttering cries. It was like the approach of a Legion. Those winged vermin of the darkness alighted on the gibbet; the child, scared, drew back.

Swarms obey the word of command; the birds crowded on the gibbet, not one was on the corpse. They were talking among themselves. The croaking was frightful. The howl, the whistle, and the roar, are signs of life; the croak is a satisfied acceptance of putrefaction. In it you can fancy you hear the tomb breaking silence. The croak is night-like in itself.

The child was frozen even more by terror than by cold.

The ravens held silence. One of them perched on the skeleton. This was a signal; all precipitated themselves on to it. There was a cloud of wings, then all their feathers closed up, and the hanged man disappeared under a swarm of black blisters struggling in the obscurity. At this moment the corpse moved. Was it he? Was it the wind? He made a frightful bound. The hurricane, which was increasing, came to his aid. The phantom fell into convulsions. The squall, already blowing with full lungs, laid hold of him, and moved him about in all directions.

He became horrible; he began to struggle. An awful puppet, with a gibbet chain for a string. Some humorist of night must have seized the string, and was playing with the mummy. It turned and leapt as if it would fain dislocate itself; the birds, frightened, flew off. It was like an explosion of all those unclean creatures. Then they returned; and a contention began.

The dead man seemed possessed with hideous vitality. The winds raised him as though they meant to carry him away. He seemed struggling and making efforts to escape, but his iron collar held him back. The birds adapted themselves to all his movements; retreating back, then striking again, scared but desperate. On one side a strange flight was essayed, on the other the pursuit of a chained man.

The corpse, impelled by every spasm of the wind, had shocks, starts, fits of rage; it went, it came, it rose, it fell, driving back the

scattered swarm. The dead man was a club, the swarms were dust. The fierce, assailing flock would not leave their hold, and grew stubborn; the man, as if maddened by the cluster of beaks, redoubled his blind chastisement of space. It was like the blows of a stone held in a sling. At times he was covered by talons and wings; then he was free. There were disappearances of the horde; then sudden furious returns. It was frightful torment continuing after life was past. The birds seemed frenzied. The air-holes of hell must surely give passage to such swarms.

Thrusting of claws, thrusting of beaks, croakings, rendings of shreds no longer flesh, creakings of the gibbet, shudderings of the skeleton, jingling of the chain, the voices of the storm and tumult. What drearier conflict could be imagined? A hobgoblin warring with devils! A combat with a spectre!

Sometimes the storm redoubling its violence, the hanged man revolved on his own pivot, turning all sides at once to the swarm, as if he wished to run after the birds; his teeth seemed to try and bite them. The wind was for him, the chain against him. It was as if some black deities were mixing themselves up in the fray. The hurricane was in the battle.

The dead man turning himself about, the flocks of birds wound round him spirally. It was a whirl in a whirlwind. A great roar was heard from below. It was the sea.

The child saw this nightmare. Suddenly he trembled in all his limbs; a shiver thrilled his frame; he staggered, tottered, was near falling, recovered, pressed both hands to his forehead, as if he felt his forehead a support; then, haggard, his hair streaming in the wind, descending the hill with long strides, his eyes closed, himself almost a phantom, he took flight, leaving behind that torment in the night.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NORTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

He ran until he was breathless, at random, desperate, over the plain into the snow, into space. His flight warmed him. He needed it. Without the run and the fright he had died.

When his breath failed him, he stopped, but he dared not look back. He fancied that the birds would pursue him, that the dead man had undone his chain and was probably hurrying behind him, and no doubt the gibbet itself was descending the hill, running after the dead man; he feared to see this if he turned his head.

When he had somewhat recovered his breath, he resumed his flight.

To account for facts does not belong to childhood. He received impressions which were magnified by terror, but he did not link them together in his mind, nor form any conclusion on them. He was going on no matter how or where; he ran with agony and difficulty as one in a dream. During the three hours or so since he had been abandoned, his onward progress, while it remained vague, had changed his purpose. At first it was a search, now it was a flight. He no longer felt hunger nor cold—he felt fear. One instinct had replaced another. To escape was now his whole thought—to escape from what? From everything. On all sides life seemed to enclose him like a horrible wall. If he could have fled from it all, he would have done so. But children know nothing of that breaking from prison which is called suicide. He was running—he ran thus for an indefinite time; but fear dies with lack of breath.

All at once, as if seized by a sudden accession of energy and intelligence, he stopped. One would have said he was ashamed of running away. He drew himself up, stamped his foot, and, with head erect, looked round. There was no longer hill, nor gibbet, nor flights of crows. The fog had resumed possession of the horizon. The child pursued his way: he now no longer ran but walked. To say that meeting with a corpse had made a man of him would be to limit the manifold and confused impression which possessed him. There was in this impression much more and much less. The gibbet, a mighty trouble in the rudiment of comprehension, nascent in his mind, still seemed to him an apparition; but a trouble overcome is strength gained, and he felt himself stronger. Had he been of an age to probe self, he would have detected within him a thousand other germs of meditation, but the reflection of children is shapeless, and the utmost they feel is the bitter aftertaste of that which, obscure to them, is what the man later calls indignation. Let me add that a child has the faculty of quickly accepting the conclusion of a sensation; the distant fading boundaries which amplify painful subjects, escape him. A child is protected by the limit of feebleness against emotions which are too complex. He sees the fact, and little else beside. The difficulty of being satisfied by half-ideas does not exist for him. It is not until later that experience comes, with its brief, to instruct him in the lawsuit of life. *Then* he confronts groups of facts which have crossed his path—the understanding cultivated and enlarged, makes comparison—the memories of youth reappear under the passions of age, like the traces of a

palimpsest under the erasure; these memories form bases for logic, and that which is a perception in the child's brain, becomes a syllogism in the man's. Experience is, however, various, and is connected with good or evil according to natural disposition. With the good it ripens, with the bad it rots.

The child had run quite a quarter of a league, and walked another quarter, when suddenly he felt the craving of hunger. A thought which altogether eclipsed the hideous apparition on the hill occurred to him forcibly, it was that he must eat. Happily there is in man a brute which is sometimes useful in leading him back to reality.

But what to eat, where to eat, how to eat?

He felt his pockets mechanically, knowing well that they were empty. Then he quickened his steps, without knowing whither he was going. He hastened towards a possible dwelling. This faith in an inn is one of the convictions enrooted by God in man. To believe in a home is to believe in God.

However, in that plain of snow there was nothing like a roof. The child went on, and the waste continued bare as far as eye could see. There had never been a human habitation on the table-land. It was at the foot of the cliff, in holes in the rocks, that, lacking wood to build themselves huts, there dwelt long ago the aboriginal inhabitants, who had slings for arms, dried cow-dung for firing, for a god the idol Heil standing in a glade in Dorchester, and for trade the fishing of that false grey coral which the Gauls called *plin*, and the Greeks *isidis plocamos*.

The child found his way as best he could. Destiny is made up of cross roads. An option of paths is dangerous. This little being had an early choice of doubtful chances.

He continued to advance, but although the muscles of his thighs seemed to be of steel, he began to tire. There were no tracks in the plain, or if there were any, the snow had obliterated them. Instinctively he turned towards the east. Sharp stones had wounded his heels. Had it been daylight pink stains made by his blood might have been seen in the footprints he left in the snow. He recognised nothing. He was crossing the plain of Portland from south to north, and it is probable that the band with which he had come, to avoid meeting anyone, had crossed it from east to west; they had most likely sailed in some fisherman's or smuggler's boat, from a point on the coast of Uggescombe, such as St. Catherine's Cape, or Swanery, to go to Portland and find the hooker which awaited them, and they must have landed in one of the creeks of Weston, and re-embarked in one of those of Easton. That direction

was intersected by the one the child now followed. It was impossible for him to recognise the road.

On the plain of Portland there are, here and there, high blisters of land, abruptly ended by the shore and cut perpendicular to the sea. The wandering child reached one of these culminating points and stopped on it, hoping that a larger space might reveal further indications. He tried to see around him. Before him in place of an horizon, was a vast livid opacity. He looked at this attentively, and under the fixedness of his glance it became less indistinct. At the base of a distant fold of land towards the east, in the depths of that opaque lividity, (a sort of precipice moving, and wall which resembled a cliff of night,) crept and floated some vague black rents, some dim shreds of vapour. That pale opacity was fog. Those black shreds were smoke. Where there is smoke there are men. The child turned his steps in that direction.

He saw some distance off at the foot of the descent, among shapeless conformations of rock, blurred by the mist, what seemed to be either a sandbank or a tongue of land, joining on probably to the plains of the horizon the tableland he had just crossed. It was evident he must pass that way.

He had, in fact, arrived at the isthmus of Portland, a diluvian alluvion which is called Chesil.

He began to descend the side of the plateau.

The descent was difficult and rough. It was with less of ruggedness, however, the reverse of the ascent he had just made in leaving the creek. Every ascent is balanced by a decline. After having clambered up, he crawled down.

He leapt from one rock to another at the risk of a sprain, at the risk of falling into the vague depths below. To save himself when he slipped on the rock or on the ice, he caught hold of handfuls of weeds and furze, thick with thorns, and all the points ran into his fingers. At times he came on an easier declivity, taking breath as he descended; then he came on the precipice again, and each step necessitated an expedient. In descending precipices, every movement solves a problem. One must be skilful under pain of death. These problems the child solved with an instinct, which would have made him the admiration of apes and mountebanks. The descent was steep and long. Nevertheless he was coming to the end of it.

Little by little it was drawing nearer the moment when he should land on the isthmus, of which he from time to time caught a glimpse. At intervals, while he bounded or dropped from rock to rock, he pricked up his ears, his head erect, like a listening deer. He was

hearkening to a vast and faint uproar, far away to the left, which resembled the deep note of a clarion. It was a commotion of winds, preceding that fearful north blast, which is heard rushing from the pole, like an inroad of trumpets. At the same time the child felt now and then on his brow, on his eyes, on his cheeks, something which was like the palms of cold hands being placed on his face. These were large frozen flakes, sown at first softly in space, then eddying, and heralding a snow-storm. The child was covered with them. The snow-storm, which for the last hour had been on the sea, was beginning to gain the land. It was slowly invading the plains. It was entering obliquely, by the north-west, the tableland of Portland.

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## BOOK THE SECOND.

### The Hooker at Sea.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FIRST ROUGH SKETCH FILLED IN.

While the hooker was in the gulf of Portland, there was but little sea on; the ocean, if gloomy, was almost still, and the sky was yet clear. The wind took little effect on the vessel; the hooker hugged the cliff as closely as possible; it served as a screen to her.

There were ten on board the little Biscayan felucca, three men for crew and seven passengers, of whom two were women. In the light of the open sea (which broadens twilight into day) all the figures on board were clearly visible. Besides they were not hiding now, they were all at ease, each one reassumed his freedom of manner, spoke in his own note, showed his face: departure to them was a deliverance.

The motley nature of the group shone out. The women were of no age. A wandering life produces premature old age, and indigence is made up of wrinkles. One of them was Basque of the Dry-ports. The other, with the large rosary, was an Irishwoman. They wore that air of indifference common to the wretched. They had squatted down close to each other when they got on board, on chests at the foot of the mast. They talked to each other. Irish and Basque are, as we have said, kindred languages. The Basque woman's hair was scented with onions and basil. The skipper of the hooker was a Basque of

Guipuzcoa. One sailor was a Basque of the northern slope of the Pyrenees, the other was of the southern slope—that is to say, they were of the same nation, although the first was French and the latter Spanish. The Basques recognise no official country. *Mi madre se llama Montana*, my mother is called the mountain, as Zalareus, the muleteer, used to say. Of the five men who were with the two women, one was a Frenchman of Languedoc, one a Frenchman of Provence, one a Genoese, one an old man, he who wore the sombrero without a hole for his pipe, appeared to be German. The fifth, the chief, was a Basque of the Landes from Biscarrosse. It was he who just as the child was going on board the hooker, had, with a kick of his heel, cast the plank into the sea. This man, robust, agile, sudden in movement, covered, as may be remembered, with trimmings, slashings, and glistening tinsel, could not keep in his place; he stooped down, held himself up, and continually passed to and fro from one end of the vessel to the other, as if debating uneasily on what had been done, and what was going to happen.

This chief of the band, the captain and the two men of the crew, all four Basques, spoke sometimes Basque, sometimes Spanish, sometimes French—these three languages being diffused on both slopes of the Pyrenees. But generally speaking, excepting the women, all talked a smattering of French. It was the foundation of their slang. The French language from about this period began to be chosen by the peoples as something intermediate between the excess of consonants in the north, and the excess of vowels in the south. In Europe, French was the language of commerce, and also of felony. It will be remembered that Gibby, a London thief, understood Cartouche.

The hooker, a fine sailer, was making quick way; still, ten persons, besides their baggage, were a heavy cargo for one of such light draught.

The fact of the vessel's aiding the escape of a band did not necessarily imply that the crew were accomplices. It was sufficient that the captain of the vessel was a Vascongado, and that the chief of the band was another. Among that race mutual assistance is a duty which admits of no exception. A Basque, as we have said, is neither Spanish nor French; he is Basque, and always and everywhere he must succour a Basque. Such is Pyrenean fraternity.

All the time the hooker was in the gulf, the sky, although threatening, did not frown enough to cause the fugitives any uneasiness. They were flying, they were escaping, they were brutally gay. One laughed, another sang; the laugh was dry but free, the song was low but careless.

The Languedocian cried, "*Caoucagno.*" *Cocagne* expresses the highest pitch of satisfaction in Narbonne. He was a long-shore sailor, a native of the waterside village of Gruissan, on the southern side of the Clappe, a bargeman rather than a mariner, but accustomed to work the reaches of the inlet of Bages, and to draw the drag-net full of fish over the salt sands of St. Lucie. He was of the race who wear a red cap, make complicated signs of the cross after the Spanish fashion, drink wine out of goat-skins, eat scraped ham, kneel down to blaspheme, and implore their patron saints with threats:—"Great saint, grant me what I ask, or I'll throw a stone at thy head, *ou té feg un pic.*" He might be, at need, a useful addition to the crew.

The Provençal in the caboose was blowing up a turf fire under an iron pot, and making broth. The broth was a kind of puchero, in which fish took the place of meat, and into which the Provençal threw chick peas, little bits of bacon cut in squares, and pods of red pimento; thus concessions were made by the eaters of *bouillabaisse* to the eaters of *olla podrida.* One of the bags of provisions was beside him unpacked. He had lighted over his head an iron lantern, glazed with talc, which swung on a hook from the ceiling of the cook-room. By its side, on another hook, swung the weather-cock halcyon. There was a popular belief in those days that a dead halcyon, hung by the beak, always turned its breast to the quarter whence the wind was blowing. While he made the broth, the Provençal put the neck of a gourd into his mouth, and now and then swallowed a draught of aquardiente (a species of brandy). It was one of those gourds covered with wicker, broad and flat, with handles, which used to be hung to the side by a strap, and which were then called hip-gourds. Between each gulp he mumbled one of those country songs of which the subject is nothing at all. A hollow road, a hedge; you see in the meadow, through a gap in the bushes, the shadow of a horse and cart, elongated in the sunset, and from time to time, above the hedge, the end of a fork loaded with hay appears and disappears—you want no more to make a song.

A departure, according to the bent of one's mind, is a relief or a depression. All seemed lighter in spirits excepting the elder man of the band, the man with the hat that had no pipe.

This old man, who looked more German than anything else, although he had one of those unfathomable faces in which nationality is lost, was bald, and so grave that his baldness might have been a tonsure. Every time he passed before the blessed Virgin on the prow, he raised his felt hat, so that you could see the swollen and senile veins

of his skull. A sort of full gown, torn and threadbare, of brown Dorchester serge, but half hid his closely fitting coat, tight, compact, and hooked up to the neck, like a cassock. His hands inclined to cross each other, and had the mechanical junction of habitual prayer. He had what might be called a sallow countenance, for the countenance is above all things a reflection; and it is an error to believe that idea is colourless. That countenance was evidently the surface of a strange inner state, the result of a composition of contradictions, some tending to drift away in good, others in evil, and to an observer it was the revelation of one who was less and more than human—capable of falling below the scale of the tiger, or of rising above that of man. Such chaotic souls exist. There was something inscrutable in that face. Its secret reached the abstract. You felt that the man had known the foretaste of evil, which is the calculus, and the after-taste, which is the zero. In his impassibility, which was perhaps only on the surface, were imprinted two petrifactions; the petrifaction of the heart, proper to the hangman, and the petrifaction of mind, proper to the mandarin. One might have said (for the monstrous has its mode of being complete), that all things were possible to it, even emotion. Every savant has something of a corpse, and this man was a savant. Only to see him you caught science imprinted in the gestures of his body, and in the folds of his dress. His was a fossil face, the serious cast of which was counteracted by that wrinkled mobility of the polyglot which verges on grimace. But a severe man withal; nothing of the hypocrite, nothing of the cynic. A tragic dreamer. He was one of those whom crime leaves pensive; he had the brow of an incendiary tempered by the eyes of an archbishop. His sparse grey locks turned to white over his temples. The Christian was evident in him, complicated with the fatalism of the Turk. Chalkstones deformed his fingers, dissected by leanness. The stiffness of his tall frame was grotesque. He had his sea-legs, he walked slowly about the deck, without looking at any one, with an air decided and sinister. His eyeballs were vaguely filled with the fixed light of a soul, studious of the darkness and afflicted by re-apparitions of conscience.

From time to time the chief of the band, abrupt and alert, and making sudden turns about the vessel, came to him and whispered in his ear. The old man answered by a nod. It might have been the lightning consulting the night.

## CHAPTER II.

### TROUBLED MEN ON THE TROUBLED SEA.

Two men on board the craft were absorbed in thought—the old man, and the captain of the hooker, who should not be mistaken for the chief of the band. The captain was occupied by the sea, the old man by the sky. The former did not lift his eyes from the waters; the latter kept watch on the firmament. The captain was occupied with the state of the sea; the old man seemed to suspect the heavens. He scanned the stars through every break in the clouds.

It was at the time when day still lingers, and when some few stars begin faintly to pierce the twilight. The horizon was singular. The mist upon it varied. Haze predominated on land, clouds on the sea.

The captain, noting the rising billows, hauled all taut before he got outside Portland Bay. He would not delay so doing, until he should pass the headland. He examined the rigging closely, and satisfied himself that the lower shrouds were well set up, and supported firmly the futtock-shrouds; precautions of a man who means to carry on with a press of sail, at all risks.

The hooker was not trimmed, being two foot by the head. This was her weak point.

The captain passed every minute from the binnacle to the standard compass, taking the bearings of objects on shore. The *Matutina* had at first a soldier's wind, which was not unfavourable, though she could not lie within five points of her course. The captain took the helm as often as possible, trusting no one but himself, to prevent her from dropping to leeward, the effect of the rudder being influenced by the steerage-way.

The difference between the true and apparent course, being relative to the way on the vessel, the hooker seemed to lie closer to the wind than she did in reality. The breeze was not a-beam, nor was the hooker close-hauled; but one cannot ascertain the true course made, except when the wind is abaft. When you perceive long streaks of clouds meeting in a point on the horizon, you may be sure that from that quarter comes the gale; but this evening the wind was variable; the needle fluctuated; the captain distrusted the erratic movements of the vessel. He steered carefully but resolutely, luffed her up, watched her coming to, prevented her from yawing, and from running into the wind's eye: noted the leeway, the little jerks of the helm: was observant of every roll and pitch of the vessel, of the difference in her speed, and of the variable gusts of wind. For fear

of accidents, he was constantly on the look-out for squalls from off the land he was hugging, and above all he was cautious to keep her full; the direction of the breeze indicated by the compass being uncertain from the small size of the instrument. The captain's eyes, frequently lowered, remarked every change in the waves.

Once, nevertheless, he raised them towards the sky, and tried to make out the three stars of Orion's belt. These stars are called the three magi; and an old proverb of the ancient Spanish pilots declares that, "He who sees the three magi is not far from the Saviour."

This glance of the captain's tallied with an aside growled out, at the other end of the vessel, by the old man. "We don't even see the pointers, nor the star Antares, red as he is. Not one is distinct."

No care troubled the other fugitives.

Still, when the first hilarity they felt in their escape had passed away, they could not help perceiving that they were at sea in the month of January, and that the wind was frozen. It was impossible to lodge themselves in the cabin. It was much too narrow and too much encumbered by bales and baggage. The baggage belonged to the passengers, the bales to the crew; for the hooker was no pleasure boat, and was engaged in smuggling. The passengers were obliged to settle themselves on deck, a condition to which these wanderers easily resigned themselves. Open-air habits make it simple for vagabonds to arrange themselves for the night. The open air (*la belle étoile*) is their friend, and the cold helps them to sleep—sometimes to die.

This night, as we have seen, there was no *belle étoile*.

The Languedocian and the Genoese while waiting for supper, rolled themselves up near the women, at the foot of the mast, in some tarpaulin which the sailors had thrown them.

The old man remained at the bow motionless, and apparently insensible to the cold.

The captain of the hooker, from the helm where he was standing, uttered a sort of guttural call somewhat like the cry of the American bird called the exclaimer; at his call the chief of the band drew near, and the captain addressed him thus:

"Etcheco jàuna." Those two words, which mean "tiller of the mountain," formed with the ancient Cantabri, a solemn preface to any subject which should command attention.

Then the captain pointed the old man out to the chief, and the dialogue continued in Spanish; it was not, indeed, a very correct dialect, being that of the mountains. Here are the questions and answers.

"Etcheco jàuna, que es este hombre?"

"Un hombre."

"Que lenguas habla?"
"Todas."
"Que cosas sabe?"
"Todas."
"Qual païs?"
"Ningun, y todos."
"Qual dios?"
"Dios."
"Como le llamas?"
"El tonto."
"Como dices que le llamas?"
"El sabio."
"En vuestre tropa, que esta?"
"Esta lo que esta."
"El gefe?"
"No."
"Pues que esta?"
"La alma." [a]

The chief and the captain parted, each reverting to his own meditation, and a little while afterwards the *Matutina* left the gulf.

Now came the great rolling of the open sea. The ocean in the spaces between the foam, was slimy in appearance. The waves seen through the twilight in indistinct outline, somewhat resembled plashes of gall. Here and there a wave floating flat showed cracks and stars, like a pane of glass broken by stones; in the centre of these stars, in a revolving orifice, trembled a phosphorescence, like that feline reflection of vanished light which shines in the eyeballs of owls.

Proudly, like a bold swimmer, the *Matutina* crossed the dangerous Shambles shoal. This bank, a hidden obstruction at the entrance of Portland roads, is not a barrier, it is an amphitheatre—a circus of sand under the sea, benches cut out by the circling of the waves—an arena, round and symmetrical, as high as a Jungfrau—only

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[a] Tiller of the mountain, who is that man?—A man.
What tongue does he speak?—All.
What things does he know?—All.
What is his country?—None and all.
Who is his God?—God.
What do you call him?—The madman.
What do you say you call him?—The wise man.
In your band, what is he?—He is what he is.
The chief?—No.
Then what is he?—The soul.

drowned—a coliseum of the ocean, descried by the diver in the vision-like transparency which engulfs him. That is the Shambles shoal. There hydras fight, leviathans meet. There, says the legend, at the bottom of the gigantic shaft, are the wrecks of ships, seized and sunk by the huge spider Kraken, also called the fish-mountain. Such things bask in the ominous shadow of the sea. These spectral realities, unknown to man, are manifested at the surface by a slight shiver.

In this nineteenth century, the Shambles shoal is in ruins, the breakwater recently constructed, has overthrown and mutilated, by the force of its surf, that high submarine architecture, in the same way that the jetty, built at the Croisic in 1760, changed, by a quarter of an hour, the courses of the tides. And yet the tide is eternal. But eternity obeys man more than man imagines.

## CHAPTER III.

### A CLOUD DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS ENTERS ON THE SCENE.

The old man whom the chief of the band had named, first, the Madman, then the Sage, now never left the forecastle. Since they crossed the Shambles shoal, his attention had been divided between the heavens and the waters. He looked down, he looked upwards, and above all watched the North East.

The skipper gave the helm to a sailor, stepped over the after hatchway, crossed the gangway, and went on to the forecastle. He approached the old man, but not in front. He stood a little behind, with elbows resting on his hips, with outstretched hands, the head on one side, with open eyes, and arched eyebrows, and a smile in the corners of his mouth, an attitude of curiosity hesitating between mockery and respect.

The old man, either because it was his habit to talk to himself, or that hearing some one behind incited him to speech, began to soliloquise while he looked into space.

"The Meridian from which the right ascension is calculated, is marked in this century by four stars, the Polar, Cassiopea's Chair, Andromeda's Head, and the star Algenib, which is in Pegasus. But there is not one visible."

These words followed each other mechanically, confused and scarcely articulated, as if he did not care to pronounce them. They floated out of his mouth and dispersed. Soliloquy is the smoke exhaled by the inmost fires of the soul.

The skipper broke in, "My lord!"

The old man, perhaps rather deaf, and at the same time very thoughtful, went on,—

"Too few stars, and too much wind. The breeze continually changes its direction and blows inshore; thence it rises perpendicularly. This results from the land being warmer than the water. The atmosphere is lighter. The cold and dense wind of the sea rushes in to replace it. From this cause, in the upper regions the wind blows towards the land from every quarter. It would be advisable to make long tacks between the true and apparent latitude. When the latitude by observation differs from the latitude by dead reckoning, by not more than three minutes in thirty miles, or by four minutes in sixty miles, one is in the true course."

The captain bowed, but the old man saw him not. This man, who wore what resembled an Oxford or Gottingen university gown, did not relax his haughty and rigid attitude. He observed the waters as a critic of waves and of men. He studied the billows, but almost as if he was about to demand his turn to speak amidst their turmoil, and teach them something. There was in him both pedagogue and soothsayer. He seemed an oracle of the deep.

He continued his soliloquy, which was perhaps intended to be heard.

"We might strive if we had a wheel instead of a helm. With a speed of twelve miles an hour, a force of twenty pounds exerted on the wheel is able to produce three hundred thousand pounds of effect on the course. And more too. For in some cases, with a double block and runner, they can get two more revolutions."

The skipper bowed a second time, and said, "My lord!"

The old man's eye rested on him, having turned his head without moving his body.

"Call me Doctor."

"Master Doctor, I am the captain."

"Just so," said the doctor.

The doctor, as henceforward we shall call him, appeared willing to converse.

"Captain, have you an English sextant?"

"No."

"Without an English sextant you cannot take an altitude at all."

"The Basques," replied the captain, "took altitudes before there were any English?"

"Be careful you are not taken aback."

"I keep her away when necessary."

"Have you tried how many knots she is running?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Just now."

"How?"

"By the log."

"Did you take the trouble to look at the triangle?"

"Yes."

"Did the sand run through the glass in exactly thirty seconds?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure that the sand has not worn larger the hole between the globes?"

"Yes."

"Have you verified the sandglass by the oscillations of a bullet?"——

"Suspended by a rope-yarn drawn out from the top of a coil of soaked hemp? Undoubtedly."

"Have you waxed the yarn lest it should stretch?"

"Yes."

"Have you tested the log?"

"I tested the sandglass by the bullet, and checked the log by a round shot."

"Of what size was the shot?"

"One foot in diameter."

"Heavy enough?"

"It is an old round shot of our war hooker, *La Casse de Par-Grand.*"

"Which belonged to the Armada?"

"Yes."

"And which carried six hundred soldiers, fifty blue jackets, and twenty-five guns?"

"The wreck attests it."

"How did you compute the resistance of the water to the shot?"

"By means of a German scale."

"Have you taken into account the resistance of the rope supporting the shot to the waves?"

"Yes."

"What was the result?"

"The resistance of the water was 170 pounds."

"That's to say she is running four French leagues an hour?"

"And three Dutch leagues."

"But that is the difference merely of the vessel's way, and the rate at which the sea is running?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Whither are you steering?"

"For a creek I know, between Loyola and St. Sebastian."

"Make the latitude of the harbour's mouth as soon as possible."

"Yes, as near as I can."

"Beware of gusts and currents. The first cause the second."

"Traidores."[a]

"No abuse. The sea comprehends. Insult nothing. Rest satisfied with watching."

"I have watched, and I do watch. Just now the tide is running against the wind; by-and-by, when it turns, we shall be all right."

"Have you a chart?"

"No, not for this channel."

"Then you sail by rule of thumb?"

"Not at all. I have a compass."

"The compass is one eye, the chart the other."

"A cyclops can see."

"How do you compute the difference of the true and apparent course?"

"I've got my standard compass, and I make a guess."

"To guess is all very well. To know for certain is better."

"Christopher guessed."

"When there is a fog and the needle revolves horribly, you can never tell on which side you should look out for squalls, and the end of it is that you know neither the true nor apparent day's work. An ass with his chart is better off than a wizard with his oracle."

"There is no longer any fog in the breeze, and I see no cause for alarm."

"Ships are like flies in the spider-like web of the sea."

"Just now both winds and waves are tolerably favourable."

"Black specks quivering on the billows, such are men on the ocean."

"I warrant there will be nothing wrong to-night."

"There will be such a bottle of ink upset, that you may have some trouble to get clear of it."

"All goes well at present."

The doctor's eyes were fixed on the north-east. The captain continued,—

"Once let us reach the Gulf of Gascony, and I answer for our safety. Ah! I should say I am at home there. I know it well, my

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[a] Traitors.

Gulf of Gascony. It is a little basin, often very boisterous; but there, I know the crests of the billows and the touch of the bottom mud opposite to San Cipriano, shells opposite Cizarque, sand off Cape Peñas, little pebbles off Boncaut de Mimizan, and I know the colour of all the pebbles."

The captain broke off, the doctor no longer listened to him.

The doctor gazed to the north-east. Over that icy face passed an extraordinary expression, all the agony of terror possible to a mask of stone, was depicted there. From his mouth escaped this word, "good."

His eyeballs, which had all at once become like an owl's, and quite round, were dilated with stupor on discovering a speck on the horizon. He added,—

"It is well. As for me, I am resigned."

The captain looked at him. The doctor went on, talking to himself, or to some one in the deep:

"I say, Yes."

He was silent, opened his eyes wider and wider with renewed attention on that which he was watching, and said,—

"It is coming from afar, but not the less surely will it come."

The arc of the horizon which occupied the visual rays and thoughts of the doctor, being opposite to the west, was illuminated by the transcendent reflection of twilight, as if it were day. This arc, limited in extent, and surrounded by streaks of greyish vapour, was uniformly blue, but of a leaden rather than cerulean blue. The doctor having completely returned to the contemplation of the sea, pointed to the atmospheric arc, and said,—

"Captain, do you see?"

"What?"

"That."

"What?"

"Out there."

"A blue spot? Yes."

"What is it?"

"A niche in heaven."

"For those who go to heaven; for those who go elsewhere—that's another affair." And he emphasized these enigmatical words with an appalling expression, which was unseen in the darkness.

A silence ensued. The captain, remembering the two names given by the chief to this man, asked himself this question,—

"Is he a madman, or is he a sage?"

The stiff and bony finger of the doctor remained immoveably pointing, like a sign-post, to the disquieting blue spot in the sky.

The captain looked at this spot.

"In truth," he growled out, "it is not sky but clouds."

"A blue cloud is worse than a black cloud," said the doctor; "and," he added, "it's a snow-cloud."

"La nube de la nieve," said the captain, as if trying to understand the word better by translating it.

"Do you know what a snow-cloud is?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"You'll know by-and-by."

The captain again turned his attention to the horizon.

Continuing to observe the cloud, he muttered between his teeth,—

"One month of squalls, another of wet; January with its gales, February with its rains, that's all the winter we Asturians get. Our rain even is warm. We've no snow but on the mountains. Ay, ay, look out for an avalanche. The avalanche is no respecter of persons. The avalanche is a brute."

"And the waterspout is a monster," said the doctor, adding, after a pause, "Here comes one." He continued, "Several winds are set in motion at the same moment. A strong wind from the west, and a gentle wind from the east."

"That last is a deceitful one," said the captain.

The blue cloud grew larger.

"If the snow," said the doctor, "is appalling when it slips down the mountains, think what it is when falling from the Pole!"

His eye was glassy. The cloud seemed to spread over his face, and simultaneously over the horizon. He continued, in musing tones,—

"Every minute the fatal hour draws nearer. The will of heaven is about to be manifested."

The captain asked himself again this question,—"Is he a madman?"

"Captain," began the doctor, without taking his eyes off the cloud, "have you often crossed the Channel?"

"To-day is the first time."

The doctor, who was absorbed by the blue cloud, and who, as a sponge can take up but a definite quantity of water, could feel anxiety only on one subject at a time, was not more moved by this answer of the captain than to shrug his shoulders gently.

"How is that?"

"Master doctor, I generally cruise only to Ireland. I sail from Fontarabia to Black Harbour, or to the Achill Islands. I go some-

times to Braich-y-Pwll, a point on the Welsh coast. But I always steer outside the Scilly Islands. I do not know this sea at all."

"That's serious. Woe to him who is inexperienced on the ocean!

One ought to be familiar with the Channel: the Channel is the Sphinx. Look out for shoals."

"We have twenty-five fathoms water here."

"We ought to get into fifty-five fathoms to the west, and avoid even twenty fathoms to the east."

"We'll sound as we get on."

"The Channel is not an ordinary sea. The water rises fifty feet with spring tides, and twenty-five with neap tides. Here we are in slack water. Ah! truly you seem to be put out of countenance."

"We'll sound to-night."

"To sound you must heave-to, and that you cannot do."

"Why not?"

"On account of the wind."

"We'll try."

"The squall is close on our heels."

"We'll sound, Master Doctor."

"You could not even bring-to."

"Trust in God."

"Take care what you say. Pronounce not lightly the awful nar

"I will sound, I tell you."

"Be sensible; you will have a gale of wind presently."

"I say that I will try for soundings."

"The resistance of the water will prevent the lead from sinking, the line will break. Ah! you come into these parts for the first tim

"For the first time."

"Very well; in that case listen, captain."

The tone of the word Listen was so commanding, that the cap made an obeisance.

"Master Doctor, I am all attention."

"Port your helm, and haul up on the starboard tack."

"What do you mean?"

"Steer your course to the west."

"Caramba!"

"Steer your course to the west."

"Impossible."

"As you will. What I tell you is for the others. As for myse am indifferent."

"But, Master Doctor, steer to the west?"

"Yes, captain."

"The wind will be dead ahead."

"Yes, captain."

"She'll pitch like the devil."

"Moderate your language. Yes, captain."

"The ship would be in irons."

"Yes, captain."

"That means very likely the mast will go."

"Possibly."

"Do you wish me to steer to the west?"

"Yes."

"I cannot."

"In that case settle your reckoning with the sea."

"The wind ought to change."

"It will not change all night."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a wind 1200 leagues in length."

"Make headway against such a wind! Impossible."

"To the west, I tell you."

"I'll try, but in spite of everything she will fall off."

"That's the danger."

"The wind sets us to the east."

"Don't go to the east."

"Why not?"

"Captain, do you know what for us is the name of death?"

"No."

"Death is the east."

"I'll steer to the west."

This time the doctor, having turned right round, looked the captain full in the face, and with his eyes resting on him, as though to implant the idea in his head, pronounced slowly, syllable by syllable, these words,

"If to-night when on the high sea, we hear the sound of a bell, the ship is lost."

The captain pondered in amaze.

"What do you mean?"

The doctor did not answer. His countenance, expressive for a moment, was now reserved. His eyes became vacuous. He did not appear to hear the captain's wondering question. He was now attending to his own monologue. His lips let fall, as if mechanically in a low murmuring tone, these words,

"The time is come for sullied souls to purify themselves."

The captain made that expressive grimace, which advances the chin towards the nose.

"He is more madman than sage." He growled, and moved off.

Nevertheless he steered to the west.

But the wind and the sea got up.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HARDQUANONNE.

THE mist was deformed by all sorts of inequalities, bulging out at once on every point of the horizon, as if invisible mouths were busy puffing out the bags of wind. The formation of the clouds was becoming very ominous. In the west, as in the east, the sky's depths were now invaded by the blue cloud: it advanced in the teeth of the wind. These contradictions are part of the wind's vagaries.

The sea, which a moment before wore scales, now wore a skin—such is the nature of the *dragon*. It was no longer a crocodile, it

was a boa. The skin, lead coloured and dirty, looked thick, and was crossed by heavy wrinkles. Here and there, on its surface, bubbles of surge, like pustules, gathered and then burst. The foam was like a leprosy. It was at this moment that the hooker, still seen from afar by the child, lighted her signal.

A quarter of an hour elapsed.

The captain looked for the doctor; he was no longer on deck. Directly the captain had left him, the doctor had stooped his somewhat ungainly form under the hood, and had entered the cabin; there he had sat down near the stove, on a block. He had taken a shagreen ink-bottle and a cordwain pocket-book from his pocket; he had extracted from his pocket-book a parchment, folded four times, old, stained, and yellow; he had opened the sheet, taken a pen out of his ink-case, placed the pocket-book flat on his knee, and the parchment on the pocket-book; and by the rays of the lantern, which was lighting the cook, he set to writing on the back of the parchment. The roll of the waves inconvenienced him. He wrote thus for some time. As he wrote, the doctor remarked the gourd of brandy, which the Provençal tasted every time he added a grain of pimento to the puchero, as if he were consulting it in reference to the seasoning. The doctor noticed the gourd, not because it was a bottle of brandy, but because of a name which was plaited in the wicker-work, with red rushes on a background of white. There was light enough in the cabin to permit of his reading the name.

The doctor paused, and spelled it in a low voice,—

"Hardquanonne."

Then he addressed the cook.

"I had not observed that gourd before; did it belong to Hardquanonne?"

"Yes," the cook answered; "to our poor comrade, Hardquanonne."

The doctor went on.

"To Hardquanonne, the Fleming of Flanders?"

"Yes."

"Who is in prison?"

"Yes."

"In the dungeon at Chatham?"

"It is his gourd," replied the cook; "and he was my friend. I keep it in remembrance of him. When shall we see him again? It is the bottle he used to wear slung over his hip."

The doctor took up his pen again, and continued laboriously tracing somewhat straggling lines on the parchment. He was evidently

anxious that his handwriting should be very legible; and, notwithstanding the tremulousness of the vessel and the tremulousness of age, he finished what he wanted to write.

It was time, for, suddenly, a sea struck the ship, a mighty rush of waters besieged the hooker, and they felt her break into that fearful dance with which ships lead off with the tempest.

The doctor arose and approached the stove, meeting the ship's motion with his knees dexterously bent, dried as best he could, at the stove where the pot boiled, the lines he had written, refolded the parchment in the pocket-book, and replaced the pocket-book and the ink horn in his pocket.

The stove was not the least ingenious piece of interior economy in the hooker. It was judiciously isolated. Meanwhile, the pot heaved —the Provençal was watching it.

"Fish soup," said he.

"For the fishes," replied the doctor. Then he went on deck again.

## CHAPTER V.

### THEY THINK THAT HELP IS AT HAND.

THROUGH his growing pre-occupation, the doctor in some sort reviewed the situation; and anyone near to him might have heard these words drop from his lips,—

"Too much rolling, and not enough pitching."

Then, recalled to himself by the dark workings of his mind, he sank again into thought, as a miner into his shaft. His meditation in nowise interfered with his watch on the sea. The contemplation of the sea is in itself a reverie.

The dark punishment of the waters, externally tortured, was commencing. A lamentation arose from the whole main. Preparations, confused and melancholy, were forming in space. The doctor observed all before him, and did not lose a detail. There was, however, no sign of scrutiny in his face. One does not scrutinise hell.

A vast commotion, yet half latent, but visible through the turmoils in space, increased and irritated, more and more, the winds, the vapours, the waves. Nothing is so logical and nothing appears so absurd as the ocean. Self-dispersion is the essence of its sovereignty, and is one of the elements of its redundance. The sea is ever for and against. It knots itself that it may unravel itself; one of its slopes attacks, the other receives. No apparition is so wonderful as the waves. Who can paint the alternating hollows and

promontories, the valleys, the melting bosoms, the sketches? How render the thickets of foam, blendings of mountains and dreams? The indescribable is everywhere there, in the rending, in the frowning, in the anxiety, in the perpetual contradiction, in the chiaroscuro, in the pendants of the cloud, in the keys of the ever open vault, in the disaggregation without ruptures, in the funereal tumult caused by all that madness!

The wind had just set due north. Its violence was so favourable and so useful in driving them away from England that the captain of the *Matutina* had made up his mind to set all sail. The hooker slipped through the foam as at a gallop, the wind behind her bounding from wave to wave in a gay frenzy. The fugitives were delighted, and laughed; they clapped their hands, applauded the surf, the sea, the wind, the sails, the swift progress, the flight, all unmindful of the future. The doctor appeared not to see them, and dreamt on.

Every vestige of day had faded away. This was the moment when the child, watching from the distant cliff, lost sight of the hooker. Up to this moment his glance had remained fixed, and, as it were, leaning on the vessel. What part had that look in fate? At the instant when the hooker was lost to sight in the distance, and when the child could no longer see aught, the child went north and the ship went south.

All were plunged in darkness.

## CHAPTER VI.

### NIX ET NOX.

The characteristic of the snow-storm is to be black. Nature's habitual aspect during a storm, the earth or sea black and the sky pale, is reversed; the sky is black, the ocean white. Foam below, darkness above; an horizon walled in with smoke; a zenith roofed with crape. The tempest resembles a cathedral hung with mourning. But no light in that cathedral; no will-o'-the-wisps on the summits of the waves, no spark, no phosphorescence, naught but a huge shadow. The Polar cyclone differs from the Tropical cyclone, inasmuch as the one sets fire to every light, and the other extinguishes them all. The world is suddenly converted into the arched vault of a cave. Out of the night falls a dust of pale spots, which hesitate between sky and sea. These spots, which are flakes of snow, slip, wander, and float. It is as though the tears of a shroud took life and began to move. A furious wind is mixed up with this sowing. Blackness crumbling

into whiteness, the furious in the obscure, all the tumult of which the sepulchre is capable, a whirlwind under a catafalque—such is the snow-storm. Underneath trembles the ocean, forming and re-forming over unknown portentous depths.

In the Polar wind, which is electrical, the flakes turn suddenly into hailstones, and the air becomes filled with projectiles; the water boils as if swept by grape.

No claps of thunder: the lightning of boreal storms is silent. What is sometimes said of the cat, "It swears," may be applied to this lightning. It is a menace proceeding from a mouth half open, and strangely inexorable. The snow-storm is a storm blind and dumb; when it has passed, the ships also are often blind and the sailors dumb.

Escape from such an abyss is difficult.

It would be wrong, however, to believe shipwreck to be absolutely inevitable. The Danish fisherman of Disco and the Balesin; the seekers of black whales; Hearne, steering towards Behring Straits, to discover the mouth of Coppermine River; Hudson, Mackenzie, Vancouver, Ross, Dumont D'Urville, all experienced at the Pole itself the wildest hurricanes, and weathered them.

It was into this description of tempest that the hooker had entered, triumphant and in full sail. Frenzy opposed to frenzy. When Montgomery, escaping from Rouen, impelled his galley, with the force of all its oars, against the chain barring the Seine at La Bouille, he showed like effrontery.

The *Matutina* sped on; she bent so much under her sails, that at times she made with the sea the fearful angle of fifteen degrees; but her deep-seated keel adhered to the water as if glued to it. The keel resisted the tearing of the hurricane. The lantern at the prow cast its light ahead.

The clouds, laden with winds that diffused their vapours over the deep, beat down and preyed more and more upon the sea round the hooker. Not a gull, not a sea-mew, nothing but snow. The expanse of the field of waves was becoming contracted and terrible. But three or four huge rollers were visible.

Now and then a tremendous flash of lightning of a red copper colour broke out behind the obscure superposition of the horizon and the zenith. That escape of red flame revealed the horror of the clouds. The sudden conflagration of the depths, to which for an instant the first tiers of clouds and distant boundaries of the celestial chaos seemed to adhere, placed the abyss in perspective. On this ground of *fire the snow flakes* showed black; they might

have been compared to dark butterflies fluttering in a furnace. Then all was extinguished.

The first explosion over, the squall, still pursuing the hooker, began to roar in continuous bass. This phase of rumbling is a perilous diminution of uproar. Nothing is so disquieting as the monologue of the storm. This gloomy recitative appears to serve as a moment of rest to the mysterious combating forces, and indicates a species of patrol kept up in the unknown.

The hooker held wildly on her course. Her two lower sails especially had a terrible effect on her. The sky and sea were as ink with jets of foam running higher than the mast. Every instant masses of water swept the deck like a deluge, and at each roll of the vessel the scupper-holes, now to starboard, now to port, became as so many open mouths vomiting back the foam into the sea. The women had taken refuge in the cabin, but the men remained on deck. The blinding snow eddied around. The driving spray mingled with it. All was fury.

At that moment the chief of the band, standing abaft on the stern-gratings, holding on with one hand to the shrouds, and with the other taking off the kerchief he wore round his head and waving it in the light of the lantern, gay and audacious, with pride in his face, and his hair in wild disorder, intoxicated by all this darkness, cried out,—

"We are free!"

"Free, free, free," echoed the fugitives; and the whole band, seizing hold of the rigging, stood up on deck.

"Hurrah!" shouted the chief.

And the band shouted in the storm,—

"Hurrah!"

Just as this clamour was dying away in the squalls, a loud solemn voice rose from the other end of the vessel, saying,—

"Silence!"

All turned their heads. They recognised the voice of the doctor. The darkness was thick, and the doctor was leaning against the mast, so that he seemed part of it, and they could not see him.

The voice spoke again,—

"Listen!"

All were silent.

Then did they distinctly hear through the darkness the tinkling of a bell.

*(To be continued.*

# MUSIC.

SINCE the time when Swiny and Rich signed a treaty of peace between Drury Lane and the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket—an event beyond the memory of the oldest *habitué*, having taken place in the days of Anne—no more important theatrical amalgamation has been brought about than that which led to a cessation of hostilities between the rival Italian Opera managers. From opposing each other heart and soul, band and chorus, and by the most vigorous opposition of *prima donna* to *prima donna*, they have operatically, as well as practically shaken hands, made common cause, and constituted, as far as they are concerned, a monopoly of management under which their respective lyric artists are now "*chacun pour soi, et Gye et Mapleson pour tous.*" And the monopoly hitherto has been complete. True, it has had but two months' duration. Signor Montelli tried to upset it at the Lyceum Theatre, but his attempt failed utterly, after the shortest season on record. On May 3 one performance was given, and that not of the opera announced; then nothing more was heard save mysterious rumours which had been noised about of desperate scenes with obdurate artists, who refused to appear without being paid, and who were said to have caught cold while waiting, it is supposed, in an empty treasury.

The result of the amalgamation has been to bring a galaxy of eminent sopranos to Covent Garden, and that, in fact, is the only advantage, if such it be, accruing from the new order of things. The star system is in the ascendant, and threatens to interfere with a continuance of those splendid performances for which the theatre has been so justly celebrated. "Guillaume Tell," for instance, has been given this season very unworthily. No attractive *prima donna* was concerned, the high notes of Signor Mongini, and Signor Graziani's reappearance were the only elements of popularity in the performance; the music and *ensemble* were neglected, and the consequences by no means creditable to the establishment. An error of judgment is made in having two conductors to fill the place of one who ruled with despotic sway. Divided authority in any undertaking is unadvisable, and in *matters musical*, most decidedly objectionable.

Musicians will not, if they could, follow two masters. They will treat one with respect, and disregard the injunctions of the other. Although both may be equal as regards talent and ability, preference will inevitably be shown for one of them, and this preference will be prejudicial to the second in command, so considered by those whose implicit submission to his *bâton* is necessary to ensure a satisfactory performance. With this exception, the arrangements at Covent Garden are excellent. The operas produced have been numerous and well cast. More changes than usual in the announcements have certainly been necessary, owing to unfortunate accidents that have happened. Mlle. Titiens, seriously injured by a blow in the face, inadvertently given by one of her *confrères* during the stage rehearsal of "Roberto," was unable to appear for some time. The absence of such an important member of the company necessarily disarranged the intended order of representations. Mlle. Bose, the dancer, sprained her ankle. Madame Patti, forced to submit to a slight surgical operation in Paris, delayed her *rentrée* longer than had been expected. These disasters, added to the incidental ills that operas are heir to, together with Mlle. Nilsson's objections to being transferred from the Haymarket to Covent Garden, threw arrangements somewhat back, and increased the managerial difficulties, which are now, however, overcome to the entire satisfaction of all well wishers of the Italian Opera monopoly.

Some remarkable performances have been given by the New Philharmonic Society, whose band, consisting of ninety-one musicians, is perhaps the finest body of instrumentalists extant. At one of this Society's concerts, Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was recently played with much effect. Never was any historical epoch more graphically described by music than is that which, so to speak, forms the subject of this work. The proclamation by heralds of Luther's laws, the rejoicings of the people under John the Elector, the fierce dissensions, all are unmistakeably indicated, while the ruling spirit of the old reformer is happily identified with a chorale which, often heard during the progress of the composition, is made use of to bring the symphony to a magnificent termination.

Benefit concerts innumerable have, as usual, lately taken place, it is to be hoped with satisfactory results to their *bénéficiaires*. Perhaps the most interesting musical event of this London season is the arrival of Madame Neruda, a female violinist, who was heard for the first time in England at a concert of the old Philharmonic Society last month. The new comer belongs to the true school of violinists, and takes rank with the most accomplished instrumentalists

of the age, combining marvellous mechanical dexterity with purity of tone and dignity of style.

Rossini's "Mass" was performed at St. James's Hall on May 19th. Circumstances have combined to invest this work with unusual importance. Made known to only a few privileged friends during the composer's lifetime, and by them extravagantly praised, it acquired a reputation altogether independent of its intrinsic merits. Enormous sums have been given for the copyright in different countries—the purchasers have naturally availed themselves of every means to enhance the value of their dearly-bought property. Hence the fame of the composition has far exceeded its real worth. In some measure, every note Rossini deigned to put on paper since the production of "Guillaume Tell" has been similarly treated, although, truth to say, that which he wrote during his long retirement, if impartially judged, goes very far to justify his self-imposed silence, often erroneously attributed to laziness and a love of ease. He probably knew better than those who were constantly urging him to further efforts, that his power of creating new melodic forms was waning, and that had he continued to write, and publish what he wrote, he would have but reproduced that which he had already given to the world. The "Messe Solennelle" proves this supposition to be correct. It is but reasonable to believe that the whole remaining strength of the musician was brought to bear upon the composition, and that therefore it may be taken as evidence of his creative power at the time when he was accused of wilful idleness. Thus considered, the plea of not guilty could never have been made in stronger terms than those set forth in the pages of the work. If self-plagiary be admitted, then may the music of the Mass be called original, but if the repetition of old ideas already utilised be considered as so many signs of weakness, this proof must be accepted as fully exonerating Rossini from the charge of neglecting a genius which in reality had left him. The work of such a master must be judged according to the high standard of excellence he had himself set up. As the production of any inferior musician, the "Messe Solennelle," or "Petite Messe," as he sarcastically loved to call it, would undoubtedly be looked upon as evincing great talent, although were it signed by any other hand than that of Rossini, the composer would be exposed to the most unanswerable charge of robbery ever made. From beginning to end there is hardly a bar that is not more or less familiar. Psychologically, it is instructive to observe how favourite thoughts still lingered in the mind of the composer, and again, perhaps unconsciously, found expression. That there are

some admirable choral and orchestral effects in the Mass cannot for a moment be disputed. The contralto aria, with its incidental crescendo and the *Amen* terminating the first part, afford instances of the old *feu sacré* of the great musician being partially rekindled. But the fugue which occurs in the *Credo* is weak in counterpoint and construction. The melodies generally are unworthy the purposes for which they are intended; the prevailing style of the music is assuredly not sacred, and many of the pieces are more adapted to the libretto of an opera or ballet than to the devotional service of the church. When the enthusiasm attendant upon the first performances of such a work shall have died away, the "Messe Solennelle" will assume its proper position among the musical memories of the present year.

Musical amateurs, now more numerous than ever, are going through their annual course of summer music in London. It would be hard to find so much talent in any continental city as is at the present time to be met with in our social circles. High sopranos, deep contraltos, sentimental tenors, and vigorous baritones, exert themselves to wile away the hours of many a suffocating "drum," and excite the approbation of the most languid listeners. An amusing account of the supposed origin of these performances is to be found in Schœlcher's "Life of Handel," and being appropriate to the moment will well bear quotation. "Handel," says his erudite biographer, "played at the house of one Thomas Britton, who belonged to that class of men, whom persons of limited views are accustomed to term the lower orders of society, for he gained his daily bread by crying small-coal, which he carried about the streets, in a sack upon his shoulders. He lived near Clerkenwell Green, a quarter of the town with which fashionable people were scarcely acquainted before he made it illustrious. How it came to pass that he learnt to play upon the viola da Gamba (a predecessor of the violoncello) is not known; but he played upon it, and he was so much of an artist, that he grouped around him a number of amateurs, who were happy to perform concerted music under his direction. Hawkins has collected many of their names:—John Hughes, the author; Bannister, the violinist; Henry Needler, of the Excise office; Robe, a justice of the peace; Sir Roger L'Estrange, gentleman; Woolaston, the painter; Henry Symonds; Abiell Wichello; and Obadiah Shuttleworth. At first they admitted their friends to these reunions, and little by little the circle of auditors increased, until it included some of the most distinguished persons in the town. Britton was the tenant of a stable, which he divided horizontally, by

a floor; on the ground floor was his coal shop. The upper storey formed a long and narrow room, and it was in this chamber in which it was scarcely possible to stand upright, that the first meeting in the nature of private concerts took place in England and instrumental music was first played regularly. Here it was that from 1678 to 1714, in which year he died, the itinerant coal-merchant entertained the intelligent world of London at his musical parties, always gratuitously. Among others, the Duchess of Queensberry was very regular in her attendance. All newly-arrived artists were ambitious to appear there. Dubourg, the violinist, played there immediately on his arrival when he was only nineteen years old. Pepusch and Handel played the harpsichord and organ there. The small-coal dealer was fond of old manuscripts, of which he left behind him a fine collection. Woolaston painted two portraits of Britton, who is represented in a dustman's hat, blouse, and a neckerchief knotted like a rope."

What an effect Mr. Thomas Britton would make at Lady Mortgage's next "afternoon music!"

# OLD RACING TIMES.

AMID all the whirl and rattle of the present turf times, when the secrets of a man's stable are proclaimed on the house-tops almost before he knows them himself, and touts send off telegrams far and wide the instant a trial is won, it is a treat to hear a Yorkshire elder have his say. Once set him going, with the full consciousness that he has a sympathetic listener, and he soon pierces into the bowels of the past, and recounts each loved recollection of "the horse and his rider." He will tell you how a great, and not over scrupulous jockey "got into money," and rather let the cat out of the bag by offering a 1000*l.* note instead of a 100*l.* one in change to the horse's owner on settling day; how Bob Ridsdale, who began as body footman to Lady Lambton, made 30,000*l.* only to lose every half-penny of it again in the ring; of Colonel Cradock saying to Sam Chifney in amazement as they gazed on the saddle contortions of little Johnny Gray at a finish, "*Is he pricking, Sam, or is he pulling?*"; of a noble duke only giving his jockey "a pony," when he had won the Oaks, and thinking he had done the correct thing; of that honest, simple soul, Ben Smith, beguiling his waste walks by giving good advice to the perspiring lads at his side, "*Tak care of yersel, be a good boy, and ye'll get on;*" of Rhodes Milnes, the racing friend of Lord Darlington and Mr. Petre, who was of such decisive Dutchman bulk, that he could hardly sit straight up to a table, and was, withal, the lightest of dancers; how too many modern jockeys are "all hands and heels instead of hands and head," and fail to collect and keep their horses together when they are defeated; how Naworth was spoiled as a two-year-old (when he was as good as the useful four-year-old Pyramid), by overpowering his lad on the Middleham High Moor, and jumping a wall as he hunted a mare to Tom Dawson's; how it was Clark of Barnby Moor's special pride to have his ten or twelve wheat stacks in array, and smooth shaved to a stalk by Doncaster race week; how Old Forth had his weighing beam in two rooms, so that his jockeys might not see what weights they carried in a trial; how Lord Suffield and his confederate had their Bamboo revenge to the tune of 12,000*l.* on Lord George Bentinck with Newlight, when his

lordship managed the green and gold interest for Mr. Houldsworth, and had such a fancy for Destiny; how Bill Scott made the judge and jury laugh when he was witness, about the "three clean, Bank of England notes, clean notes for a 1000*l.* each, my lord," which he got for his St. Leger winner, Sir Tatton Sykes; of Lord Glasgow offering 90,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* against Venison for the Bay Middleton Derby, "each man to post his money," and jumping, in his hot youth, on the inn table at York, to overtrump Mr. Gully with 28,000 to 1000 against Brutandorf, when the cautious commoner had only offered it in hundreds; and of Robinson's and Harry Edwards's firm belief that the chestnut Middleton, which was watered by a stable traitor for the Derby, and won after all, was the best horse they had ever crossed.

We have always had a sneaking kindness for Orton's Turf Annals of York and Doncaster. We remember the poor fellow—before he fell, no one exactly knew why, under the ban of Lord George, who always left his mark on a man,—as keeper of the match-book, and clerk of the course at York, and judge there, as well as at Preston Guild, and several other northern meetings. He was also, the "Alfred Highflyer" of the *Sporting Magazine*, a third of a century ago and his descriptions of York and Catterick Bridge when the chocolate jacket of Hornby Castle—which the late John Osborne, who was then head lad, adopted after the duke's death—and "the pink and black stripes of old Raby" were seen peeping under "Sim's" and Tommy Lye's coats, as they entered the weighing house, had a freshness and an interest, we shall never know again. In his introduction to his work he does not fail to do justice to the horse-loving tendencies of each county family. As the Dutchmen of Communipaw, men fabled to have sprung from oysters, and each clad in ten pair of linsey-wolsey breeches, marched to a bloodless battle under the banner of an oyster *recumbent* upon a sea green field, so, according to our historian, the Darleys of Aldby should have a Childers, and the Huttons of Marske an Eclipse on their family quarterings, as having imported the Arab, or reared the sire to which the historic bay and chestnut owe their descent.

The work is dedicated to the late Earl of Glasgow, and as it records some of his best victories, a more fitting Mecænas could not have been chosen. No doubt he got much light reading out of it. The chronicles begin with 1709, and disclose many curious old customs. Our forefathers were so short of races, that they always made the most of those they had got, and would spin amusement for a whole afternoon out of one plate. For instance, they would give a

50*l.* plate, four mile heats, added to a trifling entrance sweepstakes. A horse might win the plate, but he was still obliged to start in another heat in which the beaten horses ran for "the sweepstakes," and by way of keeping him moving, he lost the plate unless he saved his distance. They were wont to have two tryers, and the same practice extended to coursing at Ashdown, where one functionary stood at the top of the hill and the other at the bottom, and they put it together afterwards. At Hambleton the tryers were most assiduous, as they once placed the whole of the twenty-one, from Creeping Kate to Virgin, in her Majesty's Gold Cup for mares, and on another occasion they contented themselves with so honouring sixteen out of thirty-one. To bury a sire with his shoes on was esteemed a great mark of honour; and horse tombs were much more rife than they are now, when a fox-hound's stomach is esteemed the noblest sepulchre. Their nomenclature was very odd; Brown Lusty, Silver Snout, Jolly Thumper, Sour Face, Dimple Tricksey, Quiet Cuddy, "Run now or hunt for ever," and Mutton Monger, to wit. Even royalty could be very homely in this respect. "Good Queen Anne" did not think it beneath her dignity to have a Pepper and a Mustard, both of them greys. Several of Her Majesty's horses race at York, and she won a 14*l.* plate over Rawcliffe Ings with "Star, afterwards called Jacob," the very day before she died. Acomb Moor was the York race-course in the time of Charles I.; and, according to the *Quarterly Review*, beside the relics of Sir Henry Slingsby, at Red House on the Ouse, is the mutilated effigy of the horse which won the Plate, when the monarch quitted the joys of Newmarket and Royston to take his royal pleasure, in 1633, with the tykes.

The jockeys were very much given to foul play and then fighting on horseback, but the tryers generally dropped on to them for such pugnacity, which has only ceased within the last thirty years. John Jackson saw plenty of it in his day. His brother, Tom Jackson, got into sad disgrace about a vicious jostle with one-eyed Leonard Jewison; but a monument, which stated that he was "bred up at Black Hambleton, and crowned with glory at Newmarket," squared matters with posterity. One of the fraternity, who wished to avoid winning, is recorded to have thrown himself off near the distance-post when he had the lead. They were very jealous of a good start even in a four-mile race; and when Whistle Jacket and Brutus ran a 2000 guinea match at that distance, in 1759, at York, Singleton and Tom Jackson called each other back several times. Sam Chifney, senior, and Buckle came to York in 1800: one of them to ride his own horse, Cockboat, and the other in charge of Champion, who won and lost a

race on Knavesmire between his Derby and St. Leger. Young Sam was a great deal talked about from his peculiar mode of winning on Lady Brough. He rode for some years in the North for Lord Darlington and Sir Mark Sykes; but he was very phlegmatic, and sometimes never came to ride trials at all, or arrived two hours behind time (as he once did at Sledmere), and over weight as well from a venison dinner.

The Newmarket men were considered decided interlopers; and when Jackson and Shepherd got little William Edwards (now our oldest living jockey, and upwards of eighty) between them on Orvile in the Doncaster Cup, they kept tickling at the horse with their whips, and driving him till they made him fairly run away; while the lad screeched at them in vain that he would "tell the Jockey Club." His brother, Harry Edwards, went down to ride for Croft's stable when Lord Glasgow appeared on the turf horizon, with one-armed Sir William Maxwell as his "friend, philosopher, and guide." Clift was always said to be rather "a wild Indian," but Jem Garbutt was worse, and knew nothing of riding, save catching hold of his horse's head, putting in the spurs, and going along. He rode Mayday for Lord Glasgow in one of the first races the earl (then Lord Kelburne) ever won at Doncaster, beating old Dr. Syntax, who was then twelve years old. In an evil hour Jem was entrusted with Actæon for the St. Leger, and he finished third, after helping to knock over Fleur-de-lis and Zirza, like nine-pins. One of his latest exploits was to chaff Nat, on one of his visits North, and shriek out to him, as they returned to scale, "Well, Mr. Newmarket! what do you think of that to a pace?"

Sim Templeman came out in 1821, at York, and one of his earliest mounts was Holmpierrepont, so called after that Nottinghamshire head-quarters of the Leicester sheep, which Burgess and Sanday have made so famous. After nearly forty years' service this rare jockey retired when his foot gave way in wasting for Lanchester; and the portraits of the three Derby, a St. Leger, and three Oaks' winners, which he steered to victory, hang on his walls. No one is so loudly cheered, when his health is proposed, as "the honest jockey" at a sheep-letting dinner, and when he rises to reply, and chaffs his brother tykes by saying that in Yorkshire "it is best to say honest*ish*." We may add a fact well known to Yorkshire rural deans and East Riding vicars, that no village church is so beautifully kept and cared for as that of Hayton, of which he is the vicar's perpetual churchwarden.

There was once a curious riding performance over Knavesmire by a non-professional, a Mr. Johnson, of some circus or other, who rode

a mile between the heats, standing upon the saddle, in 2 min. 42 secs. It was, no doubt, like the advertisement of "Mons. Dominique, musician," who gave "a purse of guineas" (a coin in which all bets were originally made) to be run for there. The system of riding in cocked hats, which formed the conditions of one or two races, has long been abandoned, and so has the condition, "winner to take all the beaten horses in the stake."

Weights, which began at a thumping twelve stone early in the eighteenth century, gradually slid down to 9st. in 1751. By 1756 the 8 st. 7 lbs., which held its own for a century, had appeared in some guise at Doncaster; and in 1760 the York Subscription Purses were at 8 st. 3 lbs. Six years later, matches at four miles were made at 7 st.; and, in 1786, three-year-olds were carrying 5 st. 7 lbs. and a feather. Of course, in Give and Take Plates the weights had been very low for many years before that, and were even calculated by ounces. They had been given up and quite forgotten until some clerk of the course or other, in 1839, introduced one into Scotland, without having duly mastered the proper distance between the fore and hind feet when the horse is measured. Accordingly, the old stone was disinterred from one of the York rubbing houses; and it was ascertained that 5 ft. was the distance, and that 2 ft. was allowed between each of the hind as well as the fore feet. Under the system, horses of thirteen hands carried 7 st., and 14 oz. were put on for every eighth of an inch; so that horses of fourteen hands carried 9 st., and of fifteen hands, 11 st.

Two-year-old racing had its origin in a match between Mr. Hutchinson—the genius of Langton Wold in his day, as well as the breeder of Hambletonian and trainer of Beningbrough—and a Rev. Mr. Goodricke. In 1799 the first race of the kind was run at York, and won by Mr. Robinson's Belle Fille, Allspice, the first favourite, running last; and in the following year Lord Darlington won the maiden race of the kind at Doncaster with the first of his two Muley Molochs. It was not until eleven years later that Oiseau, by running away, at weights for age over a mile and a half at Doncaster, from a four-year old and a five-year-old St. Leger winner, proved what good two-year-olds really can do in the autumn. Oiseau, who really committed suicide, but not until he had been the sire of Rowton—perhaps the most perfect fifteen-hand horse, both in look and performance, that living Turfites can remember—was by Camillus, who, like Delpini and Sir Harry Dinsdale, did so much to spread the breed of greys. They were once very rife in the North, and Pierse's greys, Gascoigne's Tuberose blood, and Garforth's Vesta, Faith, and Marcia,

all supported the charter. Now, seeing that Chanticleer has been dead for some years, and that Rattlebone and Master Bagot are not fashionable, scarcely two come out in a season. Voltigeur seems to get them occasionally, but we believe that Touchstone never did. By "*the* grey mare," for seven seasons, the Yorkshiremen meant old Marcia. She worked away at four-mile races, and won her full share of them; but there was a good deal of truth in what the late Sir Tatton Sykes used to say, when he was pressed as to the superiority of bygone Turf cracks over the present, "*Yes, sir, but they generally took two miles out of the four very easily.*" A piebald mare, called Miss Hamilton, ran at York in 1792, but we know of no other instance of the kind, and Duenna was, we believe, the only dun that ever made a figure in the steeple-chase world.

Bonny Black; Buckhunter, who won eighteen four-mile plates after he was fourteen; Squirrel uncle to Eclipse; Sedbury, who won the Ladies' Plate at York in

> "The days of hoop and hood,
> And when the patch was worn,"

by the fair occupants of thirty carriages-and-six at the side of the course; Ancaster Starling, who was barely fourteen three, and revelled under 12 st.; Highlander, another grey, and half a hand less, and Gimcrack, still smaller; Matchem, a favourite hero of public-house signs; Snap, who won a 5600 gs. stakes at Newmarket in 1777, beating, among others, the renowned Pot-8-os; Scrub, who was only thrice beat, and the great sensation mare, Yorkshire Jenny, and Sprightly, a rare give-and-take winner, were kings and queens in their turn. With the new century we had the great four-mile struggles of Haphazard, Chance, Sir Solomon, and Cockfighter, who seem, when their respective contests were put together, to have stood in some such order of merit as we have indicated. Blacklock belonged to another era, and he was never served at anything under an honest four miles, with a strong pace all the way. It is the remembrance of this fact which has made the older Yorkshiremen so very indignant at the modern attacks on his good name. He could get rid of Duchess very easily, but he never had a harder task than when he met the beautiful Magistrate, with Bill Scott on him, over Knavesmire. The Marshal and St. Helena both defeated him at *two* miles, and it is remarkable that when these two horses next met, they ran a dead heat. Memnon, Actæon, Fleur-de-Lis, Jerry, Mulatto, &c., belong to a later era, and were always meeting in York Subscription Purses or the Doncaster Cup.

The late Lord Glasgow had given a heavy sum for Jerry, and he never could realise the fact that he was not so good as Actæon. They had a trial; but Croft was far too fine a tactician to let Actæon win, as Bob Johnson was on Jerry, and he knew that if Jerry had lost, Bob would at once have told his brother-in-law Lonsdale, who had then a horse in training which was matched against the black. Accordingly Actæon's rider was ordered just to "take a taste," and then let Jerry win. Bob Johnson, who was quite a rough-rider, and did not see through it, duly reported the result, and Lonsdale took fright and paid with his horse to the presumedly victorious Jerry. All was explained to his lordship, but he was dreadfully wroth, as he could not bear to think that his beloved Jerry had not won the trial on his merits. It had very nearly cost both trainer and jockey the loss of his patronage, but towards nightfall he repented and made it up over a glass of wine.

His lordship's greatest race after all was the one in which Actæon, with Harry Edwards up, defeated Memnon and Sam Chifney, at York, and a painting of the finish, by Herring, hung in the dining-room at Hawkhead. We have looked over many hundreds of Mr. Herring's portfolio sketches, and we still think Actæon the most beautiful. There was no doubt about the likeness, as his eye was almost as true as that of Apollo's, "which never saw a shadow," and the late Emperor of the Russias bought Van Tromp solely from seeing his picture, "because I never knew Herring wrong." The chestnut's great peculiarity was that he would never leave his horses. He once had a race with Florismart, at York, when the latter broke down at the Bishopthorpe turn. Clift scrambled along as he could to the finish, and Actæon stuck resolutely to him in a slow trot, and it was all his jockey could do by clapping and encouraging him to get him to win by a neck. In the great race for the Purse, Edwards made his effort, about sixty yards from home, and got a neck in front, but the chestnut put his toes into the ground and "retracted" so terribly in the last three strides, that when Sam Chifney gathered Memnon together, and came with one of his rushes, victory was only cut out of the chestnut by a head. Edwards struck him three times, and, as they say, "with a will." Actæon did Mulatto by a head, for another subscription purse, the same week, but Edwards had only Lye to meet then. Owing to his perversity, his racing career was one series of brilliant seconds, very often to Fleur-de-Lis. His son, General Chassé, was not so ungenerous, but he was quite as idle, and whalebone and Ripon rowels seemed quite lost upon him at times. Memnon was never a very good horse, very big

and rather high in his action, and took as much turning as a ship round the Kersal Moor course, at Manchester, where Signorina, with Lye on her, slipped him at every turn, and fairly brought him to grief in the Cup.

Mercutio and Lottery were also among the old cup stars, and ran one of the most distressing four-mile cup races ever seen at Doncaster. The start was at the Red House, and some of the jockeys by mistake raced in when they had gone the present cup distance, and began to pull up. The people shouted at them to go on, and George Oates forced Lottery once more along at such a pace, that at the distance Mercutio was fairly pumped out, and Lottery began to "crack" as well. George, who was no great rider, took to kicking, and Mercutio's jockey to nursing, which just enabled him to get up on the post and win. Mercutio was so exhausted that they had to support him into the rubbing house; but he came out next day and beat Sandbeck. This was perhaps the most cruel tax that was ever made on a horse's powers. Croft, the trainer, had taken 500 to 100 about the horse in the cup. He left no stock, and, in fact, died not very long after of inflammation on the lungs. Lottery was pulled out to defeat Barefoot, the St. Leger winner of the year before, only an hour or so before he ran with Mercutio, and never was horse more knocked about by his eccentric owner. Laurel was a good Blacklock, and his Doncaster cup week saw three St. Leger winners, a Derby winner, Velocipede, and Bessy Bedlam on "The Moor."

One of the gamest but the slowest of the four-milers was Lord Kelburne's Purity by Octavian, and she finished up another remarkable Doncaster Meeting, in which Humphrey Clinker (the sire of Melbourne), Emma (the dam of Cotherstone and Mundig), Fleur-de-Lis, Actæon, Belzoni (the sire of so many fine, brown, and forge hammer-headed hunters), and Memnon, all won, while Mulatto ran second for St. Leger and Cup. It was the last race of the last day, and decided in five two-mile heats. Bill Scott won the first heat on Brownlock, George Edwards running him home on Crow-catcher—so called from his having decapitated a crow, which alighted near him in social confidence when he was in his paddock as a two-year old. In the second heat Scott laid away, and Edwards, on Purity, not fearing anything else, "flapped his wings a bit," as he expressed it, as if setting to, and ran in third. Thales won that heat, and Lord Kelburne began to be very anxious, and couldn't understand it at all. He came down from the grand stand for an explanation, and Croft took snuff in his quiet way, when he was asked what he was going to do, and replied, "*I'm going to saddle the mare, my Lord;*

*the fun of the fair's only just beginning.*" It was time to begin with the third heat, in which Purity beat Brownlock by a head, after a slashing finish. Still the mare had not worn him down to her slow perpetual motion level, and hence it was necessary to get something to make a pace. Accordingly, as the chance of Thales was clearly *nil*, his owner accepted 25*l.* to force the running. Tommy Lye worked away, and as Purity's jockey kept tickling up Tommy's horse with his whip, when he could reach him, he kept giving a series of marvellous shoots, which were somewhat puzzling at first to the little man. Scott tried to get up between them, but failed; and when he did come in earnest, he made a dead heat with Purity. Half the people had gone home, and Lord Kelburne, who had backed his mare to win him 500*l.*, said that "*there will be no dinner to-day.*" Officials were not so particular then; but still it is remarkable that Bill Scott did not remember that the fact of two horses, which had each won a heat, running a dead heat, disqualified even Thales, though he had won a heat, from starting again. This oversight decided the fortune of the day. Away went Tommy, and the tickling, and the shooting began again; and although Purity finished quite black in the flanks with sweat, and could hardly be kept out of the judge's box, she got home first and landed the Plate for "the crimson body, white sleeves, and cap," of Hawkhead.

There are some few races that we shall always wish we had seen: Trustee and Minster's finish for the Claret Stakes, with Chifney and Robinson up; Priam faltering under 19 lbs. with Augustus, and then coming again; Jim Robinson, on Minotaur, beating young John Day on Ugly Buck, which was "quite a riding lesson" to the young jock; Zinganee (Chifney) doing Fleur-de-Lis (Pavis) for the Craven Stakes; Isaac throwing up the dirt in the face of the great Caravan, while Isaac Day groaned in the spirit; and "Careful Jemmy" Chapple making the running from end to end on Lugwardine, at Cheltenham, and just pulling through by a head. After all, there was never a more remarkable scene than the last in Don John's racing career, when he met Alemdar (Conolly) and a couple more over the Beacon Course. Bill Scott thought him such a cripple that he declined riding him, and Lord Chesterfield put up Harry Edwards, who felt sure, after feeling his faulty back sinew, that it would never stand, and had no great heart for such a perilous voyage. They took plenty of time about it, and as Conolly had no idea of going along so early, they walked the first half mile. Then they cantered for a quarter of a mile to Choakjade, and, after climbing it safely, went a splitter a half a mile down hill, to give the bay's leg a benefit. Edwards le

him down as quietly as possible, some lengths behind the party, and reached them when they eased into a canter as they rose the ascent to the Ditch Gap. From this point it was a mere sling canter to the Bushes, where Lord Exeter had stationed himself on his pony, and calm and icy as his lordship was, he took his hat off and waved it, and called to Conolly to come along. Patrick was nothing loath, and rutted merrily away for home; and Edwards rode his horse so tenderly that he never dared to go up to Alemdar's quarters till about a hundred yards from the post. He was still a length behind and creeping up inch by inch at every stroke, when the sinew snapped in the near fore leg, and Don John swayed like a rocking horse. However, his jockey collected him with such a fine hand, that as Alemdar "came back" as well, he just "shot" Lord Exeter's colours, by a head, on the post. The horse went almost to the entrance of the town before he could be stopped, and it was fully twenty minutes ere he could be assisted back and his jockey could get off and weigh in. As a piece of handling, it was never excelled. Actæon's finish, as Edwards said, was "real force meat;" but this was neither more nor less than carrying in a three legged horse.

H. H. D.

# After the Wreck.

ONLY a broken rudder, only a ruin'd sail –
Only a shatter'd topmast, only a sea-bird's wail.

Here is the good ship's pinnace—all of her that's left—
There are the yards and rigging—a tangled woof and weft.

Yonder, among the breakers, a seaman's jacket 's tost;
And here's the logbook drifting, its leaves all stiff with frost.

We fir'd the guns in warning—the Abbey bells were rung—
The beacon-fires burn'd redly, and gleaming shadows flung;

But fell the snow so thickly, it hid the port-fires' light,
And on the rocks she hurtled—God spared us from the sight!

All lost! Of twenty sailors not one is saved, I wis—
Hist! Rover! in, old fellow, and tell me what is this.

'Tis little Jem, the 'prentice—his mother lives close by:
She dreamt yestreen (she told me) her little son would die!

A winding-sheet and coffin hung in the candle-flame—
Before her husband left her she'd seen the very same!

The sheep-dog moan'd at midnight; the spiders tick'd, she s
No need to come and tell her, "Your little Jem is dead!"

# "The Steaks."

## VULGARLY THE "BEEF," CLASSICALLY THE "SUBLIME."

PROGRESS! Aye, that is the word now. It is in everybody's mouth; everybody boasts of it. It is the grand feature of the age. We are all cock-a-hoop upon progress. Propose nothing but to progress, and to continue progressing to the last syllable of our, if not recorded, time. We have no time to stop and analyse what progress really is!

Progress is a Something. We know not what, and we aim at the spectrum, as the tailor aimed at the carrion crow, with the risk of shooting his worthy old sow "quite thorough the heart."

The most annoying plague, however, is, not only that great philosophers, great politicians, great statesmen, great incipient discoverers, and other great (or otherwise eminent) personages, generally accepted as intellectual giants by the multitude, are the leaders in this movement; but that every quack, impostor, conceited coxcomb, commonplace mediocrity, clever cobbler or speculative tinker, fancies himself to be the man to set himself in the front of Progress, lecture and instruct his fellow-men in the course they ought to pursue, point to that vague but brighter Something, and lead the way.

In a multitude of councillors there is much folly. Among the lower grade little above nonsense; in the highest a very small spice of wisdom.

But the business of this paper with Progress, is not to speak of its prospects, promises, and anticipated creations, but to show that while it may produce what is good and new, it does, now and then, obliterate what was good of old, and the Sublime Steaks afford a striking example.

And still by farther episode I must say, oh, my intelligent and indulgent readers "This is not a novel!" The writer has no plot to invent, no intricate construction to contrive, no startling incidents to introduce, no wicked intrigues or crimes to describe, no tragic horrors to elaborate, no tremendous sensational finale to work up, wherewith to bring his immortal work to a fitting conclusion. On the contrary, he is bound by his subject to be discursive, desultory, jocularly sportive, inferentially (not lecturingly) moral, with connection held together by very *weak ties, just as thoughts* by fancy bred arise, and

he trusts that all such pretensions will be charitably considered, their faults forgiven, and the whole looked upon as a cosmoramic picture.

And to try this issue, at once, he proceeds, as if it were a grace, as long as an old Puritan's before meat, to adventure a semi-historical notice of society of yet earlier days. He happened to be taken, helas! many years ago, to a dinner at Willis's, to witness the last scene of a Club which had defied time from the reign of Charles II. One peculiarity was, that the chairman, on proposing the toast of the evening, was obliged to pour a bottle of claret into a magnum glass competent for the draught, and drain it off to the last drop before the decanter for his convives could conclude its rapid race round the table, say from two to three minutes, under the penalty of another bottle. The effort required a capacious swallow. But it was told that in the earlier and palmier period of the club, the custom was to demand greater sacrifice than this. If there was any competitor for the preference of the Beauty toasted, the toaster had only to submit himself to some ordeal, and his rival was compelled to follow his example, or yield the prize. This test, it seems, was abolished in consequence of a cunning old stager having called a dentist in and had a tooth extracted. The other enthusiastic lover would not be driven from the field. He also submitted to the tooth-drawer, and suffered accordingly—his masticators were all sound, whilst his adversary was only relieved of a decayed grinder. The eye, or wisdom tooth, did not show prominently in such assemblies. And this was the last of these revels which had subsisted above a hundred years.

The Steaks were their successors, but with a notable difference.

The epoch of the Restoration had passed away. It was a profligate epoch. Intrigue, seduction, adultery, impudent prostitution, and ostentatious harlotry flaming and flourishing in the face of day—a people wild from the reaction against gloomy theology, and but too ready and willing to follow the most vicious examples of the Court—a king with but small and insufficient excuse (though there might in charity be urged a little in the narrow escapes, hardships, privations, and anxieties he had undergone for so long a time), restored to a popular monarchy without let or hindrance to his mad desires—the infection of French manners—in short, a complication of every evil concomitant that could lead to the abolition of virtue, and the supreme ascendancy of vice. At the same time, there was a glitter of gaiety, and a sparkling, though licentious, wit, which helped to distract attention from the infamy; but there was no drunken intemperance, the more to brutalise the wretched national condition of things. Flippant Vice excites contempt; brutal Vice provokes dis-

ing ; in neither is there Pleasure at the prow nor Prudence at the helm ; and without them the attempt at enjoyment is only a delusive and mischievous craze.

But pass we on to the next epoch of some sixty years from the incoming William of Nassau to the accession of George III. During the brilliant age of Anne, political struggle occupied the lives of the most eminent men, and they had neither time nor inclination for traitorous drinking. They did say that Addison fuddled, but you find nothing of it in the *Spectator*. On the contrary, in one of his most moral Saturday numbers, he restricts the gratification to three glasses, one for your health, another for your friends, and the third, if indulged in, for your enemies. It may be remembered that this lesson was highly approved by a converted reader, who only suggested that there was an error in the press, and "for Glass to read Bottle."

And so matters went on through a period more offensive than the reign of Charles II. It was indeed most disgusting. There was as much immorality, lust, and criminal indulgence as in the worst of the preceding era. And, moreover, it was vulgar, gross, coarse, and thus far, happily for the country, so stupid, as to be like our bubble companies, limited. The flaunting gallantries, the levities, and gaieties, which cast a sort of glamour over preceding licentious effrontery, were wanting to the filthy corruption of the earlier Georgian period.

It was full time for the institution of a more reputable condition of society.

It was full time for the Knights of the Steaks to emerge from their Gridiron!

And how dramatic the effect! Illustrious utensil! resembling prison bars but so opposite in thy uses, yielding from iron a restoration of the golden age, and contributing to the freer enjoyments and happiness of mankind. Destined to superadd another glory to the matchless roast beef of old England :—

"And oh! the Old English Roast Beef ;"

as yet you had only been insulted, accidentally and by a blind foresight, when a Puritan parliament dared to be entitled the Rump. You had not been exposed to the wretched French ridicule of "Bif-teck à l'Anglaise," nor had you been threatened or invaded by the vile Rinderpest, so disastrous to households, and so profitable to English butchers and Scotch fleshers* now o' days ; nor were you the victim

* To call a flesher in Scotland a butcher only a few years ago would have been at the cost of a knock-down.

of so much deterioration as we often meet with when a certain evil spirit sends cooks,—no (oh, Steaks !), from your ashes, and brisk coal fire commencing at the lower, and concluding at the upper edge of the iron bars of your own and only sure medium, you were well done, and done quickly, a repast fit for the immortal gods.

It was in the year 1735 that the grand discovery of the gridiron on which the society of "The Steaks" founded its famous career, was made; or rather that the art of cooking beef-steaks, practically known and beneficially employed by our ancestors, to a certain degree was brought to the climax. Clarior e tenebris ! Esto perpetua ! Yet the coming event might possibly have cast its shadow before, since in Ned Ward's curious History of Clubs, 1726, mention is made of a Beef-Steak Club, to the enjoyment of which the consumption of this savoury dish was, no doubt, an essential contributor. But the consummation was certainly reserved for Rich, the patentee of Covent Garden, and G. Lambert, the scene-painter (and a good Steaker), whose portraits at the late sale of the residue of the Sublime Society went, the former and "founder" painted as Harlequin, 2*l.* 4*s.*, and the latter, after Vanderbank, by Forbes, 2*l.* 2*s.* Connected with these was the Beggar's Opera, after Hogarth, by Blake, 2*l.* This play, refused by Colley Cibber for Drury Lane, had brought together the author and Rich, by whom it was brought out at his theatre, at that time Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1727-8, and with such immense success, that it was said by the wits to have made "Rich Gay, and Gay Rich," Gay having received nearly 700*l.* for his four nights, and Rich realised nearly 4000*l.* before it had run half its extraordinary course of sixty-two representations ! The reason why Rich fancied to be portrayed as Harlequin probably arose from his having invented, or introduced, the first comic pantomime, taking the idea from the Italian, and transferring his "Harlequin Executed" from the Lincoln's Inn house to Covent Garden, in order to compete with Cibber's legitimate drama at Drury Lane. There is a portrait of him (a copy?) in the interesting theatrical collection of the Garrick Club ; which might suggest a characteristically Steak symposium to its cuisine. As the received story goes, it was on a visit to Rich and his theatre on a Saturday night, as he was preparing some of his scenic displays and tricks for the harlequinade, that Mordaunt, Earl of Pembroke, discovered him and Lambert snatching a hurried supper from the gridiron, to sustain them in their laborious work. His lordship was asked to partake, and relished the treat so much that he came again and again, about the same auspicious hour ; and at length brought noble and eminent friends along with him to enjoy the savoury treat.

They speedily organised the Sublime Society of Steaks (disdainfully eschewing the title of Club), and twenty-four men of high rank and influence were enrolled as members, to dine on steaks together every Saturday, from early in November to the close of the season, about the end of June. There was no portrait of Lord Pembroke in the sale.

Thus, as port wine had won its way to every palate as Voltaire (Zadig) would assure us, agreeably to "the eternal fitness of things," was the great undertaking firmly established. And it may be remarked how much this said fitness contributes to the creation of great designs; such, for example, as the origination of extensive monopolies, or the formation of combinations for popular sectarian devotion. For instance, we have now a very numerous adhesion to Teetotalism, which could not have been enlisted (on cold water) a century ago, before our commercial intercourse with China was effected!

For five-and-twenty years the men of *ton*, admitted to the privileges of the Steaks, carried on its prandial business with honourable zeal and unflinching gustative perseverance. Men of the *ton*, as they were termed, of that time being of a higher grade than the Men of fashion of our time, who are indeed a multitudinous and inferior class. Men of *ton* were then (*vide* Walpole, &c.) men of some eminence, position, power, and consequently social influence; their valets looked after their outward appearances, and they were not sheer frivolities, who, with small intellects, occupied their most momentous lucubrations with neckties and collars, wristbands, waistcoats, and trousers, and the cut of coats with swallow tails. With their laced cravats for show, and their broad flat flaps, knee-buckled breeks, exposing stout limbs, finished off with silken hose and yet more brilliantly buckled shoes, they looked, and were, portly and manly. Such were the originators of the Steaks.

But a change fell upon the spirit of the age. George III. ascended the throne, and took to himself for wife and queen, Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg-Strelitz. She was not beautiful, not even pretty, but, like Touchstone with his homely Audrey, the king could say, "she is mine own;" and he became so much attached to her that she was allowed to exercise unlimited authority over a court just emerged from the depravities of Saint James' and the questionable doings of Leicester House. Like a good woman, but with a head, she bravely began her task, and by gradual degrees reformed the royal resort altogether.

Purification, however, can only be limited. It cannot embrace all.

There must be a period of transition; and I am grieved to confess that it required forty years of the eighteenth century to bring matters generally into laudable order. That generation of Steaks were not conspicuous, though they could not help being tainted with a portion of the manners of what I must call a Drunken era! Men belonging to the highest circles could not assimilate themselves all at once to the icy routine; so they took to the bottle, and their example extended throughout the community.

The Steaks drank no wine but port.

Revellers *temp.* Charles II., had only light French and Rhenish wines as a beverage; and as it must have been difficult to get drunk upon such tipple as Renois or Vin Blanc, Rochelle, Gascoigne, or even of Espagne (which Taverners had been long ago prohibited keeping in the same cellar or selling "par creuse or cruskyn"), they did not include vinous intemperance among their manifold iniquities. Previously, indeed, there were Canaries, Malaga, and other white sweet nauseous wines for occasional indulgence; and foremost on the list the boast of Falstaff, sack, alias dry, rough sherry, which had to be made palatable with sugar. It was the discriminating duties laid upon French wines that brought the red Port into use, and, its intoxicating qualities being soon appreciated, into fashion. Our humid and uncertain climate supplied reason enough for those who liked and could afford it, to prefer it for their dinner potations, and it is to be presumed that Queen Anne's surviving wits, Pope and Swift, had a foretaste of the pleasures of a posterity washing down their admirers' productions with a sup of the genuine! Yet the genuine was hardly to be had till the happily concomitant date of the Steaks' Institute and the formation of the great Oporto company (proscribing the injurious mixture of the inferior with the richer juicy product), led the way to a superior export from that country, of which Byron sings,—

> "It is a goodly sight to see
> What heaven hath done for that delicious land"

of the lovely and luscious grape. The coincidence is remarkable, but these were stirring times: witness a rebellion in Scotland and an earthquake at Lisbon, as if it were, to cause them, their actors, and their deeds to be remembered for ever.

Port wine being the living element of the Steaks and the very essence of their existence, I trust my cosmoramic glance at its previous flow will be considered, not as an unapt episode, but quite to the purpose. Therefore only a few more words on the Drunken era,

and, as the long winded preacher told his congregation as he turned his hour glass, we'll turn the glass and then——

The vice prevailed all over the land. Of festive companies a moiety, stronger headed than their boon companions whom they left in snorting repose under the table, staggered up to the ladies in the drawing-room, and, looking at their pitiable condition, were only too well received. But it is better to flatter a fool than to fight with him! In Scotland, where claret was drunk, they managed, with supplementary whisky toddy, to get as "fou'" as their English *confrères* did with their port and punch!

> "Mutton old and claret good were Caledonia's forte,
> Before the Southron taxed her drink, and poisoned her with Port."

It was hard but unflinching competition for strong heads and stomachs; in short, you could hardly see a real and true gentleman, unless you found a knot of them as conductors and contributors to *The Gentleman's Magazine, apropos* of which there appeared in its pages in 1745, the tenth year of the Steaks' age, a "Humorous Account of all Remarkable Clubs in London."

Now, thanks to Progress, that on which the Steaks rose and fell, is a thing of the past. Except a grand luxurious banquet somewhere or other, at the opening of some Golconda scheme, we hear little of dinners, but *en revanche*, the population of the whole of civilised Britain seems born for lunching! The feeding is not better, not so good, but the ostentation is less troublesome, and thus from the Court to the lower regions of society, we never lift a newspaper without hearing of some handsome, elegant, or other splendid refreshment having (on *every* occasion or opportunity) been provided for the desired visitors, to get over a long walk, a longer drive, a look at some novel pretence, another inspection, &c., till so exhausted with the toil that nothing but potent restoratives could refit the wasted frame for the needful avocations of life. In short, we seem to have arrived at the Luncheon Age, and there is no use of speaking, even to the most voracious cormorant, about steaks after these luxurious spreads.

However Sublime the Steaks, they could not resist the contagion of the hard-drinking epoch. On the contrary, they ran into rather a conspicuous lead in the general *mêlée* of excessive imbibition. We all have heard enough of H.R.H. the then Prince of Wales, and of the manner in which he sowed his wild oats broadcast; of his convivial associates; of their disgraceful exhibitions, their crazy, mad follies and ugly pranks. Well, H.R.H. was elected a member of the Steaks, and took his seat at the board *accordingly*. Some of his comrades were

already there, or were let in to partake of the feast which never grew to the pitch of being fast and furious. The prince dined often with the club, was welcomed by a song from Morris, and enjoyed and took part in the frolic of the scene. His chair, independently of carving, was raised about a couple of inches above the rest, and was sold at the sale (together with an ordinary one of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex) for 20*l.* Alas! for rank and glory! His portrait, after De Roscer, by Reynolds (as the catalogue sets it down), brought only one guinea! That of the Duke of York, after Beechey, by Skelton, overtopping it by one shilling, viz., 22*s.*, and the Duke of Sussex, by the same artist, mounting to 3*l.* 5*s.*

At this time the Steaks were in "high feather," or "full bloom" (pretty phrases to apply to such solid and substantial materials); they flourished in the wonder and admiration of the outer world, which in fact knew little or nothing about them. The impression was that they were a jovial set, the word jolly having been invented since for such companionship. And, let us observe, that there is nothing so difficult to report—to give anything like an adequate idea of—as an animated and witty conversation among well-informed and intellectual beings. The plums cannot be extracted from the pudding—you must have the whole. Even what set the table in a roar is not susceptible of being insulated. Very few of the lightning flashes which illuminated the scene and played delightfully throughout the resting shades and refreshing pauses, can be borne beyond the walls of the room. At the best, they can only be made to scintillate like coruscations (mere squibs and crackers) upon the outside surrounding clouds. The fascination of such colloquies must be inevitably lost. Even Shakspeare himself could leave us no relish of Yorick.

In uttering my diatribe against the prevalence of intoxication and consequent debauchery, during the last forty years of the past century, I desire to be understood as directing it only against the excess. Let us not be unjust. In the worst, there is always something of good. Even these too-common orgies were partially redeemed by producing the effusion of qualities very beneficial in their social results; and when confined within the limits of becoming mirth, leading to consequences of material interest to their immediate participators and mankind.

They generally nourished intimacies, and promoted good fellowship; they often cemented friendships; they led to kindly promises overnight, which realised kindly offices in the morning. The darkest cloud had a bit of silver lining.

And to appeal to another class not yet quite extinct in England—

the lovers of poetry—they inspired some of the finest songs in the English language. Glorious Apollo was invoked, and did not disdain to share his laurels with Bacchus. Anterior to Port, as far as I can remember (except a splendid illustration in Beaumont and Fletcher), there were no beautifully classic or richly clothed Bacchanalian compositions, with admirable music to enchant the sense. Yet I am haunted by the words of an ancient specimen—fancy whispers from some Comic masque, perhaps by Ben Jonson or Dryden—and I venture to introduce it as a variety to the reader:—

> "Old Chiron thus said to his pupil, Achilles,
> I will tell you, my boy, my boy, what the Fates' will is:
> You must go, my boy,
> To the siege of Troy;
> Beneath those walls to be slain,
> And not to return again.
> Yet let not your noble spirit be cast down;
> But all the while you lie before the town,
> Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry,
> For you'll not go the sooner to the Stygian ferry."

To the same purpose, but how different in tone, is the melancholy descant ascribed to Curran:—

> "A way-worn ranger
> Through many a danger,
> To hope a stranger,
> My cup runs low;
> And for that reason,
> And for a season,
> Let us be merry before we go!
>
> "For since in wailing
> There's nought availing,
> And Death unfailing
> Will strike the blow;
> Then for that reason,
> And for a season,
> Let us be merry before we go!"

It is a sore temptation to quote some portions of our admirable Anacreontics, but I must reserve my space for Captain Morris, the Laureate of the Steaks. Burns, it is true, struck a deeper and extreme note, but it belonged to the more extravagant day of "O' Shanter," when

> "Tam loved him like a vera brither;
> They had been fou for weeks thegither."

Sobriety ceased to be sober, and such staid statesmen as Pitt and

Melville were reported to have gone into the House in such a condition that the one could see no Speaker, and the other saw two. One would really give a trifle to see Gladstone, with Bright to hold him up; or Disraeli, with Gathorne Hardy keeping him on his legs, drunk on the floor of the now reformed (not, as Morris called it in his day, "job-mongers") House of Commons.

*Iter—sed redeundum!* Sir Walter Scott (by the bye, a friend of Captain Morris, who addressed a lyric to him) gives an animated description of the concomitant Scottish saturnalia, rejoicing in the name of "High Jinks;" and it was of such revellers that the truly national poet sang in Edinburgh, as they were singing in London:—

> "Gie him strong drink until he wink,
> That's sinking in despair;
> And liquor gude to fire his bluid,
> That's pressed wi' grief and care.
>
> "There let him booze, and deep carouse,
> Wi' bumpers flowing o'er;
> Till he forgets his loves and debts,
> And minds his griefs no more."

In the south, with the English phlegm as a slight check, the fun was not so riotous as in the north, where it led to outrages which would render penal servitude a probable, if not inevitable, punishment, in our time. The modern so far outstripped the ancient Mohawks! A portrait of the Hon. Fox Maule, after Duncan by Porter, was sold for no less than 8*l.* (Lord Dalhousie); but he gave 8*l.* 16*s.* for a recent one of Morris, by Lonsdale, to present to the National Portrait Gallery, and his chair realised 14*s.*, whilst Morris's chair brought 9*l.* 10*s.* Perhaps if his lordship liked to touch on the biography of his ancestry, not forgetting the Laird of Cockpen, he might furnish an example of some of the most prominent Scottish athletes, to whose mad exploits I have alluded.

Conspicuous by his absence from every portion of the sale catalogue was a somewhat counterpart, the Duke of Norfolk, nearly our last great six-bottle man of public notoriety. Once seen, he was not to be forgotten. Of the broadest build and "tremendous paunch," a vast abyss of drink, every inch a sensualist, he indulged without stint or stoppage in all the luxuries which his voracious appetite and enormous fortune could imagine and procure. His loose and peculiar coat, of a bluish grey, hung loosely off his shoulders. The rest of his vestments were similarly easy, and he had ample room and verge enough to replenish that huge bulk, which might be seen at club or

hotel almost daily as he astonished the natives. He might be a Titan Steaker, but one cannot say he was an amiable character. In 1785 a curious duodecimo was published, with the title of "The Heraldry of Nature," and comprising arms, crests, and mottoes of the Peers of England, Blazoned from the authority of Truth, and descriptive of the qualities said to distinguish their possessors. Among those his Grace—whose indolence, habit of late hours, and deep drinking, were famed all over the town—had the following scutcheon:—Quarterly: Or, three quart bottles azure; Sable, a tent bed argent; Azure, three tapers proper; and gules, a broken flagon of the first. Supporters: dexter, a Silenus tottering; sinister, a grape squeezer; both proper. Crest, a naked arm holding a corkscrew. Motto. "Quo me, Bacche, rapis"—"Bacchus, whither are you hurrying me?"

In my investigation of statements relative to the Steaks, I met with a very apocryphal story of Kemble (portrait, *1l. 12s.*) having assailed the Duke for allowing a man of so much genius as Morris (whose friend and patron he was) to be struggling with a limited income, and that the result of this appeal was the gift from his Grace of a pleasant villa on the Thames, where he lived happily to a good old age, and died in comfort. Now Kemble, though an able Steaker for a social bottle, and perhaps a bottle more man without any bad effect on his head, was not a person so impertinent as to commit an offence like this, nor was the Duke a man to suffer it from any one. And, besides, it conflicts grievously with the story as I have heard it, which led to the epitaph quoted below. According to this version, the Duke utterly neglected his friend the Laureate in his will, and left him to circumstances. Hence his bitter record of disappointed expectation:—

> "In life high raised by rank and birth,
> Here lies a gross old sinner's earth;
> Where'er he is, be this his placard—
> He lived a beast, and died a blackguard."

Surely the fork of an irritated scorpion cannot wound so deeply as the pen of an enraged poet! Morris, as we gather from his writings, lived every summer tide, to the age of ninety, in his own cottage, Brockham Lodge, Surrey, on the river Mole. Nor was he so straitened as represented. Sprung, as he states, from "a soldier's loins," the young daughters of his daughter (an authoress) solaced his closing years with every affectionate attention that love could suggest, whilst he drolly described himself to be "like an old cow chewing her cud" to the last.

But anecdotes of individuals, however intimately connected with the company and manners of the "Sublime," must not detain us longer from a brief summary of its constitution and local habitation. The President—an absolute despot during his reign, against whose ordinances not a syllable durst be whispered—sat at the head of the table, adorned with ribbon, badge, and the insignia of a silver grid-iron on his breast; and his head, when he was oracular, crowned with a feathery hat, said to have been worn by Garrick in some gay comic part on the stage. He looked every inch a king. At the table was seated the Bishop (in my visiting time), Samuel Arnold, the patriotic originator of the English Opera and strenuous encourager of native musical talent. He wore a mitre, said to have been that of Cardinal Gregorio; but be that as it might, it became him well as he set it on his head to pronounce the grace before meat, which he intoned beautifully and as reverently as if it were uttered before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and not a bevy of Steakers, impatient, perhaps, to enjoy the temptations of the day. Near him was John Richards, the Recorder (portrait, 5*l.* 5*s.*, and chair, 7*l.* 15*s*), whose office in passing sentences on culprits was discharged with frequent piquancy and effect of a very entertaining order. Captain Morris, the Laureate, also occupied a distinguished seat; then Dick Wilson, the Secretary, a bit of a butt to the jokers, who were wont to extort from him some account of a continental trip, where he prided himself on having ordered a Boulevard for his dinner, and *un paysan* (*pro faisant*) to be roasted; and last of all I can recall to mind, at the bottom of the plenteous board sat the all-important Boots, the youngest member of the august assembly.

These, associated as a sort of staff with a score of other gentlemen, all men of the world, men of intellect and intelligence, well educated and of celebrity in various lines of life—noblemen, lawyers, physicians and surgeons, authors, artists, newspaper editors, actors—with every one having the privilege of introducing a friend, frequently a popular character of the day—it is hardly possible to conceive any combination of various talent to be more efficient for the object sought than was the Sublime Steaks. Nor did it fail in its purpose. It was truly a treat of the kind not to be equalled. The accommodation for their meetings was liberally built, expressly for that end, behind the scenes of the Lyceum Theatre, by the present Mr. J. Walter Arnold (a worthy successor of his estimable father); and among other features had a room with no daylight to intrude, and here was the dining-room, a spacious apartment, with the old gridiron on the ceiling over the centre of the table. The cookery, on which

the good cheer of the company depended, was carried on with much alacrity and spirit, as was needed, in what may be called the kitchen, in full view of the chairman, and served through the opposite wall,—namely, a huge gridiron with bars as wide apart as the chess of small windows,—handed hot and hot to the expectant hungerers. There were choice salads (mostly of beetroot), porter and port. The plates were never overloaded, but small cuts sufficed till almost satiated appetite perhaps called for one more from the third cut in the rump itself, which his Grace of Norfolk, after many slices, prized as the grand essence of bullock! "Withal, there was the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

But here, oh, patient reader, I trust you will permit me to rest for a while, and, if I may have succeeded in exciting increase of appetite, will accompany me to another repast, in which you may find more detailed particulars of the inner life of the Steaks, and some of its most notable members, towards the final extinction of so long-lived and remarkable an association!

*(To be concluded next Month.)*

# At the Academy.

THE exclusiveness of the Royal Academy has been this year the cause of greater disappointment than ever to those whose works have been refused admission to the annual exhibition. The increased space afforded by the new galleries in Burlington Gardens made all contributors hopeful, 1600 more paintings than on any previous occasion were sent in, and the hanging committee have been loudly censured for the distinction exercised in the performance of their invidious duty of selection. It is well worth consideration whether a supplementary exhibition—an Annexe, in which all pictures accepted, but not hung for want of space in the principal rooms, could be seen—should not be opened by the Royal Academy authorities.

At any rate some such plan would prevent much ill-feeling, and enable the public generally to approve or condemn the decisions of the committee. The present system places the unsuccessful contributors as well as their judges in a false position.

There should be no Star Chamber in the realm of art—the hanging committee should not be so many masked inquisitors sitting in secret judgment upon their brother artists.

Nevertheless, it is this exclusiveness that has sustained the interest of the Royal Academy Exhibition, however objectionable may be the means by which it is perpetuated. A picture having hung upon the walls of the Academy acquires thereby a reputation, apart from its special merit. The responsibility of the hanging committee, therefore, becomes more onerous; the admission of bad work may be a breach of trust more prejudicial than the exclusion of one or more pictures of undeveloped genius. It is a matter of complaint that the Royal Academicians are favoured by their Council of Selection. This year such complaints are more or less justified by the conspicuousness of some large paintings which, although by men of high rank amongst the privileged few, are by no means meritorious. It would be better were the specimens of each painter limited in number to two or three, instead of eight, although of the bulk of works exhibited, those by Royal Academicians and Associates have always formed but a small proportion. And such is still the case. The discontents urge

that the Academicians have availed themselves of the increased space by contributing more pictures than usual, and cry out against admitting second-rate foreign works to the exclusion of those by native outsiders.

Moreover, the room left unoccupied on the walls excites the anger of the latter, and reasonably so, the committee having apparently acted most arbitrarily in this respect. The number of colossal portraits of no interest whatever as works of art, nor even ornament, is also protested against; and when it is considered how much more worthily the large space they monopolise might be filled, the objections have every claim to attention.

An advantageous regulation might be made as to specimens being the most recent productions of the respective artists.

Nothing, for instance, can be gained by the exhibition of a work painted eighteen or twenty years ago, having no other claim to distinction than that of being an original by the President of the Society. Neither can the staunchest supporters of the hanging committee defend the admission of a painting so discreditable to any artist, old or young, Academician, Associate, or outsider, as that which bears the name of H. O'Neil, and is marked No. 898 in the catalogue. Such laxity, or favouritism in selection, as is here shown, is highly reprehensible, and exposes the Council to the most unanswerable censure. It is well for the artist himself that his reputation in the exhibition does not depend upon this canvas, the hanging of which nothing can possibly justify.

The new building is well adapted to its purpose, with the exception of the sculpture galleries. In these, the low front light facing the entrance, and the broad band of gold round the walls of the central hall, are decidedly objectionable, being confusing to the sight and disturbing that repose which a locality intended for the reception of statuary should always afford. The light, besides being strangely out of place, is glaring, and the decorations are gaudy. As noisy and inconsistent as would be an incessant flourish of trumpets, they interfere painfully with the effect which marble should produce. Exception may also be taken to the pendent gas tubes in the other rooms. During day time they are too low, and attract the eye from surrounding objects; when lighted they cannot but be more obtrusive, and pictures above the line must be almost invisible through the dazzling glare thrown directly upon them by this method of illumination.

These defects, for such undoubtedly they are, will probably be hereafter rectified. Sculpture is already in too critical a position

among us, that its prosperity should be further jeopardised by lack of encouragement from the Academy bound to foster it. Nothing will tend more surely to its decadence and neglect than the absence of a place where it can be seen to the best advantage.

Burlington House, or at any rate that which is now part of it, fulfils Gay's unintended prophecy in alluding to the building :—

> "Declining art revives ;
> The wall with animated pictures lives."

Handel resided three years in the old mansion so much lauded by Horace Walpole, celebrated by Hogarth, and which, during the last century, was the resort of all the wits and talent of the age. The covered approach to the galleries of the Academy realises "a long corridor of time," through which phantoms of the past may glide in silent company with living thousands of the present.

The Exhibition this year very nearly represents the actual condition of pictorial art, and, sad to say, of sculpture, in England. All our well-known oil-painters have sent in pictures strongly illustrative of their respective idiosyncrasies ; and rising artists arrest attention by many admirable works.

The glory of the Academy is declared to be Sir Edwin Landseer's "Swannery invaded by Sea Eagles," and never did the popular painter treat any subject more characteristically of himself than he has this. The birds are as perfect as birds can be. Notwithstanding the fierce contest going on, hardly a feather is ruffled,—not one lost by the unhappy victims or their ferocious enemies, who apparently are fighting with a mutual understanding not to disturb the appearance of one another. Were it not for the blood which stains the palpably soft down, the wild expression of the eagle's eye, and convulsive clutching of the webbed feet, the picture might represent a phase of still life, so regular are all its details. In the "Ptarmigan Hill," another of Sir Edwin's contributions, the animals seem to have undergone the same careful preparation for a sitting as have the swans and eagles. The dogs are well groomed, and the Ptarmigans as coquettish in their toilets as any young damsel fresh from the hands of an accomplished coiffeur. In the studies of a lion, more of the true roughness of nature is shown than in either of the other two pictures by Landseer.

A contrast to the high polish of the latter is seen in a somewhat indifferent example of Rosa Bonheur's style hanging opposite the Swannery. The "Moutons Ecossais" of the foreigner are the most unkempt sheep imaginable. Their ragged wool, blown about by the

wind, seems as though it had been exposed to the severity of a Highland winter, from which it was amply sufficient to protect its wearers. A contrast still more remarkable will be found in this small canvas, and pictures by Ansdell, whose subjects are even more dressed up than are Landseer's. With Cooper's sheep, also, it may be compared, and not suffer by the comparison.

According to his "Cattle Tryst," Peter Graham is prone to follow the example of the French artist, and become not only an animal painter, but a painter of animals in the widest sense of the term. His cattle may not be model beasts, but they seem to breathe the breath of life.

The admission of more foreign works increases that variety which has always been a prevailing feature of the Academy Exhibition. In no other annual collection of modern pictures is so much distinctive individuality to be met with. The opportunity of comparing the different styles rather than the minute examination of the works themselves, constitutes its chief attraction. Nothing is more interesting than to contemplate the warm, glowing tones of Cole, Danby, or the Linnells, in presence of the colder tints of Lee and Creswick; or, as this year may be done, to observe how all our native landscape painters differ in their methods of colouring and delineating Nature from the foreign school, admirably represented by Daubigny in a "View of Sunset on the Oise."

If this great contrast be to some extent wanting in the figure-pictures, it is atoned for by the change that may be noticed in the style of men who are famous. Millais, the high-priest of pre-Raphaelitism, has in one instance abjured his faith. Abandoning all that slavish observance of detail which has often seemed to hold the genius of the painter in thraldom, he has produced a work, the portrait of John Fowler, the engineer, unequalled for character and truthfulness, except by G. F. Watts, in the whole range of portraiture.

In hanging the pictures this year, whether by accident or design, the council of selection have made this variety in style more than usually remarkable. Tourrier is placed near Frith and Cope, and it is not difficult for the most casual observer to say which of them gains advantage by the situation. Again, one of Faed's hangs next to Landseer's, and its ruddiness of tone is made thereby all the more conspicuous.

Many similar cases might be cited in which the defects or merits of a work become all the more apparent, according to the character of those that are near it.

Without giving a detailed notice of the Academy, it would be im-

possible to do justice to the numerous splendid works exhibited. There are some which, more indelibly than others, remain impressed upon the memory, and which will always be recalled with pleasure, whether from sympathy with the subjects or their treatment. Such as Millais' portraits of John Forster and Nina Lehmann, Horsley's "Gaoler's Daughter," and notably Albert Moore's "Quartett;" albeit, in his next tribute to the art of music, the painter should consult Dr. Rimbault, and so avoid the absurd anachronism of placing stringed instruments, played with the bow, in the hands of ancient Greeks. A certain painting representing the Duke of Wellington in bed will also be remembered, but with very different feelings to those just named. It can be easily imagined how this monster canvas will haunt the mental vision, like some dreadful nightmare, of those outsiders who are still denied the sunshine of the Royal Academy. While they whose works have been received in the new home of art are congratulating themselves, the unsuccessful contributors must take courage and abide their time.

They can find consolation in the struggles of others to obtain distinction, remembering the epitaph which Alexis Piron, who, in a different branch of art, was all his life in their position, wrote for himself:—

"Ci-git Piron,  
Qui ne fut rien,  
Pas même Académicien."

Walter Maynard.

# The Wit and Wisdom of Bidpai.

## No. III.—His Fables.

### The Hasty Man and the Weasel.

A mother left her little son in charge of her husband whilst she went out to the bath.

She had scarcely left the house when a king's messenger arrived, desiring the presence of the husband at court. Now, the father had a tame weasel, for which he had a great affection; so he left the infant in charge of this faithful little animal.

Soon after the father had gone, a snake came out from a hole and approached the child, whereupon the weasel sprang upon the reptile and tore it to pieces.

On the return of the father, the weasel met him at the door, as if it wished to acquaint him with what had occurred. The faithful little guardian was covered with blood, and not seeing the child for a moment, the father hastily concluded that the weasel had strangled his son; so he struck the weasel with his stick and killed it. Then he went to the child's cot, found the infant safe, and the dead snake on the floor; upon which he bitterly reproached himself, and his agony of mind was very great, which was all the result of his hasty judgment.

### The Nightingale, The Cat, and The Hare.

A nightingale had made his home at the root of a tree.

In his absence one day, a hare entered the house, and took possession. An angry dispute arose in consequence; and it was finally agreed to leave the question to the arbitration of a cat, who lived on the bank of a neighbouring river—a cat who was at peace with all the world, and so abstemious, that he was contented with the grass of the field for his food, and the water of the river for his drink.

This was the good account which the nightingale had heard of the cat, so much virtue did that most respectable animal assume.

The sage and abstemious cat having accepted the position of judge, the parties to the dispute attended before him.

As soon as the cat saw the nightingale and the hare coming towards him, he stood up and prayed aloud with great humility and devotion, upon which they approached him with all marks of reverence and respect, and entreated him to settle the point of difference which had arisen between them.

"State your case," said the judge, solemnly. Whereupon the nightingale began to open his grievance.

"Old age," said the judge, "which every day presses more heavily upon me, has rendered me nearly deaf; I therefore beg of you to come nearer, that I may hear distinctly what you have to say."

Upon this, both the nightingale and the hare went closer to him, and said all they had to say. The cat, being thus informed of the origin as well as of all particulars of their quarrel, addressed them as follows:—

"I call upon you both, in the name of the most sacred obligations, to demand nothing but what is just and right, for rectitude of intention is always accompanied by self-approval, which awaits and can support with unbending fortitude the justice of fortune; whilst unauthorised desires, though crowned for the moment with success, are in the end pernicious. The greatest treasure which the man of the world can possess, is a productive store of right conduct, which is more profitable than mines of wealth, and more permanent even than the constancy of friends——"

The cat, continuing to speak in this strain, the hare and the nightingale insensibly lost all fear, and by degrees approached nearer and nearer to the cat, till at last, watching his opportunity, he suddenly sprang upon them and devoured them.

THE MONKEY AND THE TORTOISE.

MAHIR, a certain famous king of the monkeys, being old and infirm, was attacked by a young competitor for his crown, and compelled to fly his country. By a quiet river-side he discovered a fig-tree, which he determined to make his home. One day, eating of the fruit, a fig fell down into the river, and the splash it made in the water so delighted the monkey that he never ate without repeating the experiment.

A tortoise, who was below, devouring the figs that fell, regarded the unaccustomed supply as a delicate attention on the part of the monkey. He therefore cultivated his acquaintance, and they became friends.

Once the tortoise stayed so long away from his wife that she grew impatient at his absence, and complained to a neighbour, fearing that something had happened to him.

"If your husband is on the river side," said the neighbour, "he has, no doubt, been hospitably entertained by a monkey there."

After some days the tortoise returned, to find his wife in such a bad state of health as to excite considerable alarm. Expressing aloud his distress, he was interrupted by her friend, who said,

"Your wife is dangerously ill, and the physicians have prescribed for her the heart of a monkey, as the only thing that will cure her."

"This is no easy matter," replied the tortoise; "for, living as we do in the water, how can we possibly procure the heart of a monkey?"

The husband, however, went to the river side, back to his friend the monkey, treacherously bent upon his destruction.

"I beg of you, he said, "to add to the obligations under which you have laid me, by coming and passing some days with me. I live upon an island which abounds in fruit, and I will take you on my back over the water."

The monkey, accepting his friend's invitation, came down from the tree, and got upon the back of the tortoise, who, as he was swimming along with him, began to reflect on the crime which he harboured in his heart, and from shame and remorse hung down his head.

"What is the occasion," said the monkey, "of the sudden fit of sadness which has come upon you?"

"It occurs to me," said the tortoise, "that my wife is very ill, and that I shall therefore be unable to do the honours of my house in the manner I could wish."

"The intimation," replied the monkey, "which your friendly behaviour has conveyed to me of your kind intentions, will supply the place of all unnecessary parade and ostentation."

Thereupon the tortoise felt a little more at his ease, and continued his course. A second time he hesitated and became confused; upon which the monkey began to suspect that all was not right; but he inwardly rebuked himself for the mere suggestion of an injurious thought towards his neighbour. Nevertheless, wise monkeys have laid it down as a maxim that whosoever doubts for a moment the sincerity of his friend, should observe his conduct well. If his suspicions are founded, he is repaid for the violence which they have done to his feelings, in the safety they have procured him; whereas, if they have been entertained without good grounds, he may, at least, congratulate himself on his forethought, which in no instance can be otherwise than serviceable to him. Moved by these reflections, the monkey said,

"Why do you stop a second time, and appear as if you were anxiously debating some question with yourself?"

"I am tormented," said the tortoise, "with the idea that you will find my house in disorder, owing to the illness of my wife."

"Do not," replied the monkey, "be uneasy on this account in my interest, but rather look out for some medicine and food which may be of service to your wife; for a person possessed of riches cannot apply them better than either in charity during a time of want, or in the service of women."

"Your observation is most just," said the tortoise; "but the physician has declared that nothing will cure my wife except the heart of a monkey."

Then the deposed king of the monkeys became sad, and reasoning with himself, charged his own immoderate desires, which were unsuited to his age, with bringing about his destruction. At the same time he summoned all the resources of his understanding to devise means of escaping from the snare into which he had fallen.

"Why did you not inform me of this sooner," he said, "and I would have brought my heart with me?"

"Have you then not your heart with you?" asked the tortoise.

"No," replied the monkey; "for it is the practice of the monkeys, when one of them goes out on a visit to a friend, to leave his heart at home, or in the custody of his family, that he may be able to look at the wife of his friend and be at the same time without a heart."

"Where is your heart now?" the tortoise inquired.

"I have left it in the fig-tree, and if you will return with me thither, we can bring it away for your wife," said the monkey.

The tortoise eagerly accepted the proposal, and thanking the monkey for his generosity, swam back to the side of the river.

As soon as he was sufficiently near land to do so, the monkey sprang ashore, and immediately climbed up into the tree. When the tortoise had waited some time for him to come down, he grew impatient, and called out, "Pray do not detain me any longer, sir; bring your heart and let us go."

"What!" said the monkey, jeeringly, "do you think I am like the ass of whom the jackal declared that he had neither heart nor ears?"

"How was this?" asked the tortoise.

And the monkey thereupon, instead of coming down from the tree, told the tortoise a long story, the moral of which was, that the monkey knew what a narrow escape he had had, and meant to stay where he was.

### The Two Doves.

Two doves filled their nest with wheat and barley.

"As long as we can find anything to eat in the fields we will leave this store untouched," said the cock, "so that we shall have plenty to eat in the winter."

The hen bird approved of the proposal.

Now it happened that the grain was wet. The cock went away, and was absent for a long time. When he returned, the corn had dried up, and was considerably shrunken. The cock bird felt assured that his wife had eaten of it. He charged her with doing so, and upbraided her. She insisted upon her innocence. The cock bird was very much irritated at her emphatic protestations. And he beat her to death.

Now when the rains began to set in, and winter to draw on apace, the grain swelled again and filled the nest as before. The cock bird remarking this, was terribly grieved at what he had done.

"Of what use is the corn to me, now that you are not here to share it?" he cried, lying down by his dead spouse.

Sorrow and remorse afflicted him sorely. Refusing all nourishment, he eventually died of grief.

The sensible man will never be quick in punishing, lest he should have to repent of his conduct, like the male dove.

## "Castles in the Air."

A certain religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a generous merchant a present of oil and honey. When he had eaten as much as he required, he always put the remainder into a jar which hung upon a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the vessel would soon be full, seeing that the value of oil and honey was very much enhanced by a recent scarcity.

"When the jar is filled," said the professedly religious, but selfish and hasty man, "I will sell it, and buy ten goats. These will have kids, one each every five months, and what with these and the other produce when the kids are goats, I shall soon have a fine flock. Indeed, when I come to calculate, I shall possess in about two years, at least four hundred goats. At the end of this term I will buy a hundred black cattle, in the proportion of a bull and a cow for every four goats; I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plough it with the beasts, and put it into tillage, so that in five years I shall have realised a fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a splendid house, and when my establishment is complete, I will marry a beautiful woman. In due course I shall, no doubt, have a son who will be heir to my possessions. As he advances in age he shall have the best masters, and if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him.

If, on the contrary, he should disappoint my hopes, the rod which I hold in my hand shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly offended parent."

Excited with his theme, and working himself almost into a passion at the idea of his son's disobedience and ingratitude, he raised the stick to give force to his empty threat, and accidentally striking the jar, the vessel broke in pieces, and the oil and honey ran down upon his head and was wasted.

You see, from this story, how unfit it is to talk of any matter out of season, and of whose fortunate or unfortunate issue you are alike ignorant.

### Two Rogues and a Monk.

A monk was leading home a cow which he had purchased. A robber on the way wished to steal the beast. Close by was an Evil Genius, who was debating with himself how he should get the monk into his possession.

One rogue meeting the other, the Evil Genius said, "Who are you, sir? Please to give an account of yourself."

"I am a robber," said the other, "and mean to steal that cow when the monk is asleep. And now please to explain your business."

"I am an Evil Genius," said the first speaker. "And mean to steal the monk himself when he is asleep."

The two rogues, therefore, followed the monk home together, and when the father had tied up his cow and retired to rest, they began to dispute as to which should first put his plan into execution.

"If you begin by stealing the cow," said the Evil Genius, "the monk will most likely awake at the noise, assemble the people in the house, and thus prevent my carrying him off. I therefore beg that

you will look quietly on whilst I am employed in securing the monk, and you will then be unmolested in your attempt to steal the cow."

"No, no," said the robber; "as soon as you proceed to secure the monk an alarm will be raised, and my hopes of the cow frustrated. My scheme must have the precedence."

This made the Evil Genius very angry. The robber retorting upon him in a loud strain, the monk's household was aroused, and the two rogues were content to save their lives by a hasty flight.

### The Tortoise and the Geese.

Two geese lived in the same pond with a tortoise.

A sudden decrease in the water rendered it necessary that the geese should depart in search of other quarters.

"Pray take me with you," said the tortoise; "the lowering of the water is greater reason for my going away than for your departure; I am as helpless on dry land as a ship."

The geese had always been on friendly terms with the tortoise, and they agreed to help him. This was their plan. They each took hold of the end of a piece of wood, between which the tortoise was directed to suspend himself, so that they could carry him away.

"The condition of our doing this must be your silence," they said; "you must not speak a word."

The tortoise readily consented to this stipulation, and the journey was commenced.

Soon after they were in mid-air, some persons below seeing the curious sight, cried out with astonishment.

"Whew! I wish their eyes were plucked out," exclaimed the tortoise.

Opening his mouth made him lose his hold, he fell to the ground, and was killed.

# THE SOVEREIGNTY OF LABOUR.

HURRAH, brave Labour! Through the earth
 Thou art the grandest sovereign known;
Each day has still a splendid birth,
 To swell the honours of thy throne.
Thy reign is radiant, and thy gifts
 The fairest lands have sweetly crowned;
Thy might each state to glory lifts,
 And girdles each with beauty round!

Kings die and courtly pageants fade,
 But thou art deathless as the spheres;
While every blessing thou hast made,
 Defies the march of countless years.
In every land, in every clime,
 Thy riches stand, thy marvels rise;
There crude, there lovely, here sublime,
 Wide as the range of yonder skies!

From thy brave hands all splendour flows,
 And all our cherished treasures spring;
Touched by thy skill the diamond glows,
 And with thy deeds the nations ring.
Mines yield their gold and iron to thee,
 Earth pays thee tribute far and wide,
And through the proud and unslaved sea,
 Thy mandates winged with lightnings ride!

Thy realm is reared o'er all the earth,
 Thy conquests spring from heart and mind;
Thy sceptre's bloodless, and thy worth
 In every breathing land is shrined.
Thou reignest though poor monarchs fall,
 The years thy spirit cannot tire;
Among earth's rulers best of all,
 As earnest and as true as fire!

S. H. BRADBURY.

# Campbell on Brougham.

MACAULAY, in one of the most brilliant of his historical essays, speaks of a peculiar disease, the *lues biographica*, which is apt to befall authors. The symptoms of the malady are an indulgence in undiscerning praise, and an absolute blindness to the faults and failings of the idol enshrined in the memoir. Lord Campbell may have had the disease; we think he had; but he certainly did not exhibit the customary symptoms. That indeed is not much to the purpose. A dog afflicted with hydrophobia will, as a rule, abominate water; and yet a poor beast, unmistakeably rabid, occasionally laps with vehemence. And so it would appear that an irrepressible desire to write other men's lives gave Lord Campbell the *lues biographica;* but the outward and visible sign in his case was an indiscriminate love of depreciation. In none of his many volumes is this tendency so conspicuous as in that which his literary executrix, with more or less judgment, has lately given to the world, and we purpose to devote a few pages to the just and necessary exposure of perhaps a tithe among the misstatements which, "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa," lie scattered through the latest effort of his biographical genius.

We wish to say at the outset, that we do not approach this task in any vindictive spirit. We do not believe that Lord Campbell ever meant to be half so ill-natured as he appears. A remembrance of ridicule which he had not been able to retaliate, and an unhappy consciousness that he was the inferior of the two men he had under discussion, may have occasionally envenomed the habitual bitterness of the narrative; but, on the whole, we are inclined to believe that he has been depreciatory, and sometimes defamatory, not because he wished to be so, but because he could not help it. He had always been an inaccurate author; and as he went on in life, the habit of detraction grew to be a second nature. Perhaps in his secret soul he was convinced that no one but John Campbell could merit either praise or promotion; he alone had entered in by the door of plodding work, and what were they who had climbed over the wall to his discomfiture, but thieves and robbers?

Nor would this be our only defence of the book. On the contrary, it has the greatest merit a book can possess; it is amusing—eminently and abundantly amusing,—with a graphic power in dealing with past events, and a talent for seizing the salient points of character and circumstance; full of anecdote and illustration; full of ingenious myths, which are sometimes so good that they deserve to be true, though occasionally, we must in justice add, too crude for real art; valuable for the insight it gives us into times of which the present generation knows nothing personally, yet losing much of that value by its inaccuracies on points concerning which its veracity can be more easily tested. What trust, for instance, can be placed in an author who tells us that Sir Eardley Wilmot published, in 1856, a volume of Lord Brougham's "Acts and Bills," and that this volume was "dedicated to Brougham himself—with his 'kind permission;'—but let us hope that when he kindly gave the permission, he was unacquainted with its contents" (p. 588). Let us hope, in our turn, that when Lord Campbell kindly wrote this sentence, he was only careless or oblivious as to the fact; for Sir Eardley Wilmot's volume is now lying before us, and we extract the dedication verbatim:—"To the Society for the Amendment of the Law, I respectfully dedicate this record of the labours of their President in the sacred cause of humanity, justice, and freedom, whereunto the laws themselves bear faithful and living testimony." We can state from our personal knowledge, that Brougham never saw or heard of the dedication till the book was placed complete in his hands. If this be taken as a sample of Lord Campbell's accuracy, what credence can be attached to a single statement in the biography, unless corroborated by extraneous evidence?

Wherever, indeed, the Law Amendment Society or the question of law reform is touched on, the biography is generally unjust to Brougham. Lord Campbell was not unreasonably averse to change, and carried, himself, more than one useful measure of legal improvement; but he was a lawyer, and nothing more, and had a mere lawyer's prejudices. In one of the best written paragraphs of the book (pp. 576, 577), he sums up Brougham's habits of life and various occupations with much cleverness and some ill-nature, describing, *inter alia*, "how he delivered speeches at the Law Amendment Society, exalting himself, and *vilipending* all competitors in the race of law reform." A more unjust accusation never was written. Brougham was so eager to welcome aid from any quarter in the cause he had sincerely at heart, that he rather erred on the side of *indiscriminate praise*. He was always congratulating the

Society that his "noble colleague" had taken up this question, or that his "honourable and learned friend" had introduced that measure; and a long acquaintance with the Law Amendment Society enables us to state with confidence that so far from using its meetings as opportunities for self-laudation, the President habitually checked any reference to himself, and would seldom allow a resolution of thanks to the chair. It is very well to say that the great speech of 1828 on law reform could not be read through "unless as a punishment for some grave delict;" which may be a smart way of putting the undeniable fact that it was six hours' long, and dealt with a variety of topics more or less generally interesting; but Sir Robert Peel used to say that having intended only to hear the opening of the speech, he found himself chained to the House till the close by admiration of its power and effectiveness. Peel, however, was a generous opponent, and Campbell only a candid friend. Similarly the biographer dismisses Brougham's vast exertions in behalf of charity reform in the following words (p. 338):—"His efforts to remedy the abuses in public charities cost the nation several hundred thousand pounds, distributed among various sets of Commissioners; but as yet no real benefit has been derived from their labours." Is there nothing "real" in the recovery for public use of a large amount of charity property, of which the proceeds had been uselessly or dishonestly squandered? nothing in the help afforded to local exertions for improvement? nothing in the many salutary schemes applied to the better employment of eleemosynary funds? nothing in the awakenment and enlightening of the mind of the nation? If Lord Campbell had said that much still remained to be done, though most of that much had been urged in vain by Brougham, he would have had some reason for his criticism. From the words quoted above, the common sense and common knowledge of Englishmen must recoil, as equally ungrateful and unjust.

Nor can we pass without correction the remarks of Lord Campbell on the proposed Criminal Code, and the failure of the attempt to enact it into law. He describes the draft Code as rude and imperfect, and calculated, if it became law, to throw the administration of justice into confusion. He imputes to Lord St. Leonards that he supported Brougham in advocating its adoption from mere party and personal motives, well knowing the evil he was doing. He narrates how the Judges unanimously condemned the Code, and thus procured its rejection by a Select Committee of the Lords, and how Brougham in his indignation wrote two articles "in vituperation of the Judges," and got them inserted in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, concealin

his authorship, and quoting the authority of the two great reviews as vouchers for public opinion on the question. This narrative differs in its character from many of Lord Campbell's statements, inasmuch as it is not an invention pure and simple, but contains a foundation of truth, with a superstructure of error. It is the difference of the historical novel from the romance proper. It is true that the draft of a Criminal Code had been prepared at the instance of Lord Brougham, and that he laid it before the House of Lords in the shape of a Bill. Happy would it have been for the country if it had been received by the law lords and the Judges in a liberal spirit, and had been subjected to friendly revision, instead of a narrowly hostile criticism. Unfortunately for the credit of the Bench, the Judges reported on the draft in a manner scarcely worthy of their exalted station, and to which no lawyer who values the juridical reputation of his country can look back without regret. The document had been prepared by Mr. Greaves, Q.C., and Mr. Lonsdale, whose ability and learning are beyond dispute; and no one can doubt that any deficiencies in the work could easily have been supplied, if it had been approached in a candid spirit. The opposition which Lord Campbell narrates as a grand triumph, must bear to an impartial observer the character of a petty intrigue, and assuredly Brougham's fame will lose nothing with posterity by his advocacy of a beneficial reform in our criminal jurisprudence, which will some day or other be demanded as a necessity of civilisation. Lord St. Leonards, in the book he has lately published, flatly contradicts the statement respecting his own share in the matter; and, for the rest, the writing of the two articles was greatly to Brougham's credit. His Bill was rejected only a short time before the numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh* were about to appear. Few men would have thought it possible to write one article on the subject; none but Brougham could have written two. He sent for the editors of the two reviews, and as they by mishap called in Grafton Street at the same time, he had one shown into the library and one into the dining-room, neither knowing that the other was in the house. He persuaded each of them to insert an article criticising the Judges' report, and wrote both immediately *currente calamo*, in styles so different, and employing arguments and illustrations so diverse, that it would not have been easy to believe them the products of the same pen. But to insinuate that he deceived either the House or the Law Amendment Society, as imputed by Lord Campbell, is an utter mistake. Very soon after the two reviews appeared the origin of the two articles was perfectly well known; we heard it alluded to at the time at

more than one dinner-table, and Brougham, in truth, was quite vain enough to wish their authorship to be known. It was undoubtedly a marvellous effort for a man even then far past the threescore years and ten of our race; but it is almost as marvellous to find it seriously quoted as a count in the indictment against him.

The mention of Lord St. Leonards reminds us of the story of his quarrel with Brougham, which this unhappy biography has raked up, and which forms the principal topic of the book he has just given to the world. Lord Campbell alludes more than once to the dislike which, as he chooses to say, Brougham felt for Sugden; and after mentioning (p. 421) the contests between them in the Court of Chancery, when Brougham was sitting as Chancellor, and Sugden was addressing the Court as counsel, he proceeds to state that the Chancellor, in open court, as any one would conclude from the narrative, assailed Sir Edward Sugden with one of the nastiest of epithets. Brougham's conduct is not to be defended, but it should be described with truth, and not with either the *suppressio veri* or the *suggestio falsi*. The Chancellor had been much irritated by a question which Sir Edward Sugden, without the usual notice, had put in the House of Commons, and which undoubtedly imputed (quite unjustly) a misuse of the patronage of the woolsack. On this, Brougham made, in the House of Lords, a violent and unjustifiable speech, in which he seems to have implied, but not to have actually used, the epithet in question. It is creditable to both parties to say that the Chancellor, having employed Lyndhurst as mediator, frankly apologised to Sugden, that the apology was accepted, the offence on both sides forgiven, and that the two opponents lived to exchange a kindly support as ex-Chancellors in the House of Lords. What earthly object could there be in disinterring this miserable scandal?

It is curious that Lord Kingsdown, in the autobiography which has been privately circulated of late, declares that Brougham, when Chancellor, was mortally afraid of Sugden, and goes so far as to impute to him, under the influence of this terror, a grave wrong to a client of his (Mr. Pemberton's), against whom Sir Edward appeared as counsel. We need hardly point out the curious inconsistency of the two stories. If we are to believe the one noble biographer, Brougham was only eager to overwhelm the great equity counsel with the coarsest scurrility; if we are to credit the other, he was so servilely afraid of him as to pervert justice rather than give judgment against him. No wonder that the records of past generations are disputed, when contemporary history is found to contradict itself so oddly.

It was hardly possible that Lord Campbell should fail to depreciate the influence and reputation which Brougham acquired at different stages of his eventful life, in connection with more than one popular society. When at the height of his fame, with his laurels as the successful advocate of Queen Caroline still green, and the prodigious triumph of the Yorkshire election raising him to the zenith of distinction, his presidency of the Useful Knowledge Society attracted and deserved no small share of the applause then showered upon him. The operations of the society form an epoch in English Literature, and to a great extent metamorphosed its character by extending to the million the tastes and acquirements which had up to that time been the privilege of a comparatively select class. The plan was to spend the profits of the more popular publications in bringing out works of a philosophical nature, which were not likely to command so large a sale. The society was so prosperous that its example attracted a number of competitors, and cheap literature became the business of a flourishing class of publishers. Its object being thus accomplished, in the creation both of a taste for popular books and of the means of supplying them, the society suspended its active operations, though it remains in existence to the present time, having never surrendered its charter. These facts are characteristically described by Lord Campbell (p. 493) as the bankruptcy of the Useful Knowledge Society, which he alleges was brought about by the publication of Brougham's "Political Philosophy," "the copyright of which he had very generously presented to the society." The whole of this story has been circumstantially refuted by Mr. M. D. Hill, in the columns of the *Times*. The "Political Philosophy," it appears, had a considerable sale, and the bankruptcy of the society was of course a pure invention.

Scarcely less inaccurate is the reference to the establishment of the Social Science Association:—"The first meeting was at Birmingham, and here Brougham acquired immense renown. Like Bottom, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' he was eager to play all the parts himself. He assigned the Law of Bankruptcy to Lord John Russell, but he retained for himself National Education, the Abolition of Slavery, the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and the Advancement of Science. For a week together he extemporised on these topics," &c., &c. A more absurd jumble can hardly be conceived. Brougham did not "assign" either the Law of Bankruptcy, or anything else, to Lord John Russell; neither did his lordship deal with the Bankrupt Law in his address. The Section of Education was taken by Sir John Pakington, and the abolition of slavery formed no part of the

programme. Neither did Brougham extemporise for a week together. He delivered, as president, a written address at the opening meeting, and it may be quoted still as one of the ablest of his productions. He spoke once or twice in the sections; but except at the concluding meeting, at the end of the week, he took no other prominent part. Such misstatements are of little consequence, but they suggest a distrust of the whole book. If Lord Campbell cared so little to verify his facts, on what portion of the biography can we rely? It is in this respect that he has done such an injury, not only to his own reputation, but to the interests of historical literature. Having lived with the great men whose biography he undertook, and being necessarily conversant with much of the secret history of an eventful period, he might have left us an invaluable contribution to the records of the time. What an opportunity has been missed! As it is, we find some cause for scepticism at every page.

We are inclined to believe that many of the remarks on both Lyndhurst and Brougham, which may be thought most ill-natured, do, in truth, arise from Lord Campbell's inability to enter into a jest. The heavy, slow, painstaking Scotchman could not understand those quick, sarcastic, mercurial natures; when Lyndhurst talked *persiflage*, Campbell received it solemnly as so much profligacy: when Brougham bantered, his conversation was put down as abuse of the absent. The old saying of Sydney Smith, that it took a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman, has produced such an amount of earnest refutation as almost to prove its truth. We believe, however, it is an established fact that some Scotchmen are able, by natural faculty, to apprehend a jest; and that others, if caught young, may be trained to the same useful aptitude. But one might well doubt the possibility, on reading Lord Campbell's grave account of Brougham's ejaculation, so characteristic of the frolic of the man, when intruded on by Coltman during the eve of his famous Durham speech,—"Avaunt! I am distilling venom for these Durham clergy!" It is probable that Campbell retained disagreeable recollections of some of Brougham's pleasantries. When the controversy was raging whether the Crystal Palace of 1851 was to be retained on the original site, just opposite Stratheden House, Campbell, naturally enough, was strongly in favour of its removal, and said to Brougham, who was calling on him one day, "I can't endure the sight of this place; I could pelt it with halfpennies." "Ah, Jack," was the reply, "whatever you pelt it with, depend on it, it will not be with halfpennies."

We may point out that most of the faults which are dilated on in the biography, generally with much exaggeration, are resolvable into a

single characteristic—love of display in oratory. Brougham shared this impulse with Cicero and all other great speakers; it is probably incident to the faculty. Years since, it became necessary for the writer of these pages to remonstrate with Brougham on a matter of some public concern; and in his reply, written with perfect good temper, he defended himself by saying, "You forget that my trade or occupation has always been that of an orator." Let us remember in what amplitude he possessed the gift, and how little he abused it. Entering Parliament as a young man, he never suffered his marvellous force and fertility in debate to be used merely for party purposes,—he never hired himself out as a political gladiator; but from the first, in the midst of temptations, as afterwards in triumph, in hopeless opposition, as at the height of power, he worked his vast energies and resources for the substantial end of improving our legislation and raising the condition of the people. Of how many great orators is it possible to say as much?

His biographer, unjust in much, has spoken truly of Brougham's domestic affections. He was an excellent son and a devoted father. The daughter over whom he mourned so deeply was buried in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn (a favour granted at his earnest request), and he pointed out to a brother Bencher the spot where his own coffin was to lie beside her. Considerable disappointment was therefore felt on the announcement of his funeral at Cannes.

We propose, on a subsequent occasion, to say something on the biography of Lyndhurst. At present, we conclude with reiterating our acknowledgment of the amusing cleverness of the book. The history of the queen's trial is certainly the most graphic we ever read, and does full justice to Brougham's remarkable qualities. The key to his conduct throughout seems to be his inward conviction of the queen's guilt, which made him desirous of a compromise while there was yet time. Once involved in the fight, he rightly resolved to do his utmost for his client. The political history, on the other hand, is not always correct, and we can hardly doubt that Lord Melbourne's conduct respecting the Chancellorship has been much misrepresented. The king was evidently the primary and leading cause of Brougham's dismissal. In this, as in other points, it is deeply to be regretted that Lord Campbell wrote with a view to effect rather than to accuracy, and has thus left a biography well fitted, it may be, for the circulating library of a season, but unworthy of its author's position, and incapable of taking a permanent place in literature.

G. W. HASTINGS.

# CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

## HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FAMILY GROUP AT HALLOW.—BEING A CLOSING CHAPTER BY THE WAY.

MAY comes in with all its charms at Hallow, covering the landscape with fruit blossoms, and scenting the air with the sweetest perfumes of spring.

This year the weather is exceptionally mild. We have therefore resumed our open windows and out-door assemblies. The following dialogue takes place in the drawing-room and on the lawn. Mrs. Kenrick is sitting near the window tatting (a fidgety occupation, I cannot help thinking). Cissy is trying to understand "The Ring and The Book." Bessie is looking out at the landscape. Mr. Ellis is reclining on an easy-chair outside the window. I am walking up and down, smoking one of the choicest cigars that Ellis could procure for me when he passed through London with his wife, returning from their wedding tour.

*Mr. Ellis.* Why you should head that chapter "A quiet life," I cannot imagine.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* The very remark I made, Mr. Ellis.

*Cissy* (looking up from her book). And why father should insist upon misquoting the first line of "Robin Adair," is another mystery.

*Myself.* I quote the song as my mother sung it; and I call that chapter "A quiet life," because I conceive it to be a correct description.

*Mr. Ellis.* Commercial troubles that nearly bore you down, literary struggles, several deaths, and a tremendous incident under the piazzas of Her Majesty's Theatre.

*Myself.* Shadows on the path of a quiet life, and nothing more.

*Bess* (*Mrs. Ellis*). And it was you who purchased that picture of Abel's! Oh, if he could only see it up in the lumber-room!

*Mr. Ellis.* It might be a Velasquez after all.

*Myself.* A copy, Father Ellis—a copy, and a bad copy too.

*Mr. Ellis.* There is another story in the art papers which will make up a trio with those provincial incidents of your previous chapters. A picture that was originally in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, and stored with a large number of other works in the basement of the Falconieri Palace, at Rome, was removed to the Villa Paolina, and sold in 1845, by the Principe di Musignano, to a Roman picture-dealer; from whom, in 1846, it was bought, with other pictures, for a small sum by one Mr. R. Macpherson, who has just sold it to the English nation for two thousand pounds.

*Myself.* Poor Abel! Why was not his picture a genuine Velasquez? He would have been rich now.

*Cissy.* Who is the painter of this newly-discovered treasure?

*Mr. Ellis.* Michael Angelo. P. von Cornelius, the German painter, says it is *una cosa preziosa, un vero originale di Michaelangelo;* and so say the greatest English judges.

*Bess.* Did George [what a fall in dignity, from Father Ellis to Mr Ellis, from Mr. Ellis to Ellis, from Ellis to George !] tell you that we called upon Mr. Millais with your introduction, father?

*Myself.* He did not.

*Bess.* The most handsomely comfortable studio I ever saw. You must really take a lesson from it: hung with tapestry, beautifully lighted, with one or two fine works of the sculptor here and there; a raised dais for models; a beautiful little piano in one corner, a guitar on the floor, some flowers lying about, an exquisitely soft carpet, and on the painter's easel a half-painted picture.

*Myself.* Millais gets a thousand pounds for a picture. My highest price was three hundred. Besides, he is a handsome fellow, and sets off a handsome painting-room.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* There are various types of manly beauty.

*Mr. Ellis.* I hope our other great artist may be as lithe and active as Christopher Kenrick when he is five-and-fifty.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* Christopher is not fifty-five.

*Myself.* Not far off, Esther. I am fifty-two.

*Cissy.* And you don't look forty-five.

*Myself.* Not with Mr. Ellis for a son-in-law?

*Mr. Ellis.* What, in thy quips and thy quiddities! My thrice-puissant liege is in the very May-morn of his youth, and hath a most rare juvenile son-in-law.

*Myself.* Nay, rather hath my May of life fallen into the sere and

yellow leaf; and I have, sir, a son, by order of law, some years older than this.

*Mr. Ellis.* Ah! ah! by the rood, a merry jest: I'll not try to match thee in Shakspearian *mots*. Go to; thou speakest flat treason against the kingly state of youth.

*Bess.* A truce to this Elizabethan fooling. Let us talk of studios. What is Leighton's like, father, and Frith's, and Faed's?

*Myself.* I know not; you had tickets for the private view.

*Bess.* I like to go at unexpected seasons.

*Myself.* Your description of one studio reminds me of another modern one exactly opposite in character: a workshop, in fact, with no trace of the artist about it, except his easel, his colours, and his canvas. He is a landscape man, and rapidly making his way to the front rank. No trace of the poetic temperament, or the refined mind, in the place: a few chairs, a small billiard-table, a cupboard, and big ugly slides to the windows, constructed so as to catch or shut out all lights. But what you miss in the character of his room you find in his pictures—poetry, refinement, and a full and glorious love of the beautiful.

*Mr. Ellis.* Name, name!

*Myself.* Ben Leader.

*Mr. Ellis.* One of the best of our landscape painters. We must make him an R.A.

*Bess.* Not before we have elected John Linnell.

*Myself.* Linnell is evidently indifferent about the honour. He does not care to submit his claims to a jury of rivals and competitors, I presume.

*Mr. Ellis.* Has he never allowed himself to be nominated?

*Myself.* Never!

*Cissy.* Are you an R.A., pa?

*Myself.* No, my dear; nor a Linnell, nor a Leader.

*Bess.* By-the-way, you do not describe any of your journalist troubles, father. The inner life of a provincial editor, as one your critics once called you, must be very interesting.

*Mr. Ellis.* De Quincey was a provincial newspaper editor in earl life.

*Myself.* The provincial press, like the provincial stage, affords the best possible training for London work; but I don't think the inner life, as you call it, Bess, would interest our readers. The fashionable critic will find quite enough to sneer at in the provincial reminiscences already described.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* You are ungrateful by anticipation, Christopher, for

tics are pledged to your book; have they not praised it every
?

*elf.* Your rebuke is just, my dear. I cry the critics' mercy.
k them most gratefully.

*Ellis.* I saw your old friend Levington, the member for Lind-
he other day. Why did you not go in for a parliamentary
, Mr. Kenrick?

*Kenrick.* Yes; why, indeed! He might have advanced
interests immensely.

*elf.* My dear Ellis, I am a plain fellow; but I could no more
to the ordeal of a public canvass, and the humbug of mere
warfare, to say nothing of the general worries and intrigues of
l life, than I could submit to any other career of hollow
nd personal degradation.

*Ellis.* Nay, nay, Kenrick; that is not a fair definition.

*elf.* Perhaps not.

*Ellis.* And confess that you take a great interest in politics;
remind you how you worked at the last county election. You
forget that eloquent speech you made in favour of the
?

*elf.* True—true. We are often carried away out of ourselves,
ere, in exciting times. Let us change the subject. It is a
thing to be a member of the first and most powerful assembly
world; but let abler and better men than I am sit there.

*Kenrick.* Yet I remember once, Christopher, when you came
from London, you were annoyed at having to wait for Mr.
ton in the lobby; and you said you would never go down
House any more until you could go straight in and take your
th the rest.

*elf.* A foolish speech, my dear; but I was young and proud.

*Kenrick.* You have never been to the House since, for all

*Ellis.* It is not worth his while to go now. Levington
is disgusting to see Gladstone nudging Bright during the
, in the most familiar fashion. When Sir Roundell Palmer
his speech against his own party, the other night, he leaned
say a pleasant word to Gladstone at the close (men may
ds, if they differ in politics); the Premier shook his head,
, and would not listen.

*elf.* You are very bitter about Gladstone always. It is a good
the Conservatives that he has not the temper and discretion
self.

*Bess.* I am sorry to interrupt a political conversation; but yonder come some members of Mr. Ellis's choir. I promised them a practice here to-night; and if Mr. Kenrick will condescend to join us with his violin, I think I can promise all of you some good music. If you prefer to go on with your chat, I can take my friends to some other part of the house, where you will not be disturbed.

*Myself.* My fiddle and myself are at your disposal, Bess; there is nothing I shall enjoy more than scraping through a good rough bit of Handel.

And thus our quiet evening comes to an end.

We are an interesting group to look upon. Bess sits at the piano; by her stands your humble servant; and crowded round us are four comely country lasses, with one stout, matronly dame, who has a fine contralto voice; four young stalwart fellows, two boys, and an odd-looking elderly man (the husband of the contralto lady), with a deep bass voice, and the most extraordinary plush waistcoat I ever saw out of a statute fair. Father Ellis stands upon a hassock, on the other side of the piano, conducting; and Cissy is nodding pleasantly at her reverend brother-in-law. My wife sits by the window, listening to the Hallelujah Chorus, and thinking of the past. I know her mind is wandering to former days, because I see her now and then casting a quiet, contemplative glance at her husband.

Yes, dear friends, my most courteous and amiable readers, that lady in the dark green moire dress is my wife. She was the girl in the lama frock; she is Mrs. Christopher Kenrick, whose name is a household word amongst the poor at Hallow. She was the round, dimpled, supple beauty of Lindford, who steered that romantic lover's boat amongst the weeds and rushes of the quiet river, and thought, with him, that the society of those we truly love is the highest happiness on earth. Then she was a simple maiden in that city by the river, and I was a romantic youth, loving and being loved for the first time—ay! and the last time, for that matter; let me confess it, pledged as I am to this full account of my whole course of love.

Mrs. Kenrick is no longer young, and she has lost much of that quiet, submissive nature which, in the old days, stimulated so fiercely the chivalrous desire of my heated youth to be her protector as well as her lover; to have her nestling under the shelter of my strong arm; to see her, as it were, clinging to me, her champion against a rude world; and to feel myself her own brave hero, who would fight for her, and work for her, and die for her, if need be. I renew my youth when I think of these past days, and wish for all young people

a pure and unselfish love like ours. For pure and unselfish, some of my readers may substitute silly and romantic. I leave that in their own hands; but I do not regret that I had not lived long enough to learn the more fashionable notions of marriage before I saw Esther Wilson.

My wife is no longer young, I say; but she has that round, substantial, fair, healthy beauty which is peculiar to the elderly Englishwoman. Her eye is still bright, her hair only shows a few streaks of silver here and there, and her voice is as young and soft as ever it was. Do you notice that amongst good people the voice rarely gets old? This has often struck me with regard to women. If I shut my eyes I can hear that girl in the lama frock prattling to me, only that there is a little more firmness perhaps in the tone and manner. She would make a fine picture even now, Mrs. Kenrick, in her lace cap and collar. Her hair is braided with all the art of past days; there is a healthy glow on her cheek still; and her teeth are her own, my friend. Mrs. Kenrick prides herself on that, and if her hair should be as white as Ellis's she would not dye it, though, between ourselves, she would prefer that no further change in its colour should take place. Whilst the hand of Time has gradually wrought out his changes in that pretty dimpled girl of the lama frock, I have seen no difference in my darling, though she sits before me now, a stout, elderly lady in a moiré dress, with some wrinkles (only a few, though) about the corners of her bright grey eyes.

* * * * * * *

*Bess.* There, that will do. And Mr. Kenrick will play us "Robin Adair" as a finale.

"Oh, yes,"—"Thank you, Mrs. Ellis,"—"Thank you, sir,"—"Please do, Mr. Kenrick, sir," say the village choir.

Mrs. Kenrick gives me an approving smile, and once more that dear old instrument which Abel Crockford re-purchased at Harbourford responds to the well-worn bow. The plaintive melody of my mother's favourite song steals out into the evening mists, awakening sad and happy memories in two hearts, whose full, deep faith and love remain unimpaired in the midst of all Time's fickle changes.

True love is the star that shineth all the more brightly when the air is keen and frosty. Or the signal light to which storm and rack give additional lustre. It is the ivy clinging to the crumbling pillar, the violet blooming in unknown places, the lichen that adorns the cottage roof, the green thing in the desert, the flower that blooms in the mine. It is more precious than rubies, it is the only thing that

cannot be bought with gold. Hands are offered in the market, but not hearts. "Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### The Last Extracts from my Diary.

I begin with the year 1842, and, with the reader's permission, I shall transcribe such notes as may seem interesting, not only in connection with my life, but such others as may seem specially curious in themselves, looking at them in the present day, as the memoranda of an observant and reflective mind.

Mr. Ellis would have me republish the whole of my diary so far as it is complete. I demur to this, out of consideration for the reader's patience, and with a proper regard, I hope, for the feelings of some persons who might naturally take exception to the introduction of their names into a work of this kind.

Mrs. Kenrick, for whose judgment I have the highest respect, though I do not always act upon it, is convinced that I have already trespassed upon the sanctity of private affairs. My dear wife's view represents one extreme of opinion upon this point, and the opinion of my daughter Bess the other. Mrs. Ellis is aggrieved that I have omitted incidents of local note which she thinks I ought to have used. Actuated by some of the editorial discretion of my younger days, I have endeavoured to take the wise middle course.

*July*, 1842. Am getting very tired of this pettyfogging work on the *Herald*. Am an ungrateful beggar, no doubt. Frequent visits to London not only gives breadth to one's views, but unfits you for mere provincial work. You must be narrow in a town like Lindford. My friend, the hon. member for this place, says the city has the benefit of my more impartial opinions of public questions. He thinks I have introduced a higher, broader, and healthier tone into the local press. . . . . Have just appointed an editor to relieve me of the heavy work of the paper, which I shall leave in his hands until I meet with a partner who will take the management entirely. I have a good income apart from the *Herald*, and painting is becoming a passion with me. My vow about the money left to me by my father is at an end—the sum is more than made up. . . . . Esther is an excellent manager. Those who knew her when she was very young seem to

be astonished at her administrative ability. . . . . Lady Somerfield called and left me a capital old book on "Painting." Wonder what has become of that fellow Howard; have never heard of him since we met at the house of Lady S., on that memorable evening. Not a bad incident for a story; dramatic enough, but rather bluefireish.

*July* 6.—The Queen has been shot at again. She was going to the Chapel Royal. A deformed youth named Bean presented a pistol at her Majesty. A young man named Darrett prevented his firing, and handed him to the police, who refused to receive the charge, thinking it a hoax! Bean was apprehended on the next day. This was about a month after the boy John Francis shot at the Queen as she was going down Constitution Hill in a barouche and four with Prince Albert. Hope they will flog these maniacs. A simple man said to me that it was strange to him people could be got to fill the offices of kings and queens, seeing that they were never sure of their lives for a moment. "There is a divinity doth hedge a king," I said. "But not a duke," he replied, referring to the duke of Orleans, eldest son of the King of the French, who has just been killed by a fall from his carriage.

*July* 10.—*Mem.*, to write article on "The Chartists." Great riots in the Midlands.

*August* 27.—Bean is sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Don't think I am cruel by nature; but flogging is a very deterrent punishment. In cases of gross assaults, and wicked attempts on royal lives, would strongly recommend it. *Mem.*, to write an article on "Punishments for Crime."

*October* 2.—Letter from Noel Stanton. Has left Nottingham, and gone to London. Has serious thoughts of going to America. Mrs. Stanton is very well. They have eight children. Fitzwalton had paid them a visit, and was rejoiced to hear of C. K.'s success. F. is also prosperous; had left London two years ago to take management of some works at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*October* 10.—Purchased a carriage and pair of ponies for my wife, who will take great delight in driving out the children. We think of moving into a larger house. I should prefer going away into the country, and living a quiet life, now that we have got over all our troubles and anxieties, and are rich. When I look back upon the past six years, am most thankful to God for all His mercies. Miss Wilton's commercial arrangements with me were very disastrous. My wife has often censured, in her quiet way, my ever consenting to a *compact with her sister.* I would have agreed to *anything in those days.* When Miss Wilton said I could

only have her mother's consent to marry on certain conditions, I accepted them without a thought of the future, of reputation, character, or anything else, which may seem like a sacrifice on my part; but this is an utterly selfish view. Esther was worthy of any sacrifice . . . . Bess is growing into a fine girl. She evinces great, good common sense for one so young. Hope she will be a clever, accomplished woman. Don't like clever women, as a rule. Hope my girls will combine womanly modesty and humility with a genius for polite learning . . . . Am progressing wonderfully with my new picture. It was great presumption my sending those two works to the Academy: no wonder they were ignominiously rejected.

*January* 1, 1843.—What fresh resolves are made to-day! How carefully new diaries are opened, with strong determinations to keep them regularly. Have not been guilty of these sanguine resolutions myself. Know I should break down, like most other people, in a month. Change my blotting pad, that is all. *Mem.* for a New Year's essay, "On an Old Blotting Pad, with some reference to its Successor." . . . My last year at Lindford. Have more than fulfilled my vow about the 15,000*l.*, which has grown during these last few years into considerably more than the original 20,000*l.* left by my poor father. I have a fair income irrespective of this from my literary work and painting. The *Herald* is now *the* county paper, and this year I sell out altogether at a handsome price. My partner from Gloucestershire lives "Up-hill" in grand style. The cathedral dignitaries, and the other aristocratic residents of the higher regions, did not at first seem to relish a newspaper man taking the big house in the College-green. It was some months before he had a single call, but at length Lady Mary Battletwig's carriage stopped there on its fashionable round. The news spread like wildfire, and when, by judicious and successful inquiry, it was found that her ladyship had really left two cards there, all the grandees of Up-hill followed Lady Battletwig's example, and my partner found himself "in society." He has succeeded in this respect far better than I did at Lindford, but I never laid myself out for it. There cannot be a greater bore in life than to be "in society" at Lindford,—the tamest dinner parties in the world, the smallest of small talk, the most scandalous of scandal, to say nothing of having to join the Up-hill league against the Down-hill. No, my painting-room, and Esther's drawing-room, are far above all this sort of thing; not but what I was gratified in a small way to see the Dean's cards, Lady Battletwig's cards, and the other fashionable bits of pasteboard, lying in our little hall. My wife

says it is a just recognition of our social position and my genius. For my own part, I preferred much the recognition of that notice of "More Worlds than One," in the *Times*, and that visit of the great poet when he was down here two months ago.

With the debates upon Ireland before us, the following may have a special interest.

*January* 10.—Mr. O'Connell declares that this shall be the great repeal year. His five great measures upon which Irishmen are to unite are:—1. The total abolition of tithe rent-charge. 2. Fixity of tenure for the occupying tenants. 3. The encouragement and perfecting of Irish manufactures. 4. Complete suffrage and vote by ballot. 5. Abolition of the present poor-law, and augmentation of well regulated charitable institutions.

This was the foundation of a seditious outcry, which was punished with imprisonment in 1843. What rapid strides we are making! The President of the Board of Trade, John Bright, goes a little farther than poor O'Connell went; and the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, adds to the programme "the abolition of the Irish Church," "the winding up of the Establishment." I have been out of politics so long, that when I read of them I don't quite know, politically, whether I am on my head or my heels; but I suppose I am on my feet all right, and that the end of the world is not coming. Great changes always have been going on, and ever will be; somebody always sees in them ruin and destruction. We prosper, nevertheless. "Wolf!" has been cried so long, that we know not when the beast is really upon us. I cannot help thinking he is in the neighbourhood now. "The Church in danger!" is certainly a genuine alarm at last. I fear I am becoming garrulous: let us return to the diary, to discover that violence is not a modern institution.

*January* 25.—Edward Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's private secretary, has fallen at the hands of an assassin, who shot him dead on the 20th at Charing Cross. These are unquiet times. What with "Chartists" at home, and "Repealers" in Ireland, the nation is kept in constant alarm. *Mem.*—And yet I go on painting, and reading, and writing just the same. What sort of events would upset one sufficiently to alter the general route of work and pleasure?

*July* 27.—John Bright, a leading Anti-Corn Law Leaguer and a Quaker, has been returned for Durham .... My dear boy, Tom, has

been very ill of scarlet fever. A fortnight since we gave him up for lost. Shall never forget the terrible grief of Esther. I think we should both have broken our hearts if we had lost him. Hearts do not break, they say. There is great humanity in Fielding's note upon this. "The doctor went directly to London, where he died soon after of a broken heart: a distemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bill of mortality, did it not differ in one instance from all other diseases, viz., that no physician can cure it." Pity "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" are not fit for girls to read. Fielding is very coarse now and then. So is humanity, says the cynic. I fear the cynic is right . . . . Our neighbours have lost their infant, a pretty little thing five months old. "Only a baby!" said one of my wife's callers: "only a baby!" Philosophical, perhaps. Struck me as a good subject for an article. "Only a Baby!" Fear I am very "shoppy" in my sympathies, always looking out for subjects either to paint, or to write about. "Only a Baby!" You can never know how much that young mother loved her child. Watching its infant play was to her heaven on earth. The false wind blew upon it, the false, warm summer wind, with poison in its breath. The tender bud shrivelled and died. Visits of condolence. "Ah, very sad; but a blessed release, a divine consideration—better off in another world—only a baby, poor little thing!" Only a baby! The greater the sorrow. Baby had lifted its blue eyes appealingly to its mother; had pouted its little lips, as if in tender complaint that mamma did not relieve its pain. Only a baby! Dear, pretty child, with its winning ways and its first word! . . . Close the half-opened eyes. Cross the little hands over the little breast. Kiss the cold, smiling, innocent lips. Scatter flowers upon the white shroud. Pray to heaven that you may be as certain of the ecstatic life to come. "Only a baby!"—"for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

*September* 3.—O'Connell has promised the Irish a parliament in College Green.

*October* 16.—O'Connell is arrested for conspiracy.

The following are miscellaneous notes at various times during this year:—

"Joe Smith, the Mormon apostle, is murdered in a debtor's gaol at Carthage, United States. The Mormonites are making converts in Hallowshire. Ellis tells me that many persons have gone out to join them from various parts of the Midland Counties."

"Mr. B. D'Israeli, M.P., who made such a failure in his first attempt

to address the Commons, has delivered a very pretty speech, on the union of literature and the arts with commercial enterprise and manufacturing ingenuity, at Manchester. The occasion was a great meeting of the subscribers to the Athenæum, where Lord John Manners and Mr. Cobden spoke."

"Have invested some money in railway shares, but shall move it, and be content with a reasonable per-centage. Since October, Railton & Son, the sharebrokers, say there have been 41 new prospectuses issued for 41 new lines. On Aug. 14, more than 90 new lines, requiring 60,000,000*l.* of subscribed capital, to complete them, were put forward. Add to these the 41 new lines, requiring 35,265,000*l.*, and there are 131 new lines, calling for an investment of 95,265,000*l.*, with the power of borrowing one third more, making a grand total of 127,020,000. Must not get mixed up in this kind of investment, and no need for it; shall sell out and be content."

"Am worth at the end of this year more than 25,000*l.* What a reflection to look back to that day when I walked to Lindford, penniless and hungry! Mrs. Kenrick thinks my own life would make a good novel. Have no desire to write another novel."

There are no entries in my diary for 1844 and 1845; but the most important incidents of that period are related in my previous chapter, namely, my removal to Hallow, and the strange meeting with Tom Folgate. During this period I had a severe illness, and Cissy had an attack of measles. We went to Bordeaux, Paris, and Dieppe, in the summer of '45, having had a run up the Rhine two years previously. During the early part of 1844 I received a kind letter from Fitzwalton, who informed me that he was about to retire from his London partnership. Letters of congratulation also came to me from several eminent writers, upon the success of my second novel, which has since gone through several cheap editions. I take up the diary again in 1846, to find only a few stray notes, chiefly relating to my arrangements at Hallow, with calculations of expenses of furnishing, scraps of plans for a studio, extracts from books on farming, memoranda about servants' wages, with other general matters of no particular moment. The next year, and the next, offer little better materials for publication. Our life at Hallow gradually became such a quiet existence, and my own pursuits kept me so close a recluse from the outer world, that my experiences gradually lost everything in the way of exciting incident.

*December* 30, 1848.—A terrible year. Europe seems to be in a

state of general revolution and war. God be thanked, there is peace in England! Hope I am sufficiently grateful for the peace and happiness of Hallow. Noel Stanton is making his way at last. Poor fellow. Shall never quite forgive myself for punishing him in that little editorial room at Lindford. Stanton tells me he has for some years past been engaged as a writer on the *Morning Chronicle*. His letters are full of references to Louis Napoleon, who has just been elected for the department of the Seine, and three other departments, to the National Assembly. Stanton says he has been "hand and glove" with the prince. (*Mem.* Noel was ever a boaster.) Believes he will one day be Emperor. Poor Noel! Emperors and kings are becoming very unpopular. We are on the downward road of Democracy. Europe will gradually drift into Republicanism. . . . . The Rev. George Ellis fulfils all my wife's predictions, as a good, kindly, genial, scholarly fellow. Called to-day, and is very much excited about the state of the nation; says we are going to the bad; the Church is in all kinds of danger, predicts its separation from the State, and expects revolution. If it came to a fight, Ellis would prove himself a tough antagonist, intellectually and physically. . . . . Mrs. Kenrick has organised a splendid entertainment for the closing of the year. It was a rare notion, that of hers, about a procession to welcome Christmas. We had quite an old-fashioned festival. Brought the Yule Log and the Boar's Head into the hall in state. Ellis was got up as Father Christmas, and looked the part to perfection. Shall call him "Father" in future.

In 1849 I painted "Harvest Home," which the Duke of Athol purchased for three hundred guineas. In 1850 I published "Crœsus," which has gone through two editions in America. From this time to 1860 I did not make a note in my diary, which was packed away in the lumber room with Abel Crockford's Velasquez, several of Abel's crude pictures, two or three hundred old books, a small theatrical wardrobe, Tom's broken rocking-horse, Bessie's model house (presented to her by Father Ellis), several specimens of Etruscan pottery, and a variety of other articles, such as old guns, a couple of swords, some curious harness, dumb-bells, boxing-gloves, and fishing-rods. At the end of 1860, having had a long rest, both from painting and writing, and, being one day curious about certain past entries in my diary, I hunted it up, and entertained my family with sundry extracts therefrom. Mrs. Kenrick, thereupon, strongly advised me to write my life, and Bess, who had grown into a precocious, smart young woman, echoed her mother's sentiments.

"Incidents of my Life," was the title which Mrs. K. suggested. Of course I should not give all those early notes, and that part about Stoneyfield. Bess agreed with me that all that early part would make up the book; that indeed it was the book. In 1861, having carefully bound up my old diary, I recommenced my notes; and I now extract the various paragraphs which follow therefrom, omitting, as far as possible, all extraneous and prosy matter.

*December* 10, 1861.—A long letter from Tom Folgate, from which it appears that on the day following my meeting with him near Drury Lane he started for America with an awakened desire to try and redeem the past. Had been successful in obtaining employment at some ironworks, and by dint of hard work had made a fair position for himself. "Thoughts of the past," he says, "would grip me by the throat, as it were, sometimes, and then I would have a drinking bout; but my employers appeared to value me for all that. I told the youngest member of the firm a bit of my story one day, and he seemed sorry for me. Ah, Kenrick! to be an infernal scoundrel, and have just goodness enough left to know that one is what one is, that is hell if you like. We carry our hell with us, Kenny; we carry it about the world burning our very hearts out .... You must keep this letter a secret; it is only intended for you, unless, my dear friend, you see any favourable opportunity for using it in my interest, and that I fear you will not. I should like to feel that Emmy (poor, deceived Emmy!) had forgiven me, and that she is married to a better man. My God! Kenrick, when I think what a rascal I have been, I am the most miserable of mortals. Sometimes I forget the past, and then I am almost happy .... I have shut out England from my heart for ever. I don't want you to write to me. I beg you won't, unless it is just one word—'Forgiven'—and that you can address to me at the Post Office, Boston, U.S. I promised to tell you my story. I cannot now; but I used to think what I had suffered when I was young, and the wrong done to me by my mother, justified any conduct of mine with regard to women. I am not half so much to blame about Mrs. Mitching as you may think; it was her fault. What a beast and coward I am to say so! Poor lost soul! I have had a tablet put up to her memory; and my present wife knows her story. I told her all before I married her. I forgot that you did not know I am married. Yes; seven years ago, and I have four children, the eldest a boy. God spare him my troubles. My wife is a Genoese; and we rarely speak round my table anything but French .... I try to think the past dead. I ought not to have revived it in my memory

with this letter; but, somehow, I felt it was due to you . . . . *My mother eloped with a rascal when I was eight years old; it broke my father's heart. That is the secret of my youth.* The Lord have mercy on me! I often tried to meet that man, but never did. I should have murdered him. He blasted my life, made my name dishonourable . . . . I am a stooping old man now; you would hardly know me. Is Emmy living? Put that in your letter, too . . . . Farewell! *Remember me when you pray.*—T. FOLGATE."

*June*, 1862.—Cator Manners and his wife here this month. A fine woman, Mrs. M. She was full of fun about our Harbourford days. Pictured me to Mrs. K. playing the fiddle. Father Ellis greatly amused.

*July* 10.—Lady Somerfield died, aged 60. *Requiescat in pace* . . . There are very good short memoirs of her ladyship in the local papers. The *Times* mentions her in six lines, that are a tribute to her name and family.

*September* 7.—Have been confined to my bed with a cold, through going out to shoot on the 1st, which was a wet, miserable day. Felt very ill once when no one was near me, and thought I was going to die. Am a great coward, I fear, about death . . . . What will they say of me when I am gone? Shall I make a name as a painter? Shall I make a name as a writer? Shall I be known for a dozen years after death, either as one or the other? I fear me not. After the tomb, oblivion. I have achieved a certain fame as a second-class writer and a third-rate painter. Let me be content to survive it. The author who lives to find that the public care for him no longer, must be wretched indeed. To outlive your reputation, and to know it, must be misery; to outlive it, and not to know it, like the churchman in "Gil Blas," what is that? Men do not suddenly become famous. Is it not Horace who describes the fame of Marcellus as a course of gradual development, like the growth of a tree? You may suddenly hear a name trumpeted by the herald Fame, but you know not how long the man has been a candidate for this honour.

*Mem. For an illustration of Fame.*—Was smoking to-day in the summer-house. A perfect ring of smoke rose steadily upwards from my pipe. It sailed promisingly aloft. On a bracket by the wall there is a statuette representing Fame, with a trumpet and scroll. For a moment it seemed as though the smoke-ring would become an ethereal wreath upon Fame's forehead . . . . It touched the statue and was lost. I thought there was a moral in its brief career. How many a futile dream floats upwards to the temple of the fickle

god, to be dispersed by a single touch of the hard reality! What if you stand beside the great herald, and have your advent on the Olympian heights proclaimed! "Fame's loudest blast upon the ear of Time leaves but a dying echo." Even the gorgeous scroll will fade and disappear as completely as our evanescent ring. Let those whose dream is realised be not unduly elated. There are pitfalls at the summits of the highest mountains. Even the language in which great men of antiquity conversed is forgotten. Let those who are dreaming still, expect nothing; so shall they not be disappointed. Let those who have not begun to dream, never commence; so shall they be happy.

*April* 10, 1863.—Cissy has sat to M—— for her portrait; he is charmed with her, and will send the picture to the Academy.

*July* 9.—Bess has done herself the honour of refusing the hand of a wealthy magistrate, residing in the adjoining county, because he did not like music, and thought the Waverley Novels damn nonsense. Hallow Manor has grown into an important county establishment, with well-appointed accessories, and the Kenricks have taken rank with the best county families, despite, now and then, the smack of Bohemianism which will break out in their manners and customs.

*July* 20.—Father Ellis is in ecstacies, that Bess has refused Robinson. The man is an ignorant grub, Ellis says; and Bess, the best girl in the world, should have a husband who is worthy of her; in which I quite agree.

*March* 9, 1864.—Have purchased Longden Farm and fifty more acres of land. Shall, if I can afford it, invest all my money in land and freehold property.

*June* 10.—Made arrangements for Emmy Wilton to spend a month with us at Tenby. Father Ellis promises to accompany us.

*December* 9.—Dined in intellectual society at the Garrick Club, of which I have been a member for several years. Only been five times in the club, nevertheless . . . . Had a pleasant ramble with Mrs. Kenrick through Covent Garden, talking of our short honeymoon here. A bright, fine day. Flowers and fruit in Covent Garden always. Take great delight in this locality. Landor pictures the changes of the place in his "Imaginary Conversations." The convent becomes a play-house; the garden, where a salad was cut for an abbess, is a great, noisy market. Mrs. Kenrick is wonderfully interested in my gossip. She cannot understand that Covent Garden was a fashionable place of residence; it was, and the resort of genius and

beauty—Addison, Butler, Dryden, Fielding, Churchill, Bolingbroke, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Macklin, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, Kitty Clive, Vandevelde, Lely, Hogarth, and a host of other brilliant characters. In connection with the Old Hummums is told that remarkable story of Ford's ghost. It is in Croker's edition of Boswell. Told what I could remember of the narrative to Mrs. K., in our sitting-room, over some hot elder-wine and brandy. Makes a capital Christmas story. Must use it at Hallow on the Eve. What a splendid market square this Covent Garden might be. Fine shops and hotels on four sides; a model market-house in the centre, with fountains. It would pay the Duke of Bedford to make these alterations. Pity the nation does not get it out of his hands. Hope Mr. Green will continue to be successful at Evans's. The only moral place of its kind in London. Supped with Mrs. K. in the private gallery, on the third night of our visit to town. Took two young ladies with us, nieces of Levingtons, and a Captain West, their uncle. It was my treat. Gave them the standard dish of the place—kidneys and potatoes, with a hot cup-compound to conclude. Green brought us some flowers, and said the Prince of Wales and a party would occupy our little box on the next night. Somebody should tell the story of Green's life. He is full of curious anecdote. Fear some of his anecdotes are more curious than true. Pleasant, chatty man; represents a past age, like C. K.!

1865.—Tom has left Woolwich, and passed his examination triumphantly. Has chosen the Artillery. Will have a holiday now, and join the Hallowshire Militia, "just to keep his hand in," as he says . . . . Captain W—— has been on a visit at Hallow with Tom. The captain was on board the *Tiger*, famous during the Crimean war, and was a prisoner amongst the Russians. "How did you like your imprisonment?" Mrs. K. asked. "Oh, it wasn't very objectionable, so long as you had money to make things pleasant with your gaolers, and to buy what you wanted." He had several times been in action. "What were your sensations on first entering into a conflict, Captain?" "Well, some people," he said, "have very erroneous notions about these things; it is thought that a man goes into action more pluckily at his second than on his first engagement. Now, the truth is, when men are going in for their first fight, they are all so anxious to prove that they are not cowards, they are all so bent upon making a reputation for courage, and all so jealous of their characters for the same, that they are reckless in their daring, and they overdo courage. When the second fight comes, they are much more careful, and will

accept shelter from shot very eagerly, if they can get it. The first fight has something of the fine chivalry of war in it—the second becomes business. That's my experience." Mrs. Kenrick wishes Tom had chosen some other profession.

*August* 7, 1866. Just returned from Malvern. Emmy Wilton has accompanied us. She tells Mrs. Kenrick that Miss Wilton has gone to live with her sister Priscilla, at Landford. Singular incident occurred to me at Malvern. Went into the billiard room at the hotel, for the purpose of smoking a cigar A pleasant gentlemanly person there with a grey moustache. Challenged me to play a game. Had not taken up a cue for some years. Liked the fellow, and played with him. He beat me easily. Very chatty, talked of places I knew, and books. At parting we exchanged cards. Thought he looked surprised at my name. I declare that his own did not carry my thoughts to past days, on the instant ; but on my way home, it occurred to me that I had just exchanged cards with my old rival, Howard On inquiry, I found it was so. He is married, and a young lady with long brown hair, who rides a chestnut cob past our house every afternoon, and whom we have all admired, is his daughter. Mrs. K. thought it was perhaps not worth while to renew the acquaintance.

*September* 10.—How persistently people meet again ! At Norfield Court, where we dined yesterday, we were introduced to the Howards. Of course no reference was made to the past. They are very pleasant, agreeable people, and Miss Howard is charming.

*October* 7.—Abel Crockford is making a respectable position as an animal painter. He is staying at the Kenrick Arms, Hallow, and painting. He calls upon us nearly every day. The girls are pleased with his wife—a simple, fat, rosy woman, who almost worships her husband. A shrewd fellow, Abel. Tells me he was very fortunate two years ago : bought a picture for ten pounds at a sale, and sold it for two hundred and fifty—it was a Cooper, and in Sidney's best manner. Abel does not think that old picture was good for much, after all. Very glad when he sold it . . . . The other night we had a little musical party of our own, for the amusement of Abel and his wife, at which I delighted our visitors by trying over some of those crack-brained waltzes and quadrilles which the orchestra used to play at Harbourford. Abel, who must be nearly seventy, was as lively as a young man, and would sing a comic song, at which Mrs. A. laughed immoderately, though she must have heard it a hundred times. What a devoted wife she is who can go on through a whole lifetime

laughing at her husband's old jokes! Always guard myself against pestering Mrs. K. with that kind of egotism and selfishness. S. Skiddins has told one story, in my hearing, a dozen times, at least. On the last occasion it was actually led up to by his wife, who laughed at it as if she heard it then for the first time. What kindly, good-natured, affectionate humbug!

*October*, 1867.—"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Man and woman, youth and maiden, let these words of The Wise Man of Stratford be taken into your memories—not as a drop of gall to mingle with your opinions of humanity, but as a standing caution against the scandal-monger. If you have not yet suffered from the poisoned tooth, William Shakspeare tells you that you shall not escape it, and you may be quite sure that William Shakspeare is right. Montesquieu said he never listened to calumnies, because, if they were untrue, he ran the risk of being deceived; and if they were true, of hating persons not worth thinking about. Another writer has said that those who propagate evil reports, frequently invent them, and that it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case, because no man who spreads detraction would scruple to produce it. These are very good reasons for turning a deaf ear to the scandal-monger. Let us add to them the more selfish one which we indicate at the outset. Calumny will surely seize upon you some day. You may only be lightly grazed; you may be deeply lacerated. Remember this when you hear the hissing of the scandal-monger, and think how much charity you will expect from friends and foes when *you* are attacked by calumny. . . . These are notes for an essay that never was written. They were inspired by some scandalous gossip in the village concerning an innocent girl who drowned herself because a wretched prude, and a designing villain, had propagated a most evil and untruthful report about her.

*November* 5.—It would seem that the air is thick with scandals. Father Ellis has heard some shameful reports about the Rev. Paul Felton, who is very angry, as well he may be. Mrs. Kenrick says Rev. P. F. is particularly attentive to Cissy, who talks about him continually.

*Nov.* 11.—The electors of the adjacent borough have offered me a special honour—an uncontested seat in Parliament. I have had the courage to decline it, notwithstanding the importunities of my wife and Father Ellis. What do I want in Parliament? What is Parliament to me, or I to Parliament? Should be compelled to reside in

town part of the year . . . . Have gracefully, but positively, declined; but undertaken to be chairman of a local committee for the Hon. Slamkey Skiddins.

*December* 2.—Met Stanton in London, at the Garrick. He is a weakly fellow on two sticks. Says his eldest son is on the *Times*, and insists upon almost keeping the house. Has two daughters at home; three married, and doing well; and two sons in the Customs. We smoked a cigar together, and he told me a wonderful incident that had occurred in his life four years ago. First reminding me of his prediction about Louis Napoleon, he said, "I had regularly broken down in health, and was advised to go to the south of France for change. Had hardly been in the country a month, when, one day, a fine showy officer entered my poor rooms (I had had to borrow money to go away), and asked me if my name was Noel Stanton? 'Yes,' I said, 'it is.' 'Formerly of the *Morning Chronicle*?' 'The same,' I said. 'I have the Emperor's commands to request your attendance upon his Majesty at the Tuileries.' I took train for Paris the same day, and waited upon his Majesty in the morning, pondering much, you may be sure, how Louis (a bit of the old pomposity here, Louis, forsooth!) knew I was in France. He received me, Kenrick, most affably, inquired into all my circumstances, and I told him I was poor, and in bad health. I did that in spite of a desire to maintain my own dignity, because I had known *him*, sir, when *he* was poor. 'I am rejoiced to find you in my country, and to have this opportunity of acknowledging your kindness in the past,' said the Emperor. Then moving to an escretoire, he said, 'I fear there is only one way in which I can be of service to you. Here is a concession for railroads. Take it to Messrs. R——.' I did, my boy, and they gave me five thousand pounds for it. What think you of that, Christopher Kenrick?" "That your friend is an emperor indeed," I said. . . . The Rev. Paul Felton has offered his hand to Cissy, and Mrs. K. and myself have endorsed Cissy's acceptance of it. Fear I am prejudiced; but there is something about Felton which I do not like.

1868.—This year I commenced the story of my life. It is shrewdly true that "there are three difficulties in authorship: to write anything worth the publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and get sensible men to read it" . . . . Shall overcome the two latter difficulties through *The Gentleman's Magazine*. What of the first?

## CHAPTER XXXV.

CONTAINS THE FRIENDLY VERDICT OF A FRIENDLY JURY, AND BRINGS MY "ROUND UNVARNISHED TALE TO AN END."

ASSEMBLED in my study, on a pleasant evening at the end of May, are Mrs. Kenrick, the Rev. George Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Kenrick (my dear Cissy, who says she never intends to marry, and I hope she may keep her word, for she is a great comfort to her mother, and, after all, marriage is a very serious business), Miss Emmy Wilton (a thin, spinster lady, with an eye-glass something like poor old Mitching's), Mrs. Abel Crockford and Mr. Crockford, Mrs. Cator Manners and Mr. Cator Manners. It is a special meeting, called at the suggestion of Bess, for a closing criticism upon my book. Poor Tom is in India; his voice, if necessary, shall go which way the meeting chooses. We have had an excellent dinner, have sat two hours over our wine, the ladies having had an hour in the drawing-room; coffee has just been served in the library. I preferred this, that I might feel more master of the situation than I should in the other room. Ellis says I have bribed them with a good dinner.

"The worst of the business is," I say, "that I must read you the last two chapters, one of which, containing extracts from my diary, is rather long."

There is a cry of "Read, read," whereupon I take up my MS. and read the two preceding chapters, at the close of which there is a general round of applause, and Ellis says he would like some curaçoa in his coffee. His wish being promptly obeyed, and Mrs. Kenrick having called an interval for fresh supplies, the last dialogue begins.

*Myself.* Ladies and gentlemen, my dear friends, you have all read my story. Miss Wilton, I find, only discovered it three months ago; and Mrs. and Mr. Manners have read it since they have been at Hallow this week. Mr. Crockford has had a copy of the work month by month, as it has appeared. It has occurred to Bess, and I have adopted her suggestion, that I should bring you all on the stage for the closing scene. Mr. Noel Stanton is too ill, or he would have been with us. His wife could not come alone. Mr. Fitzwalton has gone to Russia, about a contract for locomotives. His wife is an invalid. She has lost that decayed tooth, and is suffering from neuralgia. The Miss Wiltons, the "mags" of my early chapters, have not been invited to come here. Mrs. Nixon has left England; if she had not, I

should have excluded her from my general invitations. Death, alas! has removed others. Two loved ones have passed away, in the course of nature, "gone to their rest;" two others have been removed under painful circumstances, which bring back to some of us sad and bitter memories; and one is dead, though living, forgiven on this earth, but not forgotten. We all hope and pray that he may be forgiven, and not forgotten, on the Great Day when judgment shall be delivered. It had long been a fond desire on my part to tell this last story of my life. Mrs. Kenrick gave me constant encouragement to do so. She says I owe you all a humble apology for the use I have made of your names. If I have said anything which has pained Mrs. and Mr. Manners, or Miss Wilton, or my friends the Crockfords, I am sincerely sorry. The only revenge I can offer you is, to print anything you may say about my performance, as a closing chapter.

*Mrs. Manners.* The story is a very good story; but it is not true.

*Mr. Manners.* It would have been a much better story if some parts that are true had been left out.

*Mrs. Crockford.* If I may be allowed to offer an opinion, which I feel ashamed to say anything at all in such company, it is that the book is the most beautiful one I ever saw; and the tears that I have shed over it about Mr. Kenrick living at Harbourford, I am sure I could hardly say.

*Mr. Crockford* (who was very fidgety whilst his wife was speaking, nodding at her to bring her remarks to an end). I don't think I can hardly forgive the Squire for buying that picture, though it was like his good heart to do it.

*Mr. Ellis.* I think that a certain conversation at Durham might have been omitted; but no matter.

*Cissy.* Tom is not here to object to the details of that part of the story in which father was poor, so I will put in a mild protest for the dear boy, with an expression of my own regret that pa has thought it wise to publish the whole of our conversations in his "Chapters by the Way."

*Bess.* The story is new, and it is all the better if it is true. If I might have had my own way in revision I, too, should have excluded some of the Durham dialogue, with other references to myself and Mr. Ellis. But I bow submissively to higher authority.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* Christopher has done more than justice to his wife, and it would be ungracious were I to offer any further objections to the story than those which have formed my constant protest against

certain details. I very much dislike that reference to Mr. Crockford and Lord Northallerton; and I repudiate the inference which the reader must draw with regard to my fancied explanation to the Hon. Mrs. Skiddins.

*Mr. Crockford.* With great deference, it didn't please me, that part. I baint so ignorant as I used to be at Harbourford. A man as does his duty and tries honestly to do justice to the talents that God has given him, is as good as a lord; and better than a good many lords, as some on 'em will discover when the reckoning takes place.

*Mrs. Manners.* The conceit of that young gentleman at Lindford! To think that a fine dashing actress with a fortune was in love with him! Men are born with double the vanity of women. But that was a vile plot of Cator's—a vile plot.

*Mr. Manners.* All is fair in love and war.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* Why did you not invite Mrs. and Mr. Howard to come?

No answer from the author, who sits sipping his coffee and smiling benignantly on his family and friends.

*Miss Emmy Walton.* I am sufficiently indifferent to the world to be quite indifferent as to what it says or thinks of me; but I hope Christopher does not think that any selfish feelings of pride prevented my accepting Esther's invitation to live with her always; if he does, I will prove my gratitude by never leaving Hallow again.

*Myself.* That is something gained. I do think it was your pride; and now you will stay with us, sister Emmy, for good.

*Cissy.* Yes, do; do, aunt Emmy.

*Mrs. Kenrick.* Do, Emmy; say you will now, at once.

*Emmy.* On two conditions, my dears.

*Myself.* Name them, Emmy. There is hardly any condition that you can stipulate to which we will not agree.

*Emmy.* That you will exonerate me from a selfish, proud wish in the past, and not allow me to live with you longer than is perfectly agreeable to my sister and niece. Sometimes relatives outgrow affection when they see too much of each other.

*Myself.* I agree, Emmy, my dear friend, I agree.

*Cissy.* Oh, I am so glad. Pa's book has done some good at all events.

*Mr. Crockford.* But it would have fared something like the picture as the artist put in the market-place for critics to point out objectionable parts, if Mr. Kenrick had let us all have a hand in correcting the proofs.

*Myself.* A happy thought, Abel.

*Mr. Ellis.* The diary is the best part of the book.

*Mrs. Manners.* No, Mr. Ellis, the early scenes at Lindford.

*Mr. Crockford.* That bit about the theatre at Harbourford is most to my taste.

*Cissy.* I like the description of the river at Lindford, and that scene at Lady Somerfield's.

*Bess.* The opening chapter is equal to anything in the book.

*Mr. Ellis.* What think you to that philosophical dialogue between Father Ellis and the author?

*Mrs. Manners.* The driest part of the whole story.

*Mr. Manners.* Ah, ah,—that is one for you, Mr. Ellis.

*Mr. Ellis.* It is clear we shall never agree about the merits of the work; let us come to the tag, and finish the scene.

*Mr. Crockford.* I'll tell you a story of my early career that I have never told Mr. Kenrick. Perhaps you may get a moral out of it for the fynally, as they calls it in music. When I first began to paint, I used to do little bits that were raffled for in public-houses. The second thing as I did was the lion and the unicorn. I painted it for a sign; but the party broke, and I had it on my hands. I made it into what you might call a cabinet picture, put a frame round it, and got up a raffle for it; twenty subscribers at one shilling, the winner to pay half-a-crown for beer. A man—a curious sort of a man, as read a good deal, and was looked up to at the public-house—won it, having put in without seeing it. I took it to him at his workshop the next day, proud as he had got it. "What's the subject?" says he. "The lion and the unicorn," says I. "Which is the lion?" says he. "Why that un," says I, pointing to the lion indignantly. "What's to spend," says he, "by the winner?" "Half-a-crown," I says. "And which is the unicorn?" "Why that un," says I, pointing to the unicorn "Then I wish I hadn't a won him, Abel," says he. I was never conceited about my painting after that. Now Mister Kenrick, sir, to talk a bit like you make me in them early chapters; we haven't said we wish we'd never a bought your book; we've offered a bit of fair criticism like, but we none of us axed you, sir, which is the lion and which is the unicorn. I hope, Mr. Kenrick, sir, that be agreeable to your feelings, and if you can make a moral out of that, why ring the curtain down, sir, to the tune of "Robin Adair," and say no more about it.

*Mrs. Manners.* And let the last words be something smart and sentimental about the reward of courage, and the triumph of love that's true and faithful ever.

*Mr. Ellis.* A bit of Latin, an easy familiar quotation, would perhaps sound well:—

> "Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit
> ———ut posset contingere metam."

"He suffered and did much in youth; he bore heat and cold, in order that he might reach the goal."

*Myself.* Apt, but stilted. I like better Hans Christian Andersen's motto,—"People have a great deal of adversity to go through, and then at last they become famous." I will speak the tag. 'Twere best it should be as simple as my story. First, my thanks are due to you, my kind, dear friends, for the part you have played, individually and collectively, in this drama of life. To those critics who have said so much that is gracious and liberal between the acts, I tender my cordial acknowledgments, satisfied that they have been more generous than just. And, lastly, to you, my dear audience, to you who have borne with me so patiently, content with the incidents of a boyish love and its homeliest scenes, the author apologises for his shortcomings, is grateful for your attention, and happy that you have sanctioned his work by your continued presence and occasional applause. . . . He hopes, ladies and gentlemen, you will be enabled to say that he has at least fulfilled his opening promise, not to deceive you. . . . And . . .

*Mr. Crockford.* Blue fire, and drop?

*Myself.* Ought I to say any more?

*Mr. Manners.* To each and all, a fair good night, and pleasant dreams, and [*Mr. Ellis* (*aside*). Luncheons light] slumbers bright.

*Myself.* This is nonsense.

*Mr. Crockford.* Have the blue fire now, sir?

*Myself.* No, Abel; thank you, we will have no blue fire.

*Mr. Crockford.* Then you must have a rhyme, sir, or something; we always had at Harbourford:

> "I'll guard thee, love, from every wrong,
> So love me little, love me long."

That's better than nothing, sir.

*Mrs. Manners.* Give each a line, and close with——

*Mr. Manners.* A good rattling break down.

*Myself.* No, no, this is becoming foolish; and with all respect to you, my dear Manners, a trifle vulgar. Let me speak to the house. Ladies and gentlemen, our play is ended; if it has pleased you, be kind enough to recommend it to your friends, and believe me to be always your obliged [Orchestra: slow music, "Robin Adair"] obedient servant,

CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

# Angelo and Raffaelle.

(A CONTEMPLATION OF TWO PORTRAITS.)

METHINKS the elements may find in these
Some not imperfect limnings of themselves.
Michel is like a hurricane from heav'n,
That tears up oaks like withes, and scatters forth
Its living thunderbolts; while Raffaelle
Is like a zephyr stealing o'er the face
Of heated Nature in the dusky even;
It soothes you into calm to look on him:
Or one is like a music-march of life,
Grand in its fulness and its stateliness,
Or roll of battle to the wavering troops;
The other like a lover's serenade,
Where sweetest music wooes the listening air,
And dies in softest cadence far away.

'Tis well to muse upon them and their work—
To catch the spirit of the conquering will
Of Angelo, and follow in his track,
Though far behind; for in my mind he seems
A larger soul than we in later times
Do dream of, circling all the world of art,
Weaving poetic laurels in his fall,
To grace the snows of his white-winter'd head,
And dying monarch of the centuries;
The rest St. Peter's dome shall fulminate,
With other wonders of his brain and hand.
And Raffaelle, so eminently great,
In silence working his immortal end,
Builds up his fame from harsh materials,
Into a palace fair to look upon,
And charm the ages; then, ere yet his prime,
As summer flower, brief but beautiful,
Bending before the storm, he falls and dies.

The old world beckons to us through their lives:
Spurning the glitter and the pomp of wealth,
The Epicurean ease, and all delights
T' enthral the sense, they, gazing through the glass
Of coming time, beheld the kingdom, age,
Art, science, manners, all reveal'd and known—
Then, as became their mighty spirits, rose
And lived as models for the men to be,
Winning eternal honour by their toil.
"But has not genius favourites?" laggards urge;
"Men whom she dowers with wondrous gifts and powers,
To shine for ever and eclipse their race,
Of whom were these? And have they not become
The undisputed masters of their art,
As Shakspeare and the blind old man in theirs,
And others, too, who stand as stars in heav'n
T' illume the earth, and usher in the day—
Leaders and kings of this great active world?
We yield their meed of honour, yet despair
Of rising to such height and breadth of fame.
We cannot all be masters; some must serve;
And happy he who bends the supple neck,
And knowing that he cannot win success,
Content remains to bow before the great."

'Tis thus men find despair instead of hope
In all the high ensamples of the past.
But what is all this boasted talk of greatness?
As if the times did not call every man
To greatness, be he famous or obscure?
True greatness ranks by duty, not by fortune;
Its sphere is human hearts, its fountain love;
And he is greatest who doth live the best.
This is the sum of all: like potter's clay,
This deign'd for kingly, that for peasant use,
So is the man, now for a loftier end,
Now for a lowlier, but never base;
And he shall fail not of his due reward
Who does his Heav'n-appointed work, and bears
Contumely in some honourable cause,
Or labours for his heritors unborn,
Who take the years as we do lay them down,

And build a superstructure on our base.
Our work, if we would have it henceforth stand,
Must now be real, and of massive front,
To brave the onset of the fiercest storm;
What cometh short were better left undone.

Such are my thoughts, as from the wall look forth
On me calm eyes of two most lordly men;
And true, withal, to conscience as to north
The sailor's needle points.
An hour ago,
And I was sadden'd in my inmost heart,
For fear one were not made for noble use;
The pitiless rains, too, brought me discontent,
And weeping Nature made me weep with her;
But now the sun comes forth with glorious beams,
Strikes on the canvas, and lights up the room
With April gold: I take the augury;
Dim shadows flee; in yon far distance stands
Honour enveloped in a flood of light;
In her right hand she holds the promised bays
For him who fights with ignorance and wrong,
And comes off victor from the battle field:
Push on, and let us make the laurel ours.

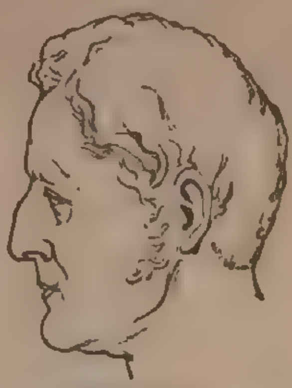
# NOTES & INCIDENTS.

HERO WORSHIP, as comprehended by the English mind, is generally, and we think correctly, admitted to be limited only to a sense of admiration for those great men who have distinguished themselves as warriors in the service of their country. Though this sentiment of admiration may be expressed with more or less enthusiasm at the time, it is by no means of a permanent character, and yields to the abating influences of time and circumstances more remarkably than with any other European nation. Exceptions to this limited sense of hero-worship among us must nevertheless be admitted. Two are impersonated in the present day by Carlyle and Froude. By these, hero-worship finds acceptance in that higher philosophical sense in which with our Gallic neighbours and other peoples of Europe, it is a Faith, a *Cultus;* in which, setting aside as inapplicable to the grand memories of their historically great, the principle of abstract right, they judge them by the standard of success, and accomplished facts, keeping the memory of their greatness alive after the manner of the antients by periodical national festivals. This year doubtless the centenary "Fêtes Napoliennes" will illustrate in France this faith in the right of a commanding intellect to a worshipful national commemoration. Nor is it because we have allowed the centenary of the birth of England's greatest modern captain to pass unheeded, that we should measure by the English standard of sentiment that of the French nation in regard to this hero-worship of their great men. The grandeur of Napoleon I. is not the less lustrous, that England's great captain conjointly with his stedfast Prussian colleague wrested at last from the conqueror of half Europe both victory and empire. It was the dispensation of a yet greater god-of-battles so to dispose the circumstances of the unforeseen, that they should culminate in an uncontrollable defeat.

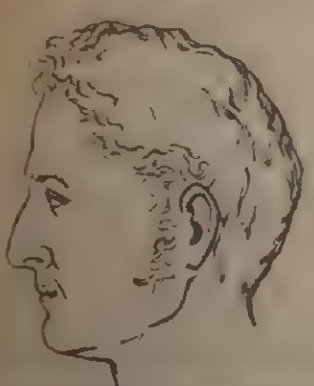
It has been truthfully said that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous—and, indeed, it is not less curious than true how nearly the sublime and the ridiculous are allied: as curious, also, how few approach the standard of ideal beauty; how chivalrous deeds may be allied to meanness of physique, and meanness of mind to a corporeal perfection of form. On the other hand, it is quite possible for

perfection of form to present a monotonous uniformity, while variety suggests ideal character, and pleases by its ever-changing features. As illustrative of this, the subjoined diagrams may be taken. They are a

1. Head of Apollo.


2. Head of Duke.

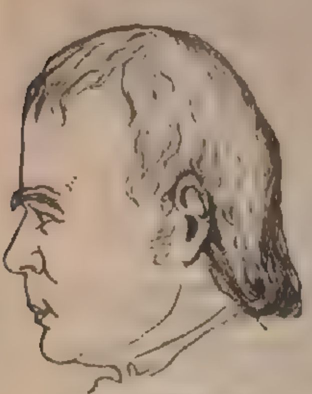
reduced series from the head of the Duke of Wellington, taken from nature, life-size, by one who knew him well, a true conservative, and believer in all that the duke did. James Hall, a son of Sir John Hall, F.R.S. Edin., their author, was an artist of some power, and being

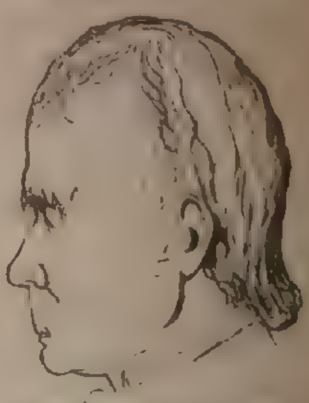

3. Head of Duke—mixed features of Duke and Apollo.

4. Head of Duke at double the distance from the Apollo.

of a speculative nature wrote upon binocular perspective (then little understood), and essayed in the science of his art as these diagrams prove, being alike useful to the student of character and caricature. As illustrative of the latter, they exhibit not only how much a facial and a craniological resemblance *may be retained with* a ludicrous extension or *excess of the forms of the original, or* type-head, but suggest a wide field

for speculation on the possible physiognomical and phrenological result of each modification. As a matter of course, if this aberrance by increase of the most prominent cranial form be not as in the original in just equilibrium (though aberrant in size) with the other phrenological indications of the head, it may be readily inferred that the product, if realised in nature, would be phrenologically monstrous, and suggest a probably complete debasement from, or total loss of those intellectual attributes, the sum of which was represented by the collective type-form of the original head. In how much the known moral sentiments, perceptive qualities, and





5. Head of Sir Walter Scott.

6. Sir Walter Scott at double the distance from the Apollo.

reflective faculties of the original might be increased, or more probably diminished, and the animal propensities receive increase therefrom, is a problem we leave for the cogitation of the curious and inquiring reader, who will also take into account the very possibly increased influence of the temperament or temperamental combinations which have to be considered as more or less modifying the phrenological tendencies of all men. Taking the head of the Apollo as the standard, the artist graduated the features of the duke into the Apollo, and *vice versâ*, even to doubling the departure *beyond*. Of the diagrams selected we here give the profile of the Apallo Belvidere; and the profile of the Duke of Wellington, and the two combined; by which it will be seen that while the features are improved, the duke's character is detrimented; and where the duke's features are made to depart doubly from the Apollo, caricature is the result, and the defects made doubly apparent. As may be seen by way of a supplemental illustration, we have prepared one taken from a cast of Sir Walter Scott's features by Sir F. Chantrey, and another extending the variety of feature to double the departure from the standard of Apollo. Of these two, the great men of the early part of the 19th century, we find in one the huge feature in the forehead, and in the other the nasal projection. In the duke the forehead was not remarkable. In the baronet

it was very singular, Scott possessed a short plebeian rounded nose. Wellington a remarkable aquiline beak—heavy upper lips, in both cases greatly detracting from facial beauty, as the diagrams demonstrate, curiously illustrating how necessary a slight exaggeration is to portraiture, Nos. 2 and 5, beside Nos. 4 and 6, appearing less like the individuals than the exaggerated departures from the standard. The face of Napoleon I. exhibited very regular features. That at the period of the Consulate must have been beautiful, though in the time of the Empire deteriorated from accretion of fat, and a certain impassive calmness.

*Note.*—A post-mortem cast of the face of the Duke of Wellington may be seen in the museum of the Royal Institution, London, having there been deposited by the present duke.

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BRIGHT starlight nights and a cold frosty air are so generally associated that there may be those who will find it hard to believe that the stars really tend to warm us. Yet they do, to their degree. If, as we are taught, they are remote suns, they must be great centres of fiery action, and a little of their heat must be borne to us with their light-beams. The distances of some of the nearest stars are known; if their temperature in terms of that of our sun could be found, it would be possible to compute the relative amounts of warmth which they and the sun impart to the earth. Conversely, if we could measure the warmth of a star's rays, the temperature of their source could be approximately ascertained, the distance being known; for the diminution by distance follows a simple law. To measure the heat of stars has just now suggested itself as an interesting problem. Of course ordinary thermometers are useless for such a delicate purpose; but the thermo-electric pile, which can be made sensitive enough to exhibit the minutest fluctuations of temperature, comes to the astrometers' aid, and promises them all they want in the matter of instrumental accuracy. By allowing the image of a star formed in the focus of a large telescope—which for the time being becomes merely a great burning-glass—to fall upon the face of a thermo-pile, any heating power in the star's rays will be converted into electricity, and a current will be set up which will deflect the needle of a delicate galvanometer connected with the pile. Some preliminary experiments of this character have been tried independently by Mr. Huggins and Mr. Stone, and each observer has concluded that a measurable quantum of heat reaches us from the brighter stars. How much—what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree—has not yet been determined, but we shall know it in time. From the smallness of the amount to be measured the operation requires almost inconceivable niceties: the equability of atmospheric temperature requisite to make it certain that the observed effects are due to the suspected cause, and not to variable air currents passing before or within the telescope, can exist very seldom; so the progress of the research will be very slow. Clear nights, by the way, are cold, because the absence of cloud permits the earth's warmth to radiate into space. Clouds are blankets that keep in the heat.

EDITORIAL EXPLANATION.—WE have received numerous letters concerning the English translation of Victor Hugo's picturesque romance. To most of these the following will be a sufficient answer :—

L'HOMME QUI RIT.

*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

SIR,—Your review of the above work is calculated to alarm certain readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which is publishing the authorised English translation of Victor Hugo's new novel. One class may fear a mutilation of the original story; another see grounds to dread a literal translation. Permit me to offer a few words of explanation. The story will not be mutilated. It will simply be condensed. Here and there chapters are introduced upon historical, philosophical, and psychological subjects, quite beside the narrative. Some of these may be reduced or entirely omitted. The magazine reader will be thankful to have the work brought within manageable compass. He will understand what I mean when he turns to the third part of the "Preliminary Chapter," which is a digression from the general narrative. The interest of the story itself would not have suffered had this been excluded from the Magazine. The opening chapters published in the May number are a fair example of the work of translation, which is in very competent hands. Whatever may be done with the romance in the course of republication, at some future day, I can see no difficulty in the way of presenting the readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* with a truthful and highly finished English version of "L'Homme qui Rit," which shall in no wise be offensive to any lady or gentleman in the land.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOSEPH HATTON,

11, *Bouverie Street, London.* Editor *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Where occasion seems to require it, we shall continue to publish the translators' notes. To interfere more than this with the master's work would be unpardonable presumption. Not called upon to criticise the book, it is equally out of our province to defend the illustrious author from the reviewers. Victor Hugo is Victor Hugo. We take the liberty, however, to say that the chapters in this number and those which will immediately follow are in the author's best manner. They sparkle with epigrammatic point. The descriptions are full of graphic vigour. The pictures are rough, sharp etchings. The philosophy is steeped with a strong human sympathy for the poor and distressed. In our desire to give the public something new in the way of a magazine story, we think ourselves peculiarly fortunate in securing Victor Hugo's new romance. Our readers will not regret what we have done. Nor shall we.

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AN enterprising estate agent, of Wass, in Yorkshire, has issued, through the house of Blackwood & Sons, a work which will be found of considerable value to the landed proprietor. It is "The Book of the Landed Estate." We do not know of any better work in this department of literature. The author, Mr. Brown, has not left a single feature of the broad and important question of the management of landed property untouched. Country gentlemen will find him worthy of a place on the shelves which contain "Burn's Justice," "The Book of the Farm," "The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society," "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and House of Commons," "Every Man's Lawyer," and *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

MR. URBAN,—It will be in the remembrance of your readers that the statue of William, Duke of Cumberland, in Cavendish Square, having become injured by exposure to the weather and in danger of falling, was taken down from its pedestal some months since, and removed. In a letter signed "Hanoverian" which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it was suggested that the statue should be repaired and "set upon its legs." It is understood to have been taken down by direction of the Duke of Portland, and to have been removed to an ironfounder's works, where it remains, unless it has found its way to the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's. The question whether it will ever be replaced is supposed to rest with the Duke of Portland. At all events, I am not aware that the suggestion of "Hanoverian" has met with any public response, nor should I think it likely to be received with any sympathy. To repair, now, and set upon its legs this unhappy statue would be a work quite out of time—a mere anachronism to which we might fitly apply what we are told were the duke's own last words, "*It is too late—it is all over!*"

The very material of the statue is a grim memento of Culloden, for the effigy is said to have been formed of lead melted from the bullets found on that fatal moor, and cast over an iron framework.

Happily, the rancorous feelings that gave William, Duke of Cumberland, a statue, have long been dead. Let such bygones be for ever bygones, in Heaven's name!

> Time has thrown a golden haze
> Of memory

round the struggle in which the brave and loyal adherents of the Stuart fell. Its tragic and romantic circumstances can never be forgotten—

> On Highland moor or English green:

but Englishmen and Highlanders have too long fought side by side against a common foe, and as brothers in arms have won too many victories, to admit of the revival at this day of the Hanoverian rancour that disgraced the middle of the eighteenth century. Let the grass wave as well upon the site of Cumberland's statue as upon the hillocks that rise amongst the heather of Culloden Moor, and let the spot know the cruel conqueror no more.

The "rehabilitation" of certain royal and other evil-doers of former

ages has been of late the aim of more than one popular writer, who has abused the dignity of history by attempting to "repair" and "set upon their legs" the reputations of some of the worst characters of bygone times. Against the attempt to canonize "the Butcher Duke," I am not called upon to become the devil's advocate; but I must demur to the opinion which has been expressed, that the severities he exercised on the (so-called) rebels of 1745 were not, in point of fact, at all excessive.

To recount the outrages which William, Duke of Cumberland, committed, under cover of martial law, might even at this distance of time raise a storm of execration; and one cannot but reflect that had there been in his days a Jamaica committee, his name would have come down to us with double infamy. It is sufficient to remember that long after the fatal battle, the Duke undertook a campaign to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. In cold blood the Highlandmen were shot down upon the mountains like wild beasts, children were mangled and killed in their parents' sight; women were given up to brutal outrage; and the defenceless inhabitants were turned naked from their burning habitations to starve upon the barren heaths. A whole family were shut up in a barn, and burned to death in it, and every hut and habitation was plundered and given to the flames.

That the Duke's "after-life," as his apologists urge, "gave no proof that he was a vindictive or an unfeeling man," cannot condone a terrible and blood-stained past; and as to the London shopkeepers having worn mourning for him, we need only remember that in most of our English towns of trade, this class of inhabitants were servile Hanoverians, for they were well awake to their own interests, and were eager worshippers of the rising sun, or, rather, of the leaden idol.

The statue in question was set up by an individual admirer, and is not even a public statue. It was set up in outrage of the feelings of humanity, and its preservation, alone of all the statues in London was suggested (if I remember rightly) for the sole purpose of having inscribed upon it by way of warning to all who might exercise command, the epithet in which the people in his own day summed up his character.

Unswerving loyalty and noble endurance had been all in vain, and on the field of Culloden ended in blood the last effort of a race whose misfortunes are truly said to have begun with their royalty, increased with their dominions, and adhered to them when dominion was no more.—I am, sir, your faithful servant,

WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON.

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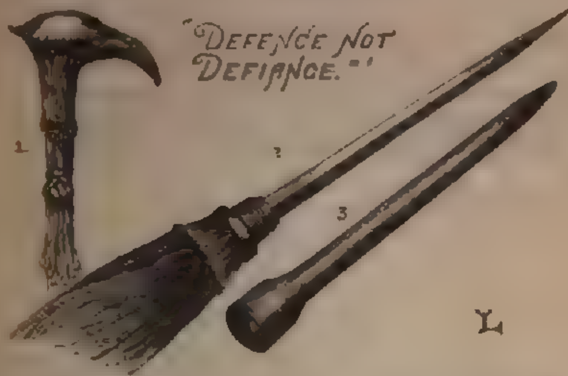
## WELLINGTON.

MR. URBAN,—At this time—the centenary year of the birth of Wellington—any inedited memorial connected with the career of so illustrious a man must be of interest, as it facilitates a closer insight into the character of the man, whilst contributing corroboratory testimony to the political temper of the period.

As is well known, the Duke of Wellington at one period of his adminis-

trative career, as a statesman, made himself a most unpopular man by his declaration of uncompromising hostility to every kind of reform. It will be remembered also, that to save the windows of Apsley House from further onslaughts of the populace, he fortified them with iron shutters (now removed), and he further deemed it necessary even to carry a weapon for his personal protection from violence, in the shape of a somewhat formidable bayonet, ingeniously affixed to his umbrella, yet unapparent to the eye.

The writer can well remember the instrument in the possession of an uncle. It was a sturdy article of brown silk, with strong whalebone ribs,




and an ordinary buck-horn handle, having a ferrule of unusual dimensions, which upon being unscrewed exposed a very formidable steel prod with which to charge an assailant.

I never chanced to hear of the Iron Duke having used it; but as a rather reliable weapon in an emergency, it exhibited, under a very peaceful, civic disguise, both the ingenuity and prudence of its owner, no less than his grace's confirmed belief in the efficacy of the bayonet.—Yours &c.,

*London.* LUKE LIMNER, F.S.A.

*Note.*—The diagrams show the remarkable parts. 1. The handle. 2. The steel bayonet, sharp at both sides and very keen at the point, being about 6 inches long. 3. The ferrule to be fixed on with a screw.

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## AN ANCIENT OFFICER.

MR. URBAN,—In your notes on M. Hugo's new novel there is a somewhat curious error, which you appear in your last number to have entirely passed over. I refer to his lively description of the officer in the King's Household who held the appointment of "Cock." M. Hugo, after giving a description of the duties of the officer, goes on to state that "Under James II. the functionary was named William Sampson, and received for his crow 9*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* annually." *Permit me*, Mr. Urban, respectfully to say

that in my opinion M. Hugo is entirely wrong in his interpretation. On referring to a book published in 1707, "The New State of England under Our Sovereign Queen Anne," I find in "The Lists," amongst the inferior officers of the Queen's Household :—"Turn Cock and Crier, William Sampson, (Salary, Board Wages), 18*l.* 05*s.* 00*d.*" The board wages as shown above are exactly double what M. Hugo states was given as salary to his official. In the book from which I make the above extract the salary of most of the officers is also shewn, but in this instance omitted. You will observe the identity of the name "William Sampson," with that of M. Hugo's officer, and who was probably the same, or son of the William Sampson who held the office of Turncock in the time of James II. I may state that the office of Turncock is still, I believe, quite general in the kitchens of large public establishments, as for instance, in the Yorkshire West Riding Lunatic Asylum, in my own immediate neighbourhood, where an officer formerly held—and to the best of my knowledge at present holds—the post, and performed the office of Turncock and Turnspit.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

S. ELLIOT.

*Stanley, near Wakefield.*

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1869.

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# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

## A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

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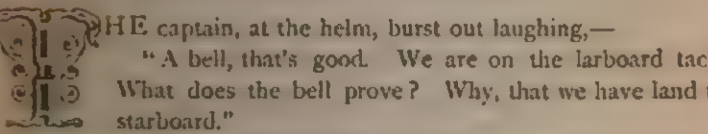
## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CHARGE CONFIDED TO THE RAGING SEA.



THE captain, at the helm, burst out laughing,—

"A bell, that's good. We are on the larboard tack. What does the bell prove? Why, that we have land to starboard."

The firm and measured voice of the doctor replied,—

"You have not land to starboard."

"But we have," shouted the captain.

"No!"

"But that bell comes from the land."

"That bell," said the doctor, "comes from the sea."

A shudder passed over these daring men. The haggard faces of the two women appeared above the hatchway like two hobgoblins conjured up. The doctor took a step forward dividing his tall form from the mast. From the depth of the night's darkness came the tinkling of the bell.

The doctor resumed,—

"There is in the centre of the sea, half way between Portland and the Channel Islands, a buoy, placed there as a caution; that buoy is moored by chains to the shoal and floats on the top of the water. On the buoy is fixed an iron trestle, and across the trestle a bell is

hung. In bad weather heavy seas toss the buoy, and the bell rings. That is the bell you hear."

The doctor paused to let an extra-violent gust of wind pass over, waited until the sound of the bell re-asserted itself, and then went on,—

"To hear that bell in a storm when the nor'-wester is blowing is to be lost. Wherefore? For this reason; if you hear the bell it is because the wind brings it to you. But the wind is nor'-westerly and the breakers of Aurigny lie east. You hear the bell only because you are between the buoy and the breakers. It is on those breakers the wind is driving you. You are on the wrong side of the buoy. If you were on the right side, you would be out at sea on a safe course, and you would not hear the bell. The wind would not convey the sound to you. You would pass close to the buoy without knowing it. We are out of our course. That bell is shipwreck sounding the tocsin. Now, look out!"

As the doctor spoke, the bell, soothed by a lull of the storm, rang slowly stroke by stroke, and its intermittent tinkling seemed to testify to the truth of the old man's words. It was as the knell of the abyss.

All listened breathless. Now to the voice. Now to the bell.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE COLOSSAL SAVAGE, THE STORM.

In the meantime the captain had caught up his speaking trumpet.

"Strike every sail, my lads, let go the sheets, man the down-hauls, lower ties and brails. Let us steer to the west, let us regain the high sea; head for the buoy, steer for the bell, there's an offing down there. We've yet a chance."

"Try," said the doctor.

Let us remark here by the way that this ringing buoy, a kind of bell-tower on the deep, was removed in 1802. There are yet alive very old mariners who remember hearing it. It forewarned, but rather too late.

The orders of the captain were obeyed. The Languedocian was as useful as another sailor. All bore a hand. Not satisfied with brailing up, they furled the sails; they lashed the earrings; they secured the clew-lines, bunt-lines, and leech-lines; they clapped preventer shrouds on the block straps, to serve as back-stays; they fished the mast; they battened down the ports and bull's eyes, which

is a method of walling up a ship. These evolutions, though executed in a lubberly fashion, were nevertheless effective. The hooker was stripped to bare poles. But, in proportion, as the vessel, stowing every stitch of canvas, became more helpless, the havoc of both winds and waves increased. The seas ran mountains high. The

hurricane, like an executioner hurrying to his victim, began to dismember the craft. There came in the twinkling of an eye a dreadful crash: the top-sails were blown from the bolt-ropes, the chess-trees were riven asunder, the deck was swept clear, the shrouds were carried away, the mast went by the board, all the lumber of the wreck was flying in shivers. The main shrouds gave out although they were turned in, and stoppered to four fathoms.

The magnetic currents common to snow-storms hastened the destruction of the rigging. It broke as much from the effect of vapour, as from the violence of the wind. Some of the chain gear, fouled in the blocks, ceased to work. Forward the bows, aft the quarters, quivered under the terrific shocks. One wave washed overboard the

compass and its binnacle. A second carried away the boat, which, like a box slung under a carriage, had been, in accordance with the quaint Asturian custom, lashed to the bowsprit. A third breaker wrenched off the spritsail yard. A fourth swept away the figure-head and bowsprit light. The rudder only was left.

To replace the ship's bow lantern they set fire to, and suspended from the stem, a large block of wood covered with oakum and tar.

The mast, broken in two, all bristling with quivering splinters, ropes, blocks and yards cumbered the deck. In falling it had stove in a plank of the starboard gunwale. The captain, still firm at the helm, shouted,—

"While we can steer, we have yet a chance. The provisions are safe. Axes, axes! Overboard with the mast! Clear the decks."

Both crew and passengers worked with the excitement of despair. Some few strokes of the hatchets, and it was done. They pushed the mast over the side. The deck was cleared.

"Now," continued the captain, "take a rope's end and lash me to the helm." To the tiller they bound him.

While they were fastening him he laughed, and shouted,—

"Bellow, old hurdy-gurdy, bellow! I've seen your equal off Cape Machichaco."

And when secured, he clutched the helm with that strange hilarity which danger awakens.

"All well, my lads. Long live our Lady of Buglose; let us steer to the west."

An enormous wave came down abeam, and fell on the vessel's quarter. There is always in storms a tiger-like wave, a billow fierce and decisive, which, attaining a certain height creeps horizontally over the surface of the waters for a time, then rises, roars, rages, and falling on the distressed vessel, tears it limb from limb. A cloud of foam covered the entire poop of the *Matutina*. There was heard, above the confusion of darkness and waters, a crash. When the spray cleared off, when the stern again rose in view there was no captain and no helm. Both had been swept away.

The helm and the man they had but just secured to it had passed with the wave into the hissing turmoil of the hurricane.

The chief of the band gazing intently into the darkness shouted,—

"Te burlas de nosotros?" *

To this defiant exclamation there followed another cry.

"Let go the anchor. Save the captain."

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* Dost thou laugh at us?

They rushed to the capstan and let go the anchor.

Hookers carry but one. In this case the anchor reached the ground, but only to be lost. The bottom was of the hardest rock. The billows were raging with resistless force. The cable snapped like a thread.

The anchor lay at the bottom of the sea. At the cutwater there remained but the cable end protruding from the hawse-hole.

From this moment the hooker became a wreck. The *Matutina* was irrevocably disabled. This vessel, just before in full sail, and almost formidable from her speed, was now helpless. All her evolutions were uncertain and executed at random. She yielded passively and like a log to the capricious fury of the waves. That in a few minutes there should be in place of an eagle a useless cripple, such a transformation is to be witnessed only at sea.

The howling of the wind became more and more frightful.

A hurricane has terrible lungs; it makes unceasingly mournful additions to darkness, which cannot be intensified. The bell on the sea rang despairingly, as if agitated by a malignant hand.

The *Matutina* drifted like a cork at the mercy of the waves. She sailed no longer—she merely floated. Every moment she seemed about to turn over on her back, like a dead fish. The good condition, and perfectly water-tight state of the hull, alone saved her from this disaster. Below the water-line not a plank had started. There was not a cranny, chink, nor crack; and she had not made a single drop of water in the hold. This was lucky, as the pump, being out of order, was useless.

The hooker pitched and rolled frightfully in the seething billows. The vessel had throes as of sickness, and seemed to be trying to belch forth the unhappy crew.

Helpless they clung to the standing rigging, to the transoms, to the shank painters, to the gaskets, to the broken planks, the protruding nails of which tore their hands, to the warped riders, and to all the rugged projections of the stumps of the masts. From time to time they listened. The noise of the bell came over the waters fainter and fainter; one would have thought that it also was in distress. Its ringing was no more than an intermittent rattle. Then this rattle died away. Where were they? At what distance from the buoy? The sound of the bell had frightened them—its silence terrified them. The north-wester drove them forward in, perhaps, a fatal course. They felt themselves wafted on by maddened and ever-recurring gusts of wind. The wreck sped forward in the darkness. There is nothing more fearful than being hurried forward blindfold. They felt

the abyss before them, over them, under them. It was no longer a run, it was a rush.

Suddenly, through the appalling density of the snow-storm, there loomed a red light.

"A lighthouse!" cried the crew.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CASKETS.

It was, indeed, the Caskets light.

A lighthouse of the nineteenth century is a high cylinder of masonry, surmounted by scientifically constructed machinery for throwing light. The Caskets lighthouse in particular is a triple white tower, bearing three light-rooms. These three chambers revolve on clock-work wheels, with such precision that the man on watch, who sees them from sea, can invariably take ten steps during their irradiation, and twenty-five during their eclipse. Everything is based on the focal plan, and on the rotation of the octagon drum, formed of eight wide simple lenses, in range, having above and below two series of dioptric rings; an algebraic gear, guaranteed secure from the effects of the beating of winds and waves by glass, a millimetre thick, but sometimes broken by the sea-eagles, who dash themselves like great moths against these gigantic lanterns. The building which encloses, which sustains this mechanism, and in which it is set, is also mathematically constructed. Everything about it is plain, exact, bare, precise, correct. A lighthouse is a mathematical figure.

In the seventeenth century a lighthouse was a sort of plume of the land on the seashore. The architecture of a lighthouse tower was magnificent and extravagant. It was covered with balconies, balusters, lodges, alcoves, weathercocks. Nothing but masks, statues, foliage, volutes, reliefs, figures large and small, medallions with inscriptions. *Pax in bello*, said the Eddystone lighthouse. We may as well observe, by the way, that this declaration of peace did not always disarm the ocean. Winstanley repeated it on a lighthouse which he constructed at his own expense, in a wild spot near Plymouth. The tower being finished, he shut himself up in it to have it tried by the tempest. The storm came and carried off the lighthouse, and Winstanley in it. Such excess of adornment gave too great a hold to the hurricane; as generals, overdressed with gold lace, or too brilliantly equipped in a battle, draw the enemy's fire. Besides whimsical designs in stone, they were loaded with whim-

sical designs in iron, copper, wood. The iron-work was in relief, the wood work stood out. On the sides of the lighthouse there jutted out, clinging to the walls among the arabesques, engines of every description, useful and useless: windlasses, tackles, pulleys, counterpoises, ladders, cranes, grapnels. On the pinnacle around the light, delicately-wrought iron-work held great iron chandeliers, where were placed pieces of rope steeped in resin; wicks which burned doggedly, and which no wind extinguished; and from top to bottom the tower was covered by a complication of sea standards, banderoles, banners, flags, pennons, colours which rose from staff to staff, from story to story, a medley of all colours, all shapes, all heraldic devices, all signals, all confusion, up to the light chamber, making, in the storm, a gay riot of tatters about the blaze. That insolent light on the brink of the abyss showed like a defiance, and inspired shipwrecked men with a spirit of daring. But the Caskets light was not after this fashion.

It was, at that period, merely an old barbarous lighthouse, such as Henry I. had built after the loss of the *White Ship*—a flaming pile of wood, under an iron trellis, a brasier behind a railing, a head of hair flaming in the wind.

The only improvement made in this lighthouse, since the twelfth century, was a pair of forge-bellows worked by an indented pendulum and a stone weight, which had been added to the light chamber in 1610.

The fate of the sea-birds who chanced to fly against these old lighthouses was more tragic than those of our days. The birds dashed against them, attracted by the light, and fell into the brasier, where they could be seen struggling like black spirits in a hell, and at times they would fall back again from out the railings red hot upon the rock, smoking, lame, blind, like half-burnt flies out of a lamp.

To a full rigged ship in good trim, answering readily to the pilot's handling, the Caskets light is useful; it cries—Look out. It warns her of the shoal—to a disabled ship it is simply terrible. The hull, paralysed and inert, without resistance, without defence against the impulse of the wind, or the mad heaving of the waves, a fish without fins, a bird without wings, can but go where the wind wills. The lighthouse shows the end—points out the spot where it is doomed to disappear—throws light on the interment. It is the torch of the sepulchre.

To light up the inexorable chasm—to warn against the inevitable—there is no greater tragic mockery!

## CHAPTER X.

### FACE TO FACE WITH THE ROCK.

THE wretches in distress on board the *Matutina* understood at once the mysterious derision which mocked their shipwreck. The appearance of the lighthouse raised their spirits at first, then overwhelmed them. Nothing could be done, nothing attempted. What has been said of kings, we may say of the waves—we are their people, we are their prey. All that they rave must be borne. The nor'-wester was driving the hooker on to the Caskets. They were nearing them: no evasion was possible. They drifted rapidly towards the reef; they felt that they were getting into shallow waters; the lead, if they could have thrown it to any purpose, would not have shown more than three or four fathoms. The shipwrecked people heard the dull sound of the waves being sucked within the submarine caves of the steep rock. They made out, under the lighthouse, like a dark cutting between two plates of granite, the narrow passage of the ugly, wild-looking little harbour, supposed to be full of the skeletons of men and carcasses of ships. It looked like the mouth of a cavern rather than the entrance of a port. They could hear the crackling of the pile on high within the iron grating. A ghastly purple illuminated the storm, the collision of the rain and hail disturbed the mist. The black cloud and the red flame fought, serpent against serpent; live ashes, reft by the wind, flew from the fire, and these sudden assaults of sparks seemed to drive the snow-flakes before them. The breakers, blurred at first in outline, now stood out in bold relief, a medley of rocks with peaks, crests, and vertebræ. The angles were formed by strongly marked red lines, and the inclined planes, in blood-like streams of light. As they neared it, the outline of the reefs increased and rose—sinister.

One of the women, the Irishwoman, told her beads wildly.

In place of the skipper, who was the pilot, remained the chief, who was the captain. The Basques all know the mountain and the sea. They are boldest on a precipice and inventive in catastrophes.

They neared the cliff. They were about to strike.

Suddenly they were so close to the great north rock of the Caskets, that it shut out the lighthouse from them. They saw nothing but the rock, and the red light behind it. The huge rock looming in the mist, seemed like a gigantic black woman with a hood of fire.

That ill-famed rock is called the Biblet. It faces on the north

side the reef, which on the south is faced by another ridge, L'Etacq-aux-guilmets. The chief looked at the Biblet, and shouted,—

"A man with a will to take a rope to the rock. Who can swim?"

No answer.

No one on board knew how to swim, not even the sailors. An ignorance not uncommon among sea-faring people.

A beam nearly free of its lashings was swinging loose. The chief clasped it with both hands, crying, "Help me."

They unlashed the beam. They had now at their disposal the very thing they wanted. From the defensive, they assumed the offensive.

It was a longish beam of heart of oak, sound and strong, useful either as a support or as an engine of attack, a lever for a burthen, a ram against a tower.

"Ready!" shouted the chief.

All six getting foothold on the stump of the mast, threw their weight on the spar projecting over the side, straight as a lance towards a projection of the cliff.

It was a dangerous manœuvre. To fend off from a mountain is audacious. The six men might easily have been thrown into the water by the shock.

There are varieties in the contests of storms. After the hurricane the shoal, after the wind the rock. First the intangible, then the immoveable, has to be encountered.

Some minutes passed, such minutes as whiten men's hair.

The rock and the vessel were about to come in collision. The rock, like one condemned, awaited the blow.

A resistless wave rushed in; it ended the respite. It caught the vessel underneath, raised it, and swayed it for an instant as the sling swings its projectile.

"Steady!" cried the chief, "it is only a rock, and we are men."

The beam was couched, the six men were one with it, its sharp bolts tore their arm pits, but they did not feel them.

The wave dashed the hooker against the rock.

Then came the shock.

It came under the shapeless cloud of foam which always hides such catastrophes.

When this cloud fell back into the sea, when the waves rolled back from the rock, the six men were tossing about the deck, but the *Matutina* was floating alongside the rock,—clear of it.

The beam had stood and turned the vessel; the sea was running so fast, that in a few seconds she had left the Caskets behind.

Such things sometimes occur. It was a straight stroke of the bowsprit that saved Wood of Largo at the mouth of the Tay. In the wild neighbourhood of Cape Winterton, and under the command of Captain Hamilton, it was like the appliance of such a lever against the dangerous rock, Branodu-um, that saved the *Royal Mary* from shipwreck, although she was but a Scotch built frigate. The force of the waves can be so abruptly discomposed, that changes of direction can be easily managed, or at least are possible even in the most violent collisions. There is a brute in the tempest. The hurricane is a bull, and can be turned.

The whole secret of avoiding shipwreck, is to try and pass from the secant to the tangent.

Such was the service rendered by the beam to the vessel. It had done the work of an oar, had taken the place of a rudder. But the manœuvre once performed could not be repeated. The beam was overboard; the shock of the collision had wrenched it out of the men's hands, and it was lost in the waves. To loosen out another beam would have been to dislocate the hull.

The hurricane carried off the *Matutina*. Presently the Caskets showed as a harmless encumbrance on the horizon. Nothing looks more out of countenance than a reef of rocks on such an occasion.

There are in nature in its obscure aspects, where the visible blends with the invisible, certain motionless, surly profiles, which seem to express that a prey has escaped.

Thus glowered the Caskets while the *Matutina* fled.

The lighthouse paled in distance, faded, and disappeared.

There was something mournful in its extinction. Layers of mist sank down upon the now uncertain light. Its rays died in the waste of waters, the flame floated, struggled, sank, and lost its form. It might have been a drowning creature. The brasier dwindled to the snuff of a candle, then nothing more but a weak, uncertain flutter. Around it spread a circle of extravasated glimmer; it was like the quenching of light in the bottomless pit of night.

The bell which had threatened was dumb. The lighthouse which had threatened had melted away. And yet it was more awful now that they had ceased to threaten. One was a voice, the other a torch. There was something human about them.

They were gone, and naught remained but the abyss.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FACE TO FACE WITH NIGHT.

Again was the hooker running with the shadow into immeasurable darkness.

The *Matutina*, escaped from the Caskets, sank and rose from billow to billow. A respite, but in chaos.

Driven by the wind, tossed by all the thousand motions of the wave, she reflected every mad oscillation of the sea. She scarcely pitched at all, a terrible symptom of a ship's distress. Wrecks merely roll. Pitching is a convulsion of strife. The helm alone can turn a vessel to the wind.

In storms, and more especially when combined with snow, sea and night end by melting into amalgamation, resolving into nothing but smoke. Mists, whirlwinds, gales, motion in all directions, no basis, no shelter, no stop. Constant recommencement, one gulf succeeding another. No horizon visible! Intense blackness for background! Through all these the hooker drifted.

To have got free of the Caskets, to have eluded the rock, was a victory for the shipwrecked men; but it was a victory which left them in stupor. They had raised no cheers; at sea such an imprudence is not repeated twice. To throw down a challenge where they could not cast the lead would have been too serious a jest.

The rock repulsed was an impossibility achieved. They were petrified by it. By degrees, however, they began to hope again. Such are the insubmergable mirages of the soul! There is no distress so complete but that even in the most critical moments the inexplicable rise of hope is felt. These wretches were ready to acknowledge to themselves that they were saved. Hope flickered within them.

But suddenly a formidable appearance rose before them in the darkness.

On the port bow arose, standing stark, cut out on the background of mist, a tall, opaque mass, vertical, right-angled, a tower of the abyss. They watched it open-mouthed.

The storm was driving them towards it.

They knew not what it was. It was the Ortach rock.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ORTACH.

The rock reappeared. After the Caskets comes Ortach. The storm is no artist; brutal and all-powerful, it never varies its appliances. The darkness is inexhaustible. Its snares and perfidies never come to an end. As for man, he soon comes to the bottom of his resources. Man expends his strength, the abyss never.

The shipwrecked men turned towards the chief, their hope. He could only shrug his shoulders. Dismal contempt of helplessness.

A pavement in the midst of the ocean, such is the Ortach rock. The Ortach, one solid piece, rises up in a straight line to eighty feet high above the angry beating of the waves.

Waves and ships break against it. An immoveable cube, it plunges its rectilinear planes apeak into the numberless serpentine curves of the sea.

At night it stands an enormous block resting on the folds of a huge black sheet. In time of storm it awaits the stroke of the axe, which is the thunder-clap.

But there is never a thunder-clap during the snow-storm. True, the ship has a bandage round her eyes. Darkness is knotted about her. She is like one prepared to be led to the scaffold. As for the thunder-bolt, which makes quick ending, it is not to be hoped for.

The *Matutina*, nothing better than a log upon the waters, drifted towards this rock, as she had drifted towards the other. The wretches on board, who had for a moment believed themselves saved, relapsed into their agony. The destruction they had left behind faced them again. The reef reappeared from the bottom of the sea. Nothing had been gained.

The Caskets are a figuring iron[b] with a thousand compartments. The Ortach is a wall. To be wrecked on the Caskets is to be cut into ribbons; to strike on the Ortach is to be crushed into powder.

Nevertheless, there was one chance.

On a straight frontage, such as that of the Ortach, neither the wave nor the cannon ball can ricochet. The operation is simple; first the flux, then the reflux; a wave advances, a billow returns.

In such cases the question of life and death is balanced thus; if the wave carries the vessel on to the rock, she breaks on it, and is

[b] *Gaufrier*, the iron with which a pattern is traced on stuff.

lost; if the billow retires before the ship has touched, she is carried back, she is saved.

It was a moment of great anxiety; those on board saw through the gloom the great decisive wave bearing down on them. How far was it going to drag them? If the wave broke upon the ship, they were carried on the rock and dashed to pieces. If it passed under the ship . . . .

The wave *did* pass under.

They breathed again.

But what of the recoil? What would the surf do with them? The surf carried them back. A few minutes later the *Matutina* was free of the breakers. The Ortach faded from their view as the Caskets had done. It was their second victory. For the second time the hooker had verged on destruction, and had drawn back in time.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PORTENTOSUM MARE.

MEANWHILE a thickening mist had descended on these drifting wretches. They were ignorant of their whereabouts, they could scarcely see a cable's length round. Despite a furious storm of hail which forced them to bend down their heads the women had obstinately refused to go below again. No one, however hopeless, but wishes, if shipwreck be inevitable, to meet it in the open air. When so near death, a ceiling above one's head seems like the outline of a coffin.

They were now in a short and chopping sea. A turgid sea indicates its constraint. Even in a fog the entrance into a strait may be known by the boiling-like appearance of the waves. And thus it was, for without knowing it they were coasting Aurigny. Between the west of Ortach and the Caskets and the east of Aurigny the sea is hemmed in and cramped, and the uneasy position determines locally the condition of storms. The sea suffers like others, and when it suffers it is irritable. That channel is a thing to fear.

The *Matutina* was in that channel.

Imagine under the sea a tortoise shell as big as Hyde Park, or the Champs Elysées, of which every striature is a shallow, and every embossment a reef. Such is the western approach of Aurigny. The sea covers and conceals this shipwrecking apparatus. On that conglomeration of submarine breakers the cloven waves leap and foam—in calm weather, a chopping sea; in storms, a chaos.

The shipwrecked men remarked this new complication without endeavouring to explain it to themselves. Suddenly they understood it. A pale vista broadened in the zenith. A wan tinge overspread the sea. The livid light revealed on the port side a long shoal stretching eastward, towards which the power of the rushing wind drove the vessel. The shoal was Aurigny.

What was that shoal? They shuddered. They would have shuddered even more had a voice answered them—Aurigny.

No isle defends itself so well against man's approach as does Aurigny. Below and above water it is protected by a savage guard, of which Ortach is the outpost. To the west, Burhou, Sauteriaux, Anfroque, Niangle, Fond du Croc, Les Jumelles, La Grosse, La Clanque, Les Eguillons, Le Vrac, La Fosse-Malière; to the east, Sauquet, Hommeau Floreau, La Brinebetais, La Queslingue, Croquelihou, La Fourche, Le Saut, Noire Pute, Coupie, Orbue. These are hydra-monsters, of the species reef.

One of these reefs is called Le But, the goal, as if to imply that every voyage ends there.

This obstruction of rocks, simplified by night and sea, appeared to the shipwrecked men to wear the shape of a single dark band, a sort of black blot on the horizon.

Shipwreck is the ideal of helplessness—to be near land, and unable to reach it; to float, yet not to be able to do so in any desired direction; to rest the foot on what seems firm and is fragile; to be full of life, when o'ershadowed by death; to be the prisoner of space; to be walled in between sky and ocean; to have the infinite overhead like a dungeon; to be encompassed by the eluding elements of wind and waves; and to be seized, bound, paralysed; such ruin stupifies and disquiets us. We imagine that in it we catch a glimpse of our inaccessible combatant, the opponent who is beyond our reach. That which holds you fast is that which releases the birds and sets the fishes free. It appears nothing, and is everything. We hold our lease from the air, which is ruffled by our mouths. We are dependent on the water we cup in the hollow of our hands. Draw a glassfull from the storm, and it is but a medicine of bitterness—a mouthful is nausea, a waveful is extermination. The grain of sand in the desert, the foam-flake on the sea, are fearful symptoms. Omnipotence takes no care to hide its atom, it changes weakness into strength, fills naught with all; and it is with the infinitely little that the infinitely great crushes you. It is with its drops the ocean dissolves you. You feel you are a plaything.

A plaything: what a ghastly epithet!

The *Matutina* was a little above Aurigny, which was not an unfavourable position; but she was drifting towards its northern point, which was fatal. As a bent bow discharges its arrow, the nor'-wester was shooting the vessel towards the northern cape. Off that point, a little beyond the harbour of Corbelets, was that which the seamen of the Norman archipelago call a race.

The race is a furious kind of current. A wreath of funnels in the shallows produces in the waves a wreath of whirlpools. You escape one to fall into another. A ship, caught hold of by the race, winds round and round until some sharp rock cleaves her hull; then the shattered vessel stops, her stern rises from the waves, the stem in the abyss completes the revolution, the stern sinks in, and all is sucked down. A circle of foam broadens and floats, and nothing more is seen on the surface of the waves but a few bubbles here and there rising from the smothered breathings below.

The three most dangerous races in the whole Channel are close to the Girdler Sands, the one at Jersey between the Pignonnet and the Point of Noirmont, and the race of Aurigny.

Had a local pilot been on board the *Matutina*, he could have warned them of their fresh peril. In place of a pilot, they had their instinct. In situations of extreme danger men are endowed with second sight. High contortions of foam were flying along the coast in the frenzied raid of the wind. Many a bark has been swamped in that snare. Without knowing what awaited them, they approached the spot with horror.

How to double that cape? There were no means of doing so.

Just as they had seen, first the Caskets, then Ortach rise before them, they now saw the point of Aurigny, all of steep rock. It was like a crop of giants, growing up one after another—a series of frightful duels.

Charybdis and Scylla are but two; the Caskets, Ortach, and Aurigny are three.

The phenomenon of the horizon being invaded by the rocks, was repeated in the grand monotony of the abyss. The battles of the ocean have the same sublime tautology as the combats of Homer.

Each wave, as they neared it, added twenty cubits to the cape, awfully magnified by the mist; the fast decreasing distance seemed more inevitable—they were touching the skirts of the race! The first fold which seized them would drag them away—another wave surmounting and all would be over.

Suddenly the hooker was driven back, as by the blow of a Titan's fist. The wave reared up under the vessel and fell back, throwing

the waif in arrear in its mane of foam. The *Matutina*, thus impelled, drifted away from Aurigny.

She was again on the open sea.

Whence had come the succour? From the wind. The breath of the storm had changed its direction.

The wave had played with them, now it was the wind's turn.

They had saved themselves from the Caskets. Off Ortach it was the wave which had been their friend. Now it was the wind.

The wind had suddenly veered from north to south. The sou'-wester had succeeded the nor'-wester.

The current is the wind in the waters; the wind is the current in the air. These two forces had just counteracted each other, and it had been the wind's will to snatch its prey from the current.

The sudden fantasies of ocean are uncertain. They are, perhaps, an embodiment of the perpetual; when at their mercy man must neither hope nor despair. They do and undo. The ocean amuses itself. Every shade of wild, untamed ferocity is phased in the vastness of that cunning sea, which Jean Bart used to call the "great brute." It gives the gush of the claw, with soft intervals of velvet paws. Sometimes the storm hurries on a wreck, at others it works out the problem with care; it might almost be said that it caresses. The sea can afford to take its time; men in their agonies find this out.

We must own that occasionally these lulls of the torture announce deliverance. Such cases are rare. However this may be, men in extreme peril are quick to believe in rescue; the slightest pause in storm's threat is sufficient; they tell themselves that they are out of danger. After believing themselves buried, they declare their resurrection; they feverishly embrace what they do not yet possess. It is clear that the bad luck must turn; they declare themselves satisfied; they are saved; they cry quits with God. One should not be in so great a hurry to give receipts to the Unknown.

The sou'-wester set in with a whirlwind. Shipwrecked men have never any but rough helpers. The *Matutina* was dragged rapidly out to sea by the remnant of her rigging—like a corpse trailed by the hair. It was like the enfranchisement granted by Tiberius, at the price of violation. The wind treated those whom it saved with brutality; it rendered service with fury; it was help without pity.

The wreck was breaking up under the severity of its deliverers.

Hailstones, big and hard enough to charge a blunderbuss, smote the vessel; at every rotation of the waves these hailstones rolled about the deck like marbles.

The hooker, whose deck was almost flush with the water, continually disappeared under the rolling masses of water and its sheets of spray. On board it each man was for himself.

They clung on as best they could. After each sea had swept over them, it was with a sense of surprise they saw that all were still there. Several had their faces torn by splinters.

Happily, despair has stout hands. In terror a child's hand has the grasp of a giant. Agony creates a vice out of a woman's palm. A girl in her fright could almost bury her rose-coloured fingers in a piece of iron. With hooked fingers they hung on somehow, as the waves dashed on and passed off them; but every wave brought them the fear of being swept away.

Suddenly they were relieved.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SUDDENLY THE PROBLEM WORKS SMOOTHLY.

THE hurricane had just stopped short. There was no longer in the air sou'-wester or nor'-wester. The fierce clarions of space were mute. The whole of the waterspout had poured from the sky without any warning of diminution, as if it had slided perpendicularly into a gulf beneath. None knew what had become of it; flakes replaced the hailstones, the snow began to fall slowly. No more swell: the sea flattened down.

Such sudden cessations are peculiar to snow-storms. The electric effluvium exhausted, all becomes still; even the wave, which in ordinary storms often remains agitated for a long time. In this case it is not so. No prolonged anger in the deep. Like a tired-out worker it becomes drowsy directly, thus almost giving the lie to the laws of status, but not astonishing old seamen, for they know that the sea is full of unforeseen surprises.

This phenomenon takes place, although very rarely, in ordinary storms. Thus, in our time, on the occasion of the memorable hurricane of July 27th, 1867, at Jersey, the wind, after fourteen hours' fury, relapsed suddenly into a dead calm.

After a few minutes the hooker had but a millpond around her.

At the same time (for the last phase of this storm resembles the first), they could distinguish nothing; all that had been made visible in the convulsions of the meteoric cloud was again dark. Pale outlines were fused in vague mist, and the gloom of infinite space closed in on the vessel. The wall of night—that circular occlusion, that

interior of a cylinder, the diameter of which was lessening minute by minute—enveloped the *Matutina*, and, with the sinister deliberation of an encroaching iceberg, was drawing in dangerously. In the zenith nothing—a lid of fog closing in. It was as if the hooker were at the bottom of the well of the abyss.

In that well the sea was a puddle of liquid lead. The waters did not stir—ominous immobility! The ocean is never less tamed than when it is still as a pool.

All was silence, stillness, blindness.

Perchance the silence of inanimate objects simply means taciturnity.

The last ripples glided along the hull. Unmoved in the calm the hooker was straight in the water. Some broken planks were shifting about irresolutely. The block on which they had lighted the tow, steeped in tar, in place of the signal light which had been swept away, swung no longer at the prow, and no longer let fall burning drops into the sea. What little breeze remained in the clouds was noiseless. The snow fell thickly, softly, with scarce a slant. No foam of breakers could be heard. The peace of shadows was over all.

The repose succeeding all the past exasperations and paroxysms was for these wretches, so long tossed about, an unspeakable comfort. It was as though the punishment of the rack has ceased. They caught a glimpse about them and above them of something which seemed like a consent that they should be saved. They regained confidence. All that had been fury was now tranquillity. It appeared to them a pledge of peace.

Their miserable hearts dilated. They were able to let go the end of rope or beam by which they bad clung on, rise, hold themselves up, stand, walk, move about. They felt inexpressibly calmed. There are in the depths of darkness such phases of paradise, preparations for other things. It was clear that they were decidedly delivered out of the storm, out of the foam, out of the wind, out of the uproar. Henceforth all the chances were in their favour. In three or four hours it would be sunrise. They would be seen by some passing ship; they would be rescued. The worst was over, they were re-entering life. The important feat was to have been able to keep afloat until the cessation of the tempest. They said to themselves, "It is over this time."

Suddenly they found that all was indeed over.

One of the sailors, the northern Basque, Galdeazun by name, went down into the hold to look for a rope, then came above again and said,—

"The hold is full."

"Of what?" asked the chief.

"Of water," answered the sailor.

The chief cried out,—

"What does that mean?"

"It means," replied Galdeazun, "that in half an hour we shall founder."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE LAST RESOURCE.

There was a hole in the keel. A leak had been sprung. When it happened no one could have said. Was it when they touched the Caskets? Was it off Ortach? Was it when they were whirled about the shallows west of Aurigny? It was most probable that they had touched the rock. They had struck against some hidden buttress they had not remarked in the midst of the convulsive fury of the wind which was tossing them. In tetanus who would feel a prick?

The other sailor, the southern Basque, whose name was Ave Maria, went down into the hold in his turn, came on board again, and said,—

"There are two varas of water in the hold."

About six feet.

Ave Maria added,—"In less than forty minutes we shall sink."

Where was the leak? They couldn't find it. It was hidden by the water which was filling up the hold. The ship had a hole in its hull, somewhere under the water-line, quite forward in the keel. Impossible to find it—impossible to check it. They had a wound which they could not staunch. The water, however, was not rising very fast.

The chief called out,—

"We must work the pump."

Galdeazun replied,—"We have no longer a pump."

"Then," said the chief, "we must make for land."

"Where is the land?"

"I don't know."

"Nor I."

"But it must be somewhere."

"True enough."

"Let someone steer for it."

"We have no pilot."

"Stand to the tiller yourself."

"We have lost the tiller."

"Let's rig one out of the first beam we can lay hands on. Nails—a hammer—quick—some tools."

"The carpenter's box is overboard; we have no tools."

"We'll steer all the same; no matter where."

"The rudder is lost."

"Where is the boat? We'll get in and row."

"The boat is lost."

"We'll row the wreck."

"We have lost the oars."

"We'll sail."

"We have lost the sails, and the mast."

"We'll rig one up with a pole, and a tarpaulin for sail. Let's get clear of this and trust in the wind."

"There is no wind."

The wind, indeed, had left them, the storm had fled, and its departure, which they had believed to mean safety, meant, in fact, destruction. Had the sou'-wester continued it might have driven them wildly on to some shore, might have beaten the leak in speed—might, perhaps, have carried them to some propitious sandbank, and cast them on it before they foundered. The swiftness of the storm, bearing them away, might have enabled them to reach land but no more wind, no more hope. They were going to die because the hurricane was over.

The end was near!

Wind, hail, the hurricane, the whirlwind—these are wild combatants that may be overcome; the storm can be taken in the weak point of its armour; there are resources against the violence which continually lays itself open, is off its guard, and often hits wide. But nothing can be done against a calm; there is nothing standing out, of which you can lay hold.

The winds are a charge of Cossacks; stand your ground and they disperse. Calms are the pincers of the executioner.

The water, deliberately but surely, irrepressible and heavy, rose in the hold, and as it rose, the vessel sank—it was a very slow process.

Those on board the wreck of the *Matutina* felt that most hopeless of catastrophes—an inert catastrophe undermining them. The still and sinister certainty of an unexplained fate petrified them. No stir in the air, no movement in the sea. The motionless is the inexorable. Absorption sucked them down silently. Through the depths of the dumb waters—without anger, without passion, not willing, not knowing, not caring—the fatal centre of the globe was attracting them

downwards. Horror in repose amalgamated them with itself. It was no longer the wide open mouth of the sea, the double jaw of the wind and the wave, vicious in its threat, the grin of the waterspout, the foaming appetite of the breakers—it was as if these wretches had under them the black yawning mouth of the infinite.

They felt themselves sinking into Death's peaceful depths. The height between the vessel and the water was lessening—that was all. They could calculate her disappearance to the moment. It was the exact reverse of submersion by the rising tide. The water was not rising towards them, they were sinking towards it. They themselves were digging their own grave. Their own weight was their sexton.

They were being executed, not by the law of man, but by the law of things.

The snow was falling, and as the wreck was now motionless, this white lint made a cloth over the deck and covered the vessel as with a winding-sheet.

The hold was becoming fuller and deeper—no means of getting at the leak. They struck a light and fixed three or four torches in holes as best they could.

Galdeazun brought some old leathern buckets, and they tried to bale the hold out, standing in a row to pass them from hand to hand, but the buckets were past use, the leather of some was unstitched, there were holes in the bottoms of the others, and the buckets emptied themselves on the way. The difference in quantity between the water which was making its way in and that which they returned to the sea was ludicrous—for a ton that entered a glassful was baled out; they did not improve their condition. It was like the expenditure of a miser, trying to reduce a million half-pennies by a half-penny.

The chief said. "Let us lighten the wreck."

During the storm they had lashed together the few chests which were on deck. These remained tied to the stump of the mast. They undid the lashings and rolled the chests overboard though a breach in the gunwale. One of these trunks belonged to the Basque woman, who could not repress a sigh.

"Oh, my new cloak lined with scarlet! Oh, my poor stockings of birchen-bark lace! Oh, my silver ear-rings, to wear at mass on May-day!"

The deck cleared, there remained the cabin to be seen to. It was greatly encumbered; in it were, as may be remembered, the luggage belonging to the passengers and the bales belonging to the sailors. They took the luggage and threw it over the gunwale. They carried up the bales and cast them into the sea.

Thus they emptied the cabin. The lanthorn, the cap, the barrels, the sacks, the bales, and the water-butts, the pot of soup, all went over into the waves.

They unscrewed the nuts of the iron stove, long since extinguished; they pulled it out, hoisted it on deck, dragged it to the side, and threw it out of the vessel.

They cast overboard every plank they can pull out of the deck, chains, shrouds, and torn rigging.

From time to time the chief took a torch and, throwing its light on the figures painted on the prow to show the draught of water, looked to see how deep the wreck had settled down.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE HIGHEST RESOURCE.

THE wreck being lightened, was sinking more slowly, but none the less surely.

The hopelessness of the situation was without resource—without mitigation; they had exhausted their last expedient.

"Is there anything else we can throw overboard?"

The doctor, whom everyone had forgotten, rose from the companion, and said,

"Yes."

"What?" asked the chief.

The doctor answered, "Our Crime."

They shuddered, and all cried out,

"Amen."

The doctor standing up, pale, raised his hand to heaven, saying,

"Kneel down."

They wavered—to waver is the preface to kneeling down.

The doctor went on.

"Let us throw our crimes into the sea, they weigh us down; it is they that are sinking the ship. Let us think no more of safety—let us think of salvation. Our last crime, above all, the crime which we committed, or rather completed, just now; oh, wretches who listen to me, it is that which is overwhelming us. For those who leave an intended murder behind, it is an impious insolence to tempt the abyss. He who sins against a child, sins against God. True, we were obliged to put to sea, but it was certain perdition. The storm, foretold in the shadow cast by our crime, came on. It is well. Regret nothing, however. There, not far off in the darkness, are

the sands of Vauville and Cape La Hogue. It is France. There is but one possible shelter for us, which is Spain. France is no less dangerous to us than England. Our deliverance from the sea would have led but to the gibbet. Hanged or drowned—we had no alternative. God has chosen for us; let us give him thanks. He has vouchsafed us the grave which cleanses. Brethren, the hand of fate is in this. Remember that it was we who just now did our best to send one on high, that child, and that at this very moment, now while I speak, there is perhaps, above our heads, a soul accusing us before a Judge whose eye is on us. Let us make the best use of this last respite; let us make an effort, if that can still be, to repair, as far as we are able, that we have wrought. If the child survives us, let us come to his aid; if he is dead, let us seek his forgiveness. Let us cast our crime from us. Let us ease our consciences of its weight. Let us strive that our souls be not swallowed up in God's sight, for that is the awful shipwreck. Bodies go to the fishes, souls to the devils. Have pity on yourselves. Kneel down, I tell you. Repentance is the bark which never sinks. You have lost your compass! You are wrong! You still have prayer."

The wolves became lambs—such transformations occur in the last agony. A time arrives when tigers lick the crucifix; when the dark portal opens ajar, belief is difficult, unbelief impossible. However imperfect may be the different sketches of religion essayed by man, even when his belief is shapeless, even when the outline of the dogma is not in harmony with the lineaments of the eternity he foresees, there is in his last hour a trembling of the soul. There is something which will begin when life is over. The presence of this thought outweighs the last pang.

A man's dying agony is the expiration of a term. In that fatal second he feels weighing on him a diffused responsibility. That which has been complicates that which is to be. The past returns and enters into the future. What is known becomes an abyss as much as the unknown. And these two chasms, the one which is overshadowed by his faults, the other by his anticipations, mingle their reverberations. It is this confusion of the two gulfs which terrifies the dying man.

They had spent their last grain of hope on this side of life; that is why they turned to the other side. Their only remaining chance was in the dark shadow. They understood it. It was a lugubrious splendour, followed by a relapse of horror. That which is intelligible to the dying man is that which he perceives in the lightning flash. Everything, then nothing; you see and then all is blindness. After

death the eye will re-open, and that which was a flash will become a sun.

They cried out to the doctor,—

"Thou, thou, there is no one here but thee. We will obey thee, what must we do, speak?"

The doctor answered,—

"The question is how to pass over the unknown precipice, and reach the other bank of life, which is beyond the tomb. Being the one who knows the most my danger is greater than yours. You do well to leave the choice of the bridge to him whose burthen is the heaviest."

He added,—

"Knowledge is a weight added to conscience."

He continued,

"How much time have we still?"

Galdeazun looked at the water-mark, and answered,—

"A little more than a quarter of an hour."

"Good," said the doctor.

The low hood of the companion on which he leant his elbows, made a sort of table; the doctor took from his pocket his ink horn and pen, and his pocket-book, out of which he drew a parchment, the same one, on the back of which he had written a few hours before some twenty cramped and crooked lines.

"A light," he said.

The snow, falling like the spray of a cataract, had extinguished the torches one after another, there was but one left. Ave-Maria took it out of the place where it had been stuck, and holding it in his hand, came and stood by the doctor's side.

The doctor replaced his pocket-book in his pocket, put down the pen and ink horn on the hood of the companion, unfolded the parchment, and said,—

"Listen."

Then in the middle of the sea, on the failing bridge, a sort of shuddering flooring of the tomb, the doctor began a solemn reading, to which all the shadows seemed to listen. The doomed men bowed their heads around him. The flaming of the torch intensified their pallor. What the doctor read was written in English. Now and then, when one of those woe-begone looks seemed to ask an explanation, the doctor would stop himself, to repeat—whether in French, or Spanish, Basque, or Italian—the passage he had just read. Stifled sobs and hollow beatings of the breast were heard. The wreck was sinking more and more.

The reading over, the doctor placed the parchment flat on the companion, seized his pen, and on a clear margin which he had carefully left at the bottom of what he had written, he signed himself, GERNADUS GEESTEMUNDE : Doctor.

Then, turning towards the others, he said,—

"Come, and sign."

The Basque woman approached, took the pen, and signed herself, ASUNCION.

She handed the pen to the Irish woman, who, not knowing how to write, made the sign of the cross.

The doctor, by the side of this cross, wrote, BARBARA FERMOY, *of Tyrrif Island, in the Hebrides.*

Then he handed the pen to the chief of the band.

The chief signed, GAÏZDORRA : *Captal.*

The Genoese signed himself under the chief's name, GIANGIRATE.

The Languedocian signed, JACQUES QUARTOURZE : *alias, the Narbonnais.*

The Provençal signed, LUC-PIERRE CAPGAROUPE, *of the Galleys of Mahon.*

Under these signatures the doctor added a note :—

"Of the crew of three men, the skipper having been washed overboard by a sea, but two remain, and they have signed."

The two sailors affixed their names underneath the note. The northern Basque signed himself, GALDEAZUN.

The southern Basque signed, AVE-MARIA : *Robber.*

Then the doctor said,—

"Capgaroupe."

"Here," said the Provençal.

"Have you Hardquanonne's flask ?"

"Yes."

"Give it me."

Capgaroupe drank off the last mouthful of brandy, and handed the flask to the doctor.

The water was rising in the hold ; the wreck was sinking deeper and deeper into the sea. The sloping edges of the ship were covered by a thin gnawing wave, which was rising. All were crowded on the centre of the deck.

The doctor dried the ink on the signatures by the heat of the torch, and folding the parchment into a narrower compass than the diameter of the neck, put into the flask. He called for the cork.

"I don't know where it is," said Capgaroupe.

"Here is a piece of rope," said Jacques Quartourze.

The doctor corked the flask with a bit of rope, and asked for some tar. Galdeazun went forward, extinguished the signal light with a piece of tow, took the vessel in which it was contained from the stern, and brought it, half full of burning tar, to the doctor.

The flask, holding the parchment which they had all signed, was corked and tarred over.

"It is done," said the doctor.

And from out all their mouths, vaguely stammered in every language, came the dismal utterances of the catacombs.

"Ainsi soit-il!"

"Meâ culpâ!"

"Asi sea!"

"Aro raï!"

"Amen!"

It was as though the sombre voices of Babel were scattered through the shadows ere Heaven had uttered that awful refusal to hear them.

The doctor turned away from his companions in crime and distress, and took a few step towards the gunwale. Reaching the side, he looked into space, and said, in a deep voice,—

"Bist du bei mir?"*

Perchance he was addressing some phantom.

The wreck was sinking.

Behind the doctor all the others were in a dream. Prayer mastered them by main force. They did not bow, they were bent. There was something unwitting in their contrition; they wavered as a sail flaps when the breeze fails. And the haggard group took by degrees, with clasping of hands and prostration of foreheads, attitudes various, yet one in humiliation. Who can tell what old memories coming from the abyss passed over those villanous faces?

The doctor returned towards them. Whatever had been his post, the old man was great in the presence of the catastrophe.

The deep reserve which enveloped him preoccupied without disconcerting him. He was not one to be taken unawares. Over him was the calm of a quiet horror: on his countenance the majesty of comprehension of God's will.

This old and thoughtful outlaw assumed without knowing it the air of a pontiff.

He said,—

"Attend to me."

He contemplated for a moment the waste of water, and added,—

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* Art thou near me.

"Now we are going to die."

Then he took the torch from the hands of Ave-Maria, and waved it.

A spark broke from it and flew into the night.

And then the doctor cast the torch into the sea.

The torch was extinguished: all light disappeared. Nothing left but the huge, unfathomable shadow. It was like the filling up of the grave.

In the darkness, the doctor was heard saying,—

"Let us pray."

All knelt down.

It was no longer on the snow, but in the water, that they knelt.

They had but a few minutes more.

The doctor alone remained standing.

The flakes of snow falling on him had sprinkled him with white tears, and made him visible on the background of darkness. He might have been the speaking statue of the shadow.

The doctor made the sign of the cross and raised his voice, while beneath his feet he felt that almost imperceptible oscillation which prefaces the moment when a wreck is about to founder. He said,—

"Pater noster qui es in cœlis."

The Provençal repeated in French,—

"Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux."

The Irishwoman repeated in Gaelic, understood by the Basque woman,—

"Ar nathair ata ar neamh."

The doctor continued,—

"Sanctificetur nomen tuum."

"Que votre nom soit sanctifié," said the Provençal.

"Naomhthar hainm," said the Irish woman.

"Adveniat regnum tuum," continued the doctor.

"Que votre regne arrive," said the Provençal.

"Tigeadh do rioghachd," said the Irishwoman.

As they knelt, the waters had risen to their shoulders. The doctor went on,—

"Fiat voluntas tua."

"Que votre volonté soit faite," stammered the Provençal.

And the Irishwoman and Basque woman cried,—

"Deuntar do thoil ar an Hhalàmb."

"Sicut in cœlo, sicut in terra," said the doctor.

No voice answered him.

He looked down. All their heads were under water. They had let themselves be drowned on their knees.

The doctor took in his right hand the flask which he had placed on the companion, and raised it above his head.

The wreck was going down. As he sank, the doctor murmured the rest of the prayer.

For an instant his shoulders were above water, then his head, then nothing remained but his arm holding up the flask, as if he were showing it to the Infinite.

His arm disappeared; there was no greater fold on the deep sea than on a tun of oil. The snow continued falling.

One thing floated, and went forward, with the waves in shadow—it was the tarred flask, kept afloat by its osier cover.

*(To be continued.)*

# Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

## A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was no more remarkable person in the streets of the Modern Athens twenty years ago than Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the antiquary, the poet, the artist, the wit, the collector of articles of vertu, the conversationalist and letter-writer, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, the Scottish Walpole. He was a descendant of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburne, who had for a progenitor the knight that slew the Red Comyn in company with Robert the Bruce. Among his ancestors he also ranked the Earl of Mar, who married the Lady Marie Stewart; and being thus related to the royal family of Scotland his predilections and tendencies were naturally aristocratic. Having in early youth, whilst at Hoddam Castle in Dumfriesshire, where he was born, drank in the legends and ballads of the Border, recited to him by his old nurse, he, like Scott, became enamoured of the early literature of Scotland, for which, in after years, he did considerable service.

As he stole noiselessly along the streets, dressed in a black surtout of unusual length, a white neckcloth, broad and voluminous, a pair of thin-soled shoes, and silk stockings,—his auburn wig falling in full waves round his head and nearly to his eyes, and grasping a green silk umbrella, tied round the middle, *à la* Gamp, with, not unfrequently, an old book, drawing, or parchment under his arm,—he was "the observed of all observers." Previous to his mother's death his dress was a blue surtout, white neckcloth, nankin trousers and white stockings, and he then resembled still more the old beau clinging to the fashions of his youth. He possessed two green silk umbrellas: the one which he called "Noah's Ark," from its prodigious size, he took with him in his walks in winter to protect him, and, possibly, a friend or two from the deluge, when it came; the other, "the water lily," was of lighter construction, as the name implied, and was unfurled in summer to ward off the passing shower.

To the popular or vulgar mind he was a mystery, a wonder, a sealed book. His pursuits, his learning, his love of research led him away from the sympathies of the crowd; and, except in the matter of ballads, nothing that emanated from his pen or pencil appealed to

their feelings or their modes of thought. It was impossible, therefore, that he could escape a certain amount of misconstruction and ridicule from the unthinking; but to those who could appreciate his inexhaustible store of learning—antiquarian, artistic, and literary—and his never-ending budget of queer and witty stories, he was invaluable and held by them in much esteem; the best proof of which being that he ranked among his friends and correspondents many of the most eminent men of his day.

His taste and style in painting had been formed in the study of the early painters of this country and of Germany, so that he had little sympathy with some of the most admired productions of modern times. His own productiveness was somewhat trammelled by this; for, although not blind to the real beauties of his contemporaries, still the conceits, oddities, and peculiarities of his models had such a fascination for him that he was unable to lay them aside and follow the prevailing taste of the time, or to form a style of his own more in accordance with a growing love for nature and simplicity. In this way it is more than probable that had he possessed the power to subdue or dismiss that feeling of aristocratic pride and love of family descent, which Sir Walter Scott said prevented the profitable exercise of his pencil, he never would have eventually succeeded in securing popularity, so truly are all, or at least nearly all, the drawings he has left addressed to a circle "fit though few." David Scott was of all modern artists the one most admired by him; but he, too, scorned to bring his highly educated taste and notions of high art down to the conventional style which tends to secure popularity.

Of his poetry, that wherein diablerie and witchcraft form the prevailing element is the best; and in this vein he worked often while in friendly intercourse with Monk Lewis and Sir Walter Scott, who were the leaders of the then existing fashion. For examples of this and of his other writings in prose and verse, together with a selection from his etchings and drawings, the reader must be referred to a volume lately published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons;[a] but every one must remember his ballad of "The Murder of Caerlaveroc," which will be read, re-read, and admired as long as the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" holds its place. Apart from the ballads, his favourite poetry was that of Dryden and Pope, and in the artificial, smooth, and finely-rounded verse of Shenstone he took much plea-

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[a] Etchings by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe: with Photographs, from Original Drawings, Poetical and Prose Fragments, and a Prefatory Memoir. Blackwood. 1869.

sure. These had doubtless been held up to him as models in his youth; for were they not in the family circle and in the society where he moved for ever spouted and admired? And as he had learned to joke and sneer like Swift, he learned, also, to become epigrammatic and satirical like Pope. Of his contemporaries, perhaps, Crabbe was the one he admired most, for his versification was modelled more in the school of which he was himself a disciple than was that of any of the others; and his subjects, although often painful and saddening, were not on that account the less congenial. With Wordsworth he had little sympathy, and laughed consumedly at the passage wherein he describes forty kine eating like one. John Wilson's idea—"Like music dried up in the bed of a river"—was to him nonsense: he either did not wish to see the beauty of the line, or his imagination could not pick up the idea conveyed. Of the Lake School, as a whole, he spoke slightingly, but was willing to award to Southey, whom he remembered at Oxford, considerable praise. He did not belong to the innovators, the reformers, the leaders in matters poetic: he looked upon the code of excellence as settled, and loved to go back and dwell upon the beauties and conceits of the older writers.

His conversation and letters were even more remarkable than his poetry and drawings. The store of knowledge gathered from all imaginable and out-of-the-way sources, conveyed in the most lively and often witty and humorous fashion, and in a manner and voice effeminate and odd, rendered the former a great and coveted treat, and gained for him the *sobriquet* of "Conversation Sharpe." Having been for many years a man of fashion when in London and Oxford, associating with the most illustrious and famous men and women of his time, and entering into the gaieties of the aristocracy, especially that portion of it which attached itself to the person of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, he related in his letters the gossips and scandals which he heard with such gusto and piquancy, that they were considered equal to those from the pens of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Horace Walpole. His love of scandal, ancient and modern, was great; and he often regretted that the beauties of his latter years afforded him so little scope for this indulgence. When in London he was present at the first meeting between Byron and Madame de Staël, which he described with his usual dash of burlesque. "Madam was seated opposite the door. When Byron entered she rose, and, throwing herself into an attitude, apostrophised him in true Continental fashion, and harangued him at considerable length upon the beauty of his writings. Byron seemed very little im-

pressed either with the presence or the harangue of the famous Corinne, and had his eyes fixed all the time on young Lady ——, who was very beautiful, and who stood behind Corinne's shoulder." He described Crabbe, whom he met while on a visit to Edinburgh, as a quiet, respectable-looking old gentleman, with black breeches, silk stockings, and white hair. He was in the habit of falling asleep, or rather was suspected of pretending to fall asleep, in the company of ladies, in order that he might hear their remarks upon him and his poetry.

Mr. Sharpe's house in Edinburgh was quite a museum of antiquities, old cabinets, and curiosities of all kinds, so that in one's interviews with him there was no want of a subject upon which his conversation might be turned, varying as it did from "grave to gay, from lively to severe;" now a manuscript, now a miniature, now an old trinket or musical instrument, or it might be the mummy of a mermaid in a glass-case, one of the most absurd *get-ups* imaginable. The guardians of this wonderful collection were Jenny, the housekeeper, and her subordinate, the housemaid, who, he averred, were the plagues of his life, and whom he baptised "Dirt and Destruction;" for, as he said, the one never touched a book or drawing without leaving the mark of her thumb upon it, and the other never commenced dusting operations without breaking some valuable vase or old piece of china. On his walls hung many interesting and historical portraits, along with those of many fair frail ones, by Lely and Kneller, which he prized not so much for the beauty of the painting as for the story which was attached to the subject of each.

When the sale of Lord Orford's collection took place at Strawberry Hill he had several purchases made for him, and on their arrival in Edinburgh the present writer received a note from him asking him to come and see his "Strawberries." Among some of Lely's fair beauties in blue satin was placed Hogarth's famous portrait of Sarah Malcolm, the murderess, who dressed and rouged herself in Newgate before sitting to the artist. The horrible had a charm for him, as several articles in his collection showed. In imitation of Hogarth, he made a drawing of Mary M'Kinnon in the cell of Edinburgh jail previous to her being hanged, which is now in the possession of one of his old friends and admirers in Edinburgh.

The following extract from a letter received by the writer previous to the arrival of the "Strawberries" gives a fair specimen of his fanciful and facetious style:—

"My dear Franco,—Pray suppose a lowering, frownful sky, with half a-dozen thunderstorms grumbling in the distance.

"Pray imagine a dull, sluggish, muddy rivulet, reflecting the gloom above.

"Pray conceive a withered weeping-willow, slowly shedding its yellow leaves upon that dreary stream.

"Pray see yourself,

"Pray perceive me,

"Sitting together under said willow; my briny, weeping, woeful, watery tears swelling the brook, and scalding you.

* * * * * * *

"Have you contrived this? Yes. Then listen, oh, dearest Damon,[b] to thy friend's unutterable distress. On thy sympathising bosom I lean my luckless wig.

"'Hear hell and tremble' (Lord Orford's "Mysterious Mother") I have lost three of my four Strawberries!!

"Don't faint just yet, for I wish to tell you all. The rogue who was to secure the prizes went too late to the Hill, where Mrs. Barry sold for only five guineas, tho' I had named ten; and tho' Sarah *should* be my own and have arrived on Tuesday, I have seen nothing of her as yet. Then, three ladies and a hermaphrodite are invited to see her to-morrow, and Patrick G., his sister, and Miss L. on Saturday. Need I say more? No, now I don't insist on a swoon; but you positively must cry, or I shall never forgive you.

"I am but too much pleased with your poem," &c.

The following lines will also show him in his kind and familiar aspect, free from restraint, when indulging, as there can be no doubt he frequently did, in easy *vers de société*:—

> Franco, though thy Muse bewitches,
>   Still too sombre is her strain;
> Blest with youth's delightful riches,
>   Bards like thee should dumps disdain.
>
> String anew thy dismal lyre
>   With (then bright will be the lay)
> Thine own locks of golden wire—
>   Not with mine of silver grey![c]

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[b] The ellipsis is Mr. Sharpe's. Damon alludes to a Yorkshire pastoral suggested by Mr. S., beginning—

> "Oop, Damon, oop, the sun begins to shoine;
> Coom, let us ring our sheep and shear our swoine."

[c] N.B. I have hair under my wig.

Time enough when years o'erpower thee,
On such themes to muse, and write;
Now the merry world's before thee
Dream of nought but pure delight.

Linnets round thy lute should flutter,
Fanning sweet its lively strings;
Not sad nightingales, that utter
Doleful notes, with drooping wings.

Guess that all is true as Scripture;
Gambol on in harmless glee;
Time will give your Muse a rapture—
Then be grave and sad, like me.

Your true friend,
C. K. S.

He had seen Robert Burns in his boyhood, at Hoddam, and remembered him as being a fine-looking, active fellow, and one likely to be a favourite with the other sex. His father, Mr. Sharpe, was a kind and considerate friend to the poet, and many were the meetings they had at Hoddam and in the neighbourhood, when the violin was produced, on which Mr. Sharpe was a fair performer, and the enlivening and pathetic airs of Scotland played over with great gusto. His mother did not approve of the society of Burns so much as his father, either because of the stories she had heard of him, or from her aristocratic proclivities. Several poems and letters addressed to his father by the poet fell into Mr. Sharpe's hands, which he dearly prized; for he fully appreciated the genius of Burns, although he often took a cynical delight, like many antiquaries, in laying bare the truth—that is, in exposing the faults and failings—of the unhappy bard. But few escaped a little loving thrust in this way when he was in the humour; for instance, a flaw, which he and Lady Scarlet Fury—as he called Lady Charlotte Bury, after she published some of his letters—fancied they had discovered in Sir Walter Scott's family descent, gave much enjoyment for the time. After an animated discussion about the genius, virtues, faults, and failings of Burns, with the writer of this sketch—who was then young, and a palliating, forgiving, enthusiastic admirer of the genius of the poet—he sent him a drawing of Highland Mary, which, it is unnecessary to add, was a caricature. Although himself a satirist and caricaturist of no mean order, he feared beyond measure the caustic pens of his contemporaries; and he never forgave an attack made upon him in this vein.

An aristocrat by birth, in feeling and association, he was also a

man of versatile mind and varied accomplishments, and could for the nonce enter into the humours, notions, and sympathies of the lower orders, as his budget of amusing stories testified, for it was by no means drawn entirely from the life of the upper circles. He frequently meditated writing a volume illustrative of Scottish character, similar to that published since his time by the Very Rev. Dean Ramsay; had he done so, many a racy and laughter-provoking story and anecdote would have been preserved from that oblivion to which, alas! they have for ever passed away. This short sketch of a most remarkable man may be fitly closed by a little characteristic anecdote, which, although perhaps not among his best, possesses nevertheless a sly, *pawky* humour, which might well recommend it to the worthy Dean.

When Charles was young, and residing at Hoddam, he strolled out one day among the cottagers who lived hard by. He spied an old woman sunning herself at her cottage door; and knowing her to be a special gossip, went up to her, and commenced talking about what was going on among the neighbours. The never-failing topic of a marriage was soon brought up; but in this case the bride was said to be well advanced in years. "Bless me, Jenny!" exclaims Master Sharpe, "that beats a'; she might be my grandmother. When do the women, Jenny, gie ower thinking about the men?" "Ha! 'deed, Mr. Charles," replies the toothless crone, seeing the drift of the young wag; "'deed, Mr. Charles, you maun e'en gang and ask some ane mair knicket i' the horn than me."

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the dilettante, the scholar, was modest and sensitive, polished in manners, a perfect gentleman in feeling. In conversation he was inexhaustible, but he never became a bore, and he never betrayed impatience in listening to others. His judgment, like his memory, was clear and unclouded; and his letters and conversation, however brimful of fun and fancy, were ever tempered with good counsel and sound advice. He was fond of the society of the young, and to the rising artist, or half-fledged author, he was ever ready to lend his aid. Dr. Chambers, in his late edition of the "Traditions of Edinburgh," has paid a grateful and graceful tribute to this amiable quality of heart.

# THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society may be said to have had its origin in a conversation at the Smithfield Club dinner of 1837, over which the first Earl Spencer presided. About a month later Mr. Handley wrote to the President from Culverthorpe on forming a "National Agricultural Association," which was to take the place of the defunct Board of Agriculture (of which Sir John Sinclair had been the guardian spirit); and on May 9th the opening meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Chichester, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir James Graham attended, and Sir Robert proposed the resolution to keep clear of all politics. Eight peers, including the Duke of Wellington, were on the first list of 265 members, which extended from Acland to Youatt, and numbered Allan Ransome, Cuthbert Johnson, and the late John Ellman and Fisher Hobbs, those names so familiar to the agricultural ear. In two years, the 265 had become 4000; and at Derby, in 1843, the Society had reached its zenith, as regards members, with 7000. During 1846 the list stood at 6429, but the subscription arrears were 2488*l.* Mr. Philip Pusey contributed the opening paper to the journal on the "Present State of the Science of Agriculture in England," and Earl Spencer followed with his favourite stock subjects, the "Selection of the Male Animal" and the "Gestation of Cows." His lordship dwelt much in the former on the wide chest and thick brisket as infallible symptoms of constitution in a bull, the necessity of large, full muscles on each side of the back-bone, just behind the top of the shoulder, and outside the thigh nearly to the hough, and the wisdom of only using him as a steer getter, if he failed to get four or five calves with a family likeness. His lordship's calving tables were equally elaborate. On the light sand or peaty meadows of Wiseton, whose herd formed his basis of calculation, he had never known a cow carry a bull-calf more than 299 days, whereas she had gone with a heifer fully a fortnight longer.

It was at *Oxford*, once only destined to be a resting-place for

drovers, but now "a city of palaces, towers, trees, and pleasant waters," in short "all light and sweetness," as Matthew Arnold has it, that the Society entered upon its labours in the July of '39. People remembered the "two days' farming" visits which they had paid annually to Woburn, Holkham, or Workington, and accepted this new institution as a farming congress on a larger scale,—an annual going up to a rural Jerusalem. The members were a more social race thirty years ago. Instead of breaking up into dinner knots in their lodgings or hotels, there was a large council dinner, as well as a public banquet. As a chronicler of that day observes:—"'The most approved wheats in England,' 'the wheel or swing plough,' 'drawing turnips to yards,' and 'shed feeding for sheep,' were treated of; and Earl Spencer was radiant with information. 'The paper I hold in my hand is two-thirds of it twitch.' About 2500 took 'the gay ticket for Queens' on the banquet day: grave dons joined in the chorus of

> 'Here's to the cow and the two-handled plough,
> Here's to the fleece and the fork, sir;'

and the Vice-Chancellor promised the company that in less than two years Oxford should have a Professor of Agriculture. Daniel Webster was the great orator of the hour, and told in his massive Saxon how he had 'come over to see the elder branch of my family, and pass one day among the farmers of England—Old England' (immense cheering), 'of which I have been reading and conversing all my life.' Mr. Grantham returned thanks, when Mr. Handley had read out the winners' list, as owner of the first-prize Southdown; and, after firing a broadside into the 'Kents,' he declared himself open to show one or four rams of his own breeding for 100 gs. a side against the world. Sir Thomas Acland said that none of the fifteen red and all-reds were from North Devon; but he claimed Dr. Buckland as a Devon man, and the Doctor was 'put up' on bone-dust and the subsoil plough."

Daniel Webster made a safe prophecy when he saw in the spirit, after dinner, "Bates on the banks of the Ohio and its tributary streams," as the Kirklevington philosopher won the first prize in every shorthorn class (of which there were only five), except that for bull calf, and many said that his Fourth Duke of Northumberland (1940) was as good as the thousand-guinea Comet of the Ketton sale. The two dozen Herefords were only two short in number of the shorthorns; and Jeffries of the Grove with his Cotmore, the Rev. T. R. Smythies, and J. Hewer, all won. The fifteen Devons were all from Somersetshire, and Messrs. Peters and Paull (with a bull of Davy blood) headed them. S. Bennett, Earl, Archer, and Umbers came

to the front in Leicesters, when ewes with lambs made a fourth class; Crisp was equal with Grantham in Southdown ram honours; C. Large led in every class of Oxfords or Cotswolds, save the ewes and lambs, where J. Hewer came out; and the Hon. Shaw Lefevre took the boar prize to Hants.

The chief feature of the *Cambridge* (1840) council dinner was Professor Buckland's lecture on Italian Rye-grass; and Professor Whewell showed how "every kiss of toothed wheels" had been framed in pursuance of a suggestion from the Jacksonian chair. Mr. Bates won in the cow class with Red Rose 13th, afterwards Cambridge Premium Rose. Mr. Jacques's stylish bull Clementi, from the celebrated Parkinson's Cassandra, was also a popular shorthorn winner; the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Jonas Webb (who had just refused 100 gs. for a ram lamb) took maiden firsts with Southdowns, and Mr. Fisher Hobbs with his black Essex pigs, a breed of his special creation between the Neapolitan and the native Essex. He won so often with them, that he positively "blushed to find it fame," and at last would show no more.

As great a shorthorn breeder as Mr. Bates arose at *Liverpool* the next year (1841) in Mr. John Booth, the genial owner of Killerby, near Catterick, and one of the very finest shorthorn judges of the century. He had duly warned his rival that he had "a rod in pickle" for him, and he arrived on the banks of the Mersey with Mantalina as his heifer in calf, and Bracelet—which had recently calved Buckingham, by Colonel Cradock's Mussulman—as his cow. Mr. Bates's cow had no chance with her, and "the philosopher" in his despair might well, not exactly "hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs," but throw a horse-rug over her quarters, when she again met Bracelet with the same result that summer at Berwick-upon-Tweed. At Liverpool, the then Lord Stanley proposed the toast of the Royal Agricultural Society in the speech of the evening, and announced the advent of guano from Ichaboe. Implements made a decisive mark here. A multitude of members flocked to Aintree to see Mr. Smith of Deanstown's original subsoil plough, "with grain drill if required," as well as his "chain brush or web harrow;" but Messrs. Ransome's steam engine for thrashing was "the great novelty of the meeting." Wedlake's dibbler, Biddell's expanding harrows, Garrett's horse hoe, Hornsby's drills, Croskill's clodcrusher and manure cart, and Howard's patent wrought-iron harrows, all "drew" well. Butchers duly pondered over Mr. Charles Hillyard's scale for cattle weights, which gave 6 ft. 6 in. of girth x by 5 ft. 8 in. in length = 57 st. 2 lbs. of 14 lbs. 100 st. of 8 lbs. = 10 score per quarter.

Mr. Parkinson's Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Mr. Booth's Necklace, were shorthorn celebrities at *Bristol* (1842) where the old and the new lights in Southdown breeding, S. Grantham and Jonas Webb, met, to the discomfiture of the former, who, like most of the Sussex men, were dreadfully jealous that a Cambridge farmer should give a new reading of their sheep. Both the Quartlys and James Davy came on to the scene as winners, with their Devons, and the first symptoms of the coming glories of Cumberland bacon displayed themselves in the victory of a sow of Mr. Thomlinson's, bred at Solway House. A picture was published of the Society's principal members, as they appeared in the implement trial field, with the Channel in the distance; but, alas! in only seven-and-twenty years, "the flowers of the forest" have been nearly all "wed awa'."

There were 878 entries of stocks at *Derby* (1843), and 700 of implements, and 1400 people attended the dinner in the pavilion. Still there were the elements of decay, and the expenses exceeded the receipts by 1700*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* Mr. Allen Ransome made a memorable speech on the subject of implement trials; "the Derby ram," between whose horns "you could turn a coach and four, sir," did full duty; and Lord Morpeth, fresh from his Transatlantic rambles, told how "John, the elder bull, must work hard to come up with Jonathan, the lusty yearling."

Mr. Crofton, who shares with the late Mr. Richard Booth the reputation of being the first to prepare cattle very highly in the house for shows, came out well with his shorthorns; and Mr. Perry (of whom Mr. Monkhouse used to say, in the words of *Punch*, after beating him at Worcester, "*I'm the man to 'polish off old Perry'* "), won his first Hereford prize. Mr. Rigden tried his luck against Mr. Jonas Webb, and was kindly advised by an exhibitor, whom he lived to beat, to tie his Southdown candidate round his neck, and fling himself into the handiest pond. In fact he lived to beat Mr. Webb more than once, and to take the gold medal both at Battersea and the Smithfield club. So much for reproof and edifying!

Lord Palmerston had not then thought of his happy definition of dirt "only something in the wrong place," or he would infallibly have produced it at the *Southampton* dinner in 1844. One passage of Baron Bunsen's address was long remembered, in which he spoke of England as "a blessed country—the old ever new, the new ever combined with old." We read of

> "The rout the sea gods keep,
> Their swaggering in the Solent deep,"

but the farm-yard gods were more simple in their habits. Earl Spencer might be seen with his coat off, busily placing the stock in the yard, and pausing with rapture when Mr. John Booth's Birthday was ushered into her stall, and when Mr. Richard Booth first showed his hand with the beautiful yearling, Bud. The Hampshire Downs took up a firm position, with Messrs. Humfrey and Rawlence as their champions, and Mr. Pusey's double winnings, with Berkshires, brought him up to return thanks for the winners at the banquet. Never had the Society or agriculture a firmer or more genial friend. In Scotland they knew him, and remember him well, and we read of "the bold range of the Lammermoors, which Mr. Pusey skirted on his second agricultural visit to East Lothian."

At *Shrewsbury* (1845), Cramer (6907) and Ladythorn, one bred by Mr. Parkinson and the other by Mr. John Booth, brought a double first to Mr. J. B. Stanhope, M.P., in the shorthorn classes.

"Shrops" had then taken up no position, and the Duke of Richmond gave Mr. Samuel Grantham a fall with Southdowns, after which the latter never showed again. His grace, who was beaten in his turn by Mr. Jonas Webb, was very jocular after dinner against the amount of ash-trees in the county, and Earl Spencer, standing on the table, where the duke had challenged him to get, when the joy-bells almost drowned his voice, made the speech which proved his farewell. Before another anniversary he was laid to rest at Althorp. One of his genial, homely sentences, at the dinner is well remembered yet: "*Farming suits every taste; those who like grumbling can grumble, and those who wish to be pleased can be so to the full.*"

Some of the shorthorn men had a remarkably pleasant time of it at *Newcastle* in 1846. The late Mr. Naters placed his house at their disposal, and erected a marquee on the lawn. His boast was that all the shorthorn prizes save one went to his guests. Nothing would make him play the host. It was his whim to entertain and receive no thanks. He would steal in early in the morning to see Mr. and Miss Wetheral, who were in charge, and adjure them that they should order in whatever seemed lacking, and of the very best. Even at night, when the visitors adjourned to the marquee to talk over the events of the day, he was never within hail to hear his health drunk in sherry-cobblers, pick-me-ups, and "moral suasions." On the evening of the banquet the office was given that there would be a special Nater's omnibus at the door of the pavilion, to bring back the party, and a quick eye spied the host indulging in the luxury of driving his visitors home *incog.* There was no calling him in front of the curtain when the week was over, and if he had not

died the year before the Society met again at Newcastle, he would doubtless have repeated the performance. All he would receive were portraits of the first prize shorthorn bull and cow. The old class of shorthorn bulls was a splendid lot, headed as they were by Hopper's Belville, the first of the year, in "the grand tour" of England, Scotland, and Ireland." He had a beautiful soft and mole-like touch, and the most fastidious could only dwell on a slight droop in his quarters. Mr. Wetheral won in a younger class of twenty-five entries, with Emperor, bred by Mr. Hutton, of Gate Burton; and Mr. Richard Booth took his first Royal cow prize with Hope, a beast of very deep flesh and wonderful loin, but rather strong in the horn. His brother John was "all there" with the beautiful white Gem, in the two-year-old heifer class, and his Necklace and Birthday were first and second in the extra stock. Mr. Robert Burgess followed up some previous Leicester successes by beating Mr. Pawlett; and G. Turner's (1), R. Smith's (2), was the verdict in a class of thirty-seven shearlings, "as good as ever Bakewell bred." Mr. John Grey, of Dilston, made one of his best speeches in returning thanks for the tenant farmer, and pointed out there was no limit to agricultural improvement, if the tenants had only leases and security for outlay, and Lord Morpeth congratulated the Northumbrians that "the herds and flocks of their Scottish neighbours could now descend the valley of the Tyne in more peaceful guise," than

> "When moss-troopers rode the hill,
> When the watchman gazed from ward and keep,
> And bugles blew for Belted Will."

That neat red bull, Captain Shaftoe, the sire of many equally neat "women in red," had Hamlet, the bull which Mr. John Booth always esteemed his best, second to him at *Northampton* (1847). Cherry Blossom, Isabella, Buckingham, and the yearling Charity, swept off three firsts to the Warlaby stalls, but Mr. John Wright, one of the judges, complained about them being so fearfully fat. In the old ram class, Mr. Robert Smith kept up the prestige of the Burley-on-the Hill pastures, and he was second with his shearling gimmers to Mr. Sanday, who here took his maiden Royal first, and had such a prosperous sixteen years lease of Fortune. Mr. Fisher Hobbs made a great effort, and swept away all the firsts for the small breed of black pigs, and then rested pretty much on his laurels.

After a long absence, Mr. Bates could not resist one more appearance when the Society came to *York*, (1848), but he was only second, with his bull in the local class, to Mr. Ambler. Mr. Richard

Booth's Hope took a first of the same stamp, but as if to show the mutability of fortune his Isabella Buckingham was beaten by Violet, a cow of only two pure crosses. The beautiful Charity was resistless both for Royal and local firsts, and in a Royal pair with British Queen; and Mr. Borton's Leicester pen were seen for the first time with the orange card above it. Lord George Bentinck was on the ground, pale and worn with a fruitless political fight, and in another two months he was gone; and even Sir Tatton Sykes was tempted into a short speech at the dinner. He did not show anything, but he saw Lanercost, and one or two other distinguished blood sires behind a four year old of Mr. George Holmes's.

Professor Sedgwick was in his happiest vein at the council dinner at *Norwich*, (1849), at which pleasant city—where Erskine made his last great speech—the shorthorn judges failed to perceive any merit in the young bull class, which counted Hopewell among its numbers. Charity took her Royal first for the third year in succession; Mr. Price was great in yearling Hereford bulls, and Norfolk showed such a good front with the Devons, that two firsts and four seconds out of the ten prizes stayed in the county. Norwich is, as it were, in an elbow of the land, with "the melancholy ocean" on one side, and the Wash on the other, but still it supported the Society as Coke's county should. As regards finance, the Society were only 7*l.* on the wrong side, whereas at York with George Hudson at his zenith, they were hit for 1126*l.*

The council dinner was done away with at *Exeter*, (1850), where Mr. Lawrence, the American ambassador, was the chief guest, and Soyer provided the banquet. Mr. Lawrence spoke of "the rich, red soil, the beautiful red cattle, and the fine red cloaks of the country, once so celebrated in poetry and prose." The Quartly Brothers, with four firsts and two seconds, proved doughty Devon champions; and Lord Berwick made a good mark with his Hereford females. Mr. Wilson's two year old heifer, Beauty of Brawith, always had a crowd round her, and Colonel Towneley made his Norwich footing sure with the first and second prize yearlings, Butterfly and Ruby. It was Abraham (1), Sanday (2), in every Leicester class, and Mr. W. Lane's name became associated with those of Mr. G. Hewer, Mr. Garne, and Mr. C. Large, in the winning Cotswold and "New Oxford" ranks.

Butterfly and Ruby held their places in the two year-old class in the meadows under *Windsor* Castle, in 1851, and Plum Blossom, eight months gone in calf with the renowned bull Windsor, proved the fourth Buckingham cow which had taken first class Royal

honours for Mr. Richard Booth. A modest third indicated that a Scottish tenant farmer, Mr. Douglas, of Athelstaneford, was beginning to fight for his own hand. Mr. George Turner, a constant shower and winner from the first, was nearly in as much force with his Devon females as Lord Berwick with his Hereford bulls; Mr. M'Combie opened his southern career well with his Anguses, and Mr. Catlin was first and second in the old class of Suffolk sires.

Mr. John Booth, who sold his herd in the September of that year at an average of only 51*l.* for forty-four, won his last bull prize at *Lewes* (1852), with Red Knight in the young class. Then Colonel Towneley and Mr. Richard Booth closed, and had a series of heavy exchanges. In the cow class, the former was first and second with Butterfly and Alice; Rose Blossom then turned the tide for Warlaby, when she met Queen of Hearts, and her herd mate, Bridesmaid, went down before the Colonel's Frederica. Mr. Sanday was second to himself in every Leicester class, and Mr. W. Lane first in every Cotswold class; and amid those "cuplike hollows of the downs," the Earl of Chichester kept up the county's native honours with two firsts for Southdowns.

The entry of implements rose to 2032 at *Gloucester* (1853), where Mr. Stratton's shorthorns began to take up a position. Firsts with Windsor and Bridesmaid, and seconds with Rose Blossom and Peach Blossom were Mr. Richard Booth's portion; and Mr. Turner's Devons, Mr. Lugar's Southdowns, Lord Wenlock's small white pigs, and Mr. Sadler's Berkshires, were all successes. Bobby, the pony, of the Midlands, and the very Whalebone of his race, was here in all his glory, and in later years he did much towards creating the Exmoor cob. Nothing came amiss to him, he would go well to hounds, or carry children, or draw a bush harrow, or go for the coals, as long as he had a leg to go with.

Beauty, Roan Duchess 2nd, and Master Butterfly, then a calf, were the pride of Towneley at *Lincoln* (1854); but Mr. Douglas beat their Vestris with his yearling Rose of Summer, one of the most perfect shaped beasts that ever judge looked over. Mr. Philip Turner and Mr. Rea brought their Herefords to some purpose; Lord Walsingham took his first Royal prize in the Southdown gimmer class; and Mr. J. Clark swept off all the money for Lincoln sheep. The Speaker took the blood sire prize with Loutherbourg, and poor Dick Stockdale could hardly believe his ears when he was told that the Maroon of his heart—the horse who won the Leger at the grand Stand, with pounds to spare, and gave it up to his infirm stable mate,

Launcelot, on the post, so as to keep faith with the declaration—might leave the ring.

Sir James Graham was entrusted with the toast of "Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce," when the Society "roused the burghers of *Carlisle*" (1855). The green crops looked so well, that Mr. H. S. Thompson observed that they made him break one of the commandments, but the weather was so wet, that he declared the turnips must have been sown with "water proof seeds." Mr. Richard Booth's Windsor, a long narrow bull, with a great deal of fine character, but lacking breadth of hip, was first, as he was also at Glasgow; and Colonel Towneley beat Mr. Fawkes's John O'Groat with Master Butterfly. Booth's Bridesmaid (1), and Douglas's Rose of Summer (2), were the first in the cow classes; and Towneley's Roan Duchess 2nd (1), and Booth's Bride Elect (2), in the heifers in calf. James Quartly took three Devon prizes, and Lord Berwick three Hereford ones, and Mr. Monkhouse's cow, Victory, gladdened the blind old man on his visit to his Cumbrian friends. He was born there, and left Penrith when the century was young, to push his fortunes with a cousin on the verge of Radnorshire. Then came the operation, and then that ill-starred journey outside the mail, which cost him his sight. Mr. Wainman won at Carlisle his first H. C. for pigs, and the local pig breeders, Messrs. Watson and Jonathan Brown, came out very strong with the Cumberland small breed. British Yeoman was lame, or Ravenhill, with his strange fore-legs, would never have beaten him for the Mayor's Cup; and Mr. Charles Philipps, of Cracrop, won with a very grand grey cart horse, whose stock did little good.

*Chelmsford* (1856), saw the last of Master Butterfly, when he was pitted against Grand Turk, a big heavy-fleshed bull, who nearly overpowered him. Colonel Towneley headed the cow class with Roan Duchess 2nd, and Blanche 6th, and the heifer in calf class with Victoria; while Mr. Richard Booth's first prize yearling heifer was the lovely Queen of the May. H. R. H. the Prince Consort took a maiden first for his Devon bull; Mr. Cresswell made his maiden appearance, and took a second in the Leicester ranks, and Lord Walsingham hardened his position with two firsts and two seconds for Southdowns. Mr. Jonas Webb was quite out of it, and was beaten for the first prize in shearling rams by Mr. Henry Overman, of Weasenham, Norfolk; and British Yeoman took the first prize blood sire honours. The Society's honours never fell upon a more useful horse. He filled Cumberland with clever hunting browns, which the dealers loved; and it was observed that if he ever

got a chestnut, it had white up to its hocks, and was always a good one.

The blood sire prize fell next year at *Salisbury* (1857), to the lot of the 6500*l.* Hobbie Noble, in a class which comprised Spencer (2), and the beautiful Theon (3). The latter was a perfect study, as he stood neighing all day in a fret, with every vein in his body distended. His owner, Mr. Pishey Snaith, loved him so dearly, that he used to get up every night, and take him half a loaf of bread. The hack sire class was headed by Hotspur, the horse which ran Flying Dutchman to a neck for the Derby; and the grey cart sire was quite a trump card for Penrhyn. Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's John O' Groat, "the finest big bull I ever saw," according to Mr. Wetheral, was too much in the old class for another very good one, Lord Feversham's Gloster's Grand Duke, and Mr. Fawkes, who bred him, had as good a first prize winner in Sir Edmund Lyons, as Mr. Majoribanks in Great Mogul. There was a very severe struggle between Mr. Douglas's Rose of Athelstane and Mr. Booth's Queen of the May, with victory for the former. Lord Bateman was strong in Hereford winners, and James Davy's Napoleon, and James Quartly's Graceful, true types of what a Devon should be. As usual, Mr. Jonas Webb "rose greater from defeat the year before," and was not to be touched in the ram classes; and Mr. Sanday's monopoly of the Bakewell honours was complete. "The Shrops," with which Mr. S. Meire, and Mr. S. Adney, were successful, began to forge ahead from this year; and Mr. W. B. Canning was most distinguished with Hampshire Downs.

*Chester* (1858), saw the Booth star in the ascendant once more, with the slashing Nectarine Blossom, and Queen of the Isles; against whom ten of Colonel Towneley's yearling heifers were arrayed in vain. Mr. Douglas headed the heifer in calf class with Second Queen of Trumps; which, with 400 guineas on her head, was food for sharks before another six months came round; Lord Feversham's Fifth Duke of Oxford, and the Champion of Bates, had handling good enough to satisfy even Anthony Maynard; and Royal Butterfly made his first appearance, as a highly commended calf. Mr. Hill's Claret, a very thick bull, was a great feature in the Hereford ranks, and Mr. J. Rea won with the grand, cloggy Bella, and Czarina. H. R. H. the Prince Consort took two Devon seconds with The Zouave and the Colonel, and John Quartly was very great with his Picture and his Milkmaid. Lady Pigot's showyard fame dawned with her West Highland bull Llewellyn's Chief. The Penrhyn Castle home farm was well represented by its Welsh runts as well as its Cheviot and

Welsh sheep; Chester Emperor made himself an enduring name among the Suffolk "bare legs"; and the Brothers Crane began their splendid series of first prize Shropshire gimmers. At the dinner Mr. Gladstone spoke, and "*Oh! charming!*" was the Bishop of Oxford's comment when he saw Spencer with the orange ribbons on his head. The decision with Canute was reversed at Northallerton the next month, when Spencer went and looked as badly as horse could do, and Canute was openly "doctored" before going into the ring so as to get his hatchet head up.

Mr. Stratton's Matchless 4th was accepted at *Warwick* (1859) as quite a model of what a milch cow should be; and Queen of the Isles, patchy and barren, could no longer hold her own with either Fidelity, Pearl, or Emma. Mr. Grundy's Faith was the first yearling heifer, and Captain Gunter's Duchess 77th made a modest first appearance as third. The Prince Consort's Flemish Farm took a first prize with the Hereford bull Maximus, and the struggle of Claret and Severn is talked of yet among the adherents of the "white and mottle faces." A future Leicester winner, Colonel Inge, first showed his hand here with a third for gimmers. In vain did Mr. Valentine Barford show his "only true Bakewells" shorn, and with a pedigree placard over their heads. No judge or buyer would take to the little things, and poor George Newton, Mr. Sanday's shepherd, put it confidentially to a friend, whether they hadn't a touch of the goat. Still they were shorn fair, and that was a good deal more than many others were. It was the Duke of Richmond's week with Southdowns, as Mr. Jonas Webb and Mr. Rigden found to their cost. Nothing but Cotswolds were entered in "the other long wool classes," and in "the other short wool" produced some curious results. The Shropshires had carried the day in the West country downs' own county, whereas now the latter (Mr. Humphrey's) beat all the Oxford Downs in the shearling ram class, and separated the Oxford Down (Druce) and the Shrop (Adney) in that for old rams. The Royal Home Farm took two firsts with pigs of the small sort, and Mr. Harrison, as usual, with large; and Mr. Wainman's maiden Royal first was achieved with a pen of five in the special classes.

The long-anticipated struggle came off at *Canterbury* (1860) between the two roan bulls from Lancashire, Royal Butterfly and Prince of Prussia, and the county society's fiat was confirmed. The twins Duchess 78th and 79th were the great attraction of the yard, with "Claret from Clifton bins" playing third to them. Sir Benjamin was beaten in the Hereford classes, and Mr. Barthropp's Canterbury Pilgrim and his two-year-old filly were rare specimens of the cherry

reds. Mr. Jonas Webb, who was mettled up by his Chester defeat, made his final effort, and stood 1, 2, 3, and reserve in both the Southdown ram classes; and the Kentish flock masters found a good local champion in Mr. F. Murton. By some mistake, Mr. Stearn did not enter his pigs in time, and hence he appeared like a peri at the gate of paradise, with a sow and eleven pigs in a model piggery, and drove a very fine trade.

There was a wonderful old bull class at Leeds (1861), with Lord Feversham's Skyrocket and Mr. Langston's Royal Turk at its head. The former was presented to the soup pot of the distressed operatives of Leeds during the next winter, after realising an infinity of sixpences by being shown for their benefit. Twins have been the making of many a herd; John Booth's, Captain Gunter's, Colonel Towneley's, to wit, and now Mr. Charles Howard won his first Royal prize with a twin bull. Duchesses 77th, 78th, and 83rd, headed three of the female classes; and Sir Richard, Milton, and Perry's Beauty, then a yearling heifer, were Hereford "plums." The horse show was remarkable from the fact that Jonas Webb, after being at the top of the tree with sheep and shorthorns, now won with a Suffolk sire. The hunters were a very remarkable collection, and "many a moon may come and wane ere we see the like again" of Adam Bede, Emerald Isle, Neck or Nothing, and Overplus together. The 100*l.* prize for blood sires was first given here, and old Sir John Barleycorn, "well known with the Queen's Hounds," was second to Nutbourne. In the pig classes, Harrison, jun., Sexton, and Crisp, did their best in honour of pig-loving Yorkshire, and Wainman's Middle breed sow, Silverhair, was quite a bacon queen.

H. H. D.

*(To be continued.)*

# Paupers and Pauperism.

IN a former article on the great social problem of the day, I endeavoured to show that "Pauperism, although aggravated by vicious social arrangements and erroneous legislation, is mainly the result of defective physical, moral, and intellectual development, and cannot be treated without reference to the causes which produce it." It is to be diminished mainly by education and improved external conditions of morality and health. It is now proposed to examine the erroneous legislation and vicious social arrangements, in order to see in what respect they lower the physical and moral condition of the poor, and to determine hereafter in what direction improvements may hopefully be made.

Preliminary to this inquiry it is necessary that we should have a correct view of the relation between the Government and the subject in hand. "It had been good for the well-being of States," says Dr. Chalmers, "if legislation had at all times confined itself within its own proper boundaries. By stepping beyond these, it has often marred the interest it meant to provide for, and inflicted a sore distemper on human society. This is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than by the poor law of England." It has also been said, I think by Mr. J. S. Mill, that it is no part of the business of Poor Laws to undertake to raise the moral and physical condition of the people, and if the remark be true of the community at large, it must be still more so for each individual. Pauperism being the result of individual defect, cannot, therefore, be a proper subject for active legal action. It is utterly impossible to make men healthy, industrious, frugal, and affectionate by Act of Parliament. For all these the individual must be held completely responsible, and all the law can do is to enforce this responsibility with even-handed justice as between man and man, and the last thing it should do is to take any portion of the burden from the shoulders of those who are capable of bearing it, or of doing anything which by its action may lower the conditions upon which complete independence depends.

Now the first great blot of the English Poor Law, as amended in the year 1834, and now administered by the Poor Law Board, is that the destitute person has an absolute right to relief, no matter whether

the state of destitution be self-induced or not. This right is neither charity nor justice. Charity it cannot be when an individual may claim subsistence by simply denuding himself of all that he possessed. The thieving vagrant hides his little hoard of money in a ditch, and with empty pockets impudently demands both food and shelter in the casual ward as an irresistible legal right. The west-end tailor, earning his three or four pounds per week during the London season, squanders it in drunkenness and riot, and in the winter presents himself before the guardians destitute and entitled to relief. Can any thing be more certain than that a universal guarantee against starvation must relax the strongest law of nature—the law of self-preservation? Such a guarantee destroys the absolute necessity of toil. There is no longer any motive for abstinence, thrift, and foresight; and there is no longer a restraint on the gratification of present appetites. A man cannot reasonably be expected to accumulate his savings against the evil day, if that day is already provided for by the institutions of his country. In Sheffield, where wages are generally high, the habits of the workmen are drunken and demoralised. St. Monday is religiously observed, and the general excuse is, that there is a refuge in the workhouse when all is gone.

Nor is the right of destitution to relief consistent with justice between man and man. It seems to me a very curious paradox that political economists should see no difficulty in according the right to food and yet refuse the right to earn that food by honourable labour. To my thinking it is a monstrous injustice to tax the hard-won earnings of the industrious and thrifty to support the idle and improvident whenever, and as often as, the latter choose to make the claim. And when the former have themselves been reduced to destitution by the payments they have been forced to make, is it consistent to treat them both alike, to offer them the same workhouse, to give them the same coarse diet, and to shut them up in close association night and day? Such treatment is an injustice, found in no other country upon earth. It is moral torture, which rather than suffer many prefer to die.

But it is important to observe that the right to support was never accorded to the poor by Act of Parliament, and that it rests exclusively upon orders of the Poor Law Board. The law of Elizabeth gives no such right, and yields nothing inconsistent either with the rights of property or the moral law. It held that the right to live could only be granted as the result of labour, and in order to ensure every able-bodied man against the plea of destitution, it offered him that labour. No honest man, however destitute, asks

more than this, and the idle and improvident have no greater claim. Life itself may not be forced upon any man who objects to take it on degrading terms, and he who has it in his power and will to pay by service for that upon which his life and health depend, ought not to be forced to accept it as an alms. Public economy and justice, therefore, require alike that the man who demands relief, by law must be compelled to return an equivalent in work.

But it was urged that a great discovery was made in these modern times, whereby the guarantee of support has been freed from its injurious effects upon the minds and habits of the people.

It may be regarded as irrevocably established, says Mr. Stuart Mill, that the fate of no member of the community needs to be abandoned to chance; that society can, and therefore ought to ensure every individual against the extreme of want; that the condition even of those who are unable to find their own support, needs not be one of physical suffering or the dread of it, but only one of restricted indulgence and enforced rigidity of discipline. These conditions are supposed to be supplied by the English workhouse; now I object to this conclusion, because it recognises only one phase of human character. It deals exclusively with the base and selfish motives of mankind, and tramples ruthlessly upon the finer and nobler instincts, which are at least equal in power to the others, and are the true incentives to independence, and the successful antidotes to pauperism. No one would desire to make the condition of the dependent man more eligible than that of those who maintain themselves even by the lowest kind of work. But the question of eligibility cannot be determined by restricted indulgence or enforced discipline, since the estimate of those conditions depends on the previous education and habits of the man to whom the alternative is offered.

He who has been born and educated in a workhouse regards it as his home. He does not feel the restricted indulgence, because he has no experience of a greater liberty, nor is the enforced discipline irksome, because it is the habit of his life. So also, as regards the out-door poor: if the child has been sent to the workhouse two or three times a week to fetch the dole of bread, he loses the fear of what otherwise might be a hateful institution, and will assuredly become a pauper for the rest of life; whilst the deserving poor, as yet uncontaminated by workhouse association, dreads its horrors, and submits to restrictions of his food and comforts, compared with which the workhouse provision is luxurious, and prefers rather to die than enter. To make a voluntary restriction of liberty and indulgence

the condition of relief to destitution is to confer a direct advantage upon the demoralised man. The impudent and imposing pauper, whose very destitution may have been caused by the neglect of opportunities or the commission of a crime, glories in getting with ease that which is despised and neglected by the shamefaced and deserving poor.

But it becomes in practice impossible to keep the standard of living in a workhouse below that of the independent labourer of the lowest class; nay, it is often superior to that of the ratepayers themselves. Inside its walls the anxiety of mere existence is at an end, since sufficiency is secured. Here, for the most part, there is a life of idleness, with good fires, clean and comfortable beds, warm clothes, and food not always of the coarsest kind. A man, his wife, and family cost, on the average, five shillings per week each for maintenance,—it may be three times the amount for which he would be content to labour without parish help. The worse the character of the individual the more likely is he to be content with such conditions. If he goes out he will be compelled to work and suffer: he will see his children starve in mind and in body without a hope of help; but let him remain, and they will be sent to a school at 20*l.* a year? Is it reasonable to expect men to retain their independence under such temptation? The law thus supports an active demoralising agency, which, if our premises be true, aggravates the evil it is intended to check if not remove.

But in offering to every destitute man food and shelter, as the alternative to cold and want, it was never intended that the former should be generally taken; indeed, this was the great advantage which the alternative was supposed to give. Thus it was confidently predicted that no able-bodied man, much less men with the spirit of independence, would consent to take more than the most temporary shelter on such hard and generally offensive terms. Morally speaking, the arrangement was intended as a sham. If the workhouse is accepted, the man is fed but pauperised; if refused, he is compelled to starve. The only alternative, in the latter case, is for the labourer to set out on tramp. Indeed, this was considered the great advantage of the workhouse test. It was confidently predicted by the Poor Law Commissioners, that "when a local industry was overcharged with labourers, or the latter were in excess of the demand, that the more moveable would be driven away to other localities in search of work." Undoubtedly, under such circumstances, it is desirable that some of the labourers should go away, but surely nothing could be more monstrous, cruel, or unreasonable than to induce a destitute

man to set out upon an empty stomach and an empty purse, without telling him where to go or how to live upon the road.

No doubt there are "hound kennels" and "rabbit hutches" at every workhouse where a batten of filthy straw and a dole of bread may possibly be had; and if not there, the prison doors will open at the commission of a crime. In hopeless ignorance I have known a shipbuilder from the Thames tramp to Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, and back again to London with no better prospect at any of those places than he had when he first set out. And what is the inevitable result upon the man? His habits are unsettled, his family and local ties are loosened, his character is degraded by forced association with vagabonds and thieves; and his health, and consequently his power and will to work, are all destroyed by the privations he is compelled to undergo. Slowly, but surely, he acquires the constitution and habits of the confirmed vagrant. Under the alternations of want and plenty, of luxury and wretchedness, of cold and heat, of freedom and imprisonment, he at length breaks down and presents himself at the workhouse door fully qualified by law to the right of admission and to an amount of comfort equal to that which the industrious unfortunate obtains, simply from want of friends. It is quite impossible to conceive a more successful process for the destruction of the physical and moral condition of an able bodied man. We may have devised the means of putting an end to the aid-of-wages' system, which was the curse of the parochial administration, but we have made tramping the alternative of detention in a workhouse; we have encouraged indiscriminate almsgiving by legalising vagabondage; we have driven the poor into the towns, which have at least the reputation of affording work; and we are afraid to put the law of vagrancy in force, lest we should fill our expensive gaols with the perpetrators of petty crimes.

But the Poor Law "Test of Destitution," the offer of the workhouse, fails most conspicuously when it is most required; that is, when widely-spread distress, induced by depression of trade or by a general state of ignorance, depravity, and disease, exists amongst the lower orders in large towns. Under such circumstances, the workhouses, however large, are soon filled, and home relief becomes a necessity. A new test was under these circumstances indispensably required. This has been devised by the Poor Law Board, and is called "The Labour Yard." The rules in these yards are nearly uniform. An able-bodied man, in answer to his application for relief, receives an order to break stones or pick oakum. Occasionally to turn a crank, which may or may not result in useful work. Now and then

he is ordered to wheel gravel from one end of a yard to the other, and then to wheel it back again, though this is far less common than it used to be.

The yard is nominally open at 6 A.M. in the country and 8 or 9 A.M. in the towns. The men are expected to accomplish a certain task of work; but, if they finish early, they are still detained until the hour of payment in the afternoon. In many instances the work entails a positive loss upon the guardians; and it has been acknowledged by some of the officers in charge, that it is not desired that the men work too hard, as the loss would be increased thereby.

In these yards two or three hundred paupers are often committed to the charge of a single superintendent; in such cases discipline is very imperfectly observed, and the day is consequently passed in talking, idling—it may be smoking. The yard, instead of being a school of industry, is a school of idleness, where, by evil association, all the chicaneries of pauper life are learned. Nor is this all; it is rare, indeed, that any effective provision is made for the protection of the men from the weather, and, as many of them are ill-clad and worse fed, they have no power of resisting influences which are certain to destroy their health. Lastly, the same task is imposed on all alike. The clerk or factory hand who never used a hammer in his life is set to break stones; he labours hard and willingly; he cuts his hands to pieces, and yet without result. Even if the stone be broken, it is often rendered useless by the way in which it is done.

And this is the test of destitution which, when accepted, is followed by what is called necessary relief, depending in quantity not upon the work done but upon the nature of the case. Thus a single man receives 3*d.* and half a loaf per day; a man with a wife and one child, 7*d.* per day for six days, with 16 lbs. of bread per week, and a loaf per week is added for every additional child. Upon this it is expected the man is to pay his rent, educate, and clothe his children, and maintain his own health. It is right to state that these regulations are not invariably carried out, and that here and there the principle of payment by piecework is adopted by the guardians, probably without the sanction of the Poor Law Board. In such cases the men are paid for what they do, and the quantity of work is limited to such an amount as the guardians think sufficient for the maintenance of health.

Here then again we charge upon the administration of the Poor Law an arrangement which tends to lower the physical and moral

state of those relieved. There is an entire absence of the principle of justice, an entire negation of the better motives which regulate the conduct. All the advantages are in favour of the worst characters, all the restrictions act unfavourably and unfairly on the honest man. If the able-bodied man is to be relieved at all, we are bound to act towards him on the principles of justice,—justice to the capitalist, justice to the labourer, and justice as between society and the labourer himself. It must be clearly recognised that it is the duty of every able-bodied man to depend exclusively upon his own exertions for support, and if he asks for a loaf of bread it is but fair that he should be compelled to make to those who help him in his need the utmost possible return.

It is necessary, however, that we should inquire why it is that the law thus thrusts upon the individual the responsibility of asserting destitution and claiming its result, "relief." Mr. J. S. Mill states "that it is because the State is compelled to act by general rules, and that it cannot undertake to discriminate between the deserving and undeserving; that it owes no more than subsistence to the first, and can give no less to the last. The executive of the public cannot, in fact, be trusted to give or withhold other people's money according to the morality of the person soliciting it." But in other cases is not this done every day? The State through its executive, punishes those who break the law, and rewards its faithful servants. From the House of Commons down to the smallest Board of Guardians, the paid servants are rewarded according to their deserts by the money raised from other people's pockets. Does the State owe nothing to the heroic self-denial of the man who fulfils his duty as a humble yet independent labourer, as well as to the general by whose military genius a battle has been gained? Are the honest and industrious to have no more consideration than the idle and improvident? If this be justice, my argument breaks down. If it be not, then the remedy does not consist in laying down a hard and fast line of treatment, but in improving the administrative and discriminating power. It would be just as reasonable to propose a scale of public comfort which should be a test of honesty, as one of discomfort to be a test of independence. The cases are exactly parallel, and there can be no hope of a judicious administration of relief until the fact is recognised. The relief of destitution is just as much a question of justice between man and man as the punishment of theft or violence. The sentence of a criminal is determined by his previous character, responsibility and history, as well as by the nature of his crime, and the temptation he was exposed to, and

equally a wise system of relief must be determined by the physical and moral history of the individual case. No one would propose to treat a sick man on the same conditions as one who is fit to work, and not even the law has a right to treat an impostor like an honest man. It is no answer to say the problem is more difficult than in the case of crime. No doubt it is so. But the pity is that the science of relief has never occupied the same importance as the science of justice, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. No attempt has been made to reduce the rules of evidence as to ability to work, as to the bounds of personal responsibility, as to the claims of misfortune and sickness, as to the treatment of idleness and imposture, to principles associated with the extent and method of relief. No attempt has been made to organise a system of police in charity, and it cannot be contended that Boards of Guardians form an efficient court. But it is even worse than this. Mr. J. S. Mill actually states that private charity can alone undertake to discriminate, and that it is its peculiar and appropriate province to make the distinction between the deserving and undeserving poor. In charity, however, everybody is left to pursue his own devices. There is a species of lynch law, which sometimes hits the mark of justice, but fails with greater frequency. At this moment, owing to an acknowledged failure of the poor law, the whole community is inflicted with the vice of vicarious and indiscriminate alms-giving, and yet the law takes no cognisance of the mischief which is done. Vagrancy, idleness, pauperism, drunkenness, and other evils are absolutely encouraged by the very people who, according to Mr. Mill, are the fitting judges of relief. People are apt to think that it is an amiable and excusable weakness to give, and are forgetful of the injury they do. We are told to forgive those who injure us, but because the standard of public morals is higher in respect to crime than poverty, the law steps in and forbids us to gratify our desires or impulses. We may not compound a felony, but we may encourage the vagrant to pursue a course of crime.

If, as Dr. Guy says, every act of indiscriminate alms-giving is an outrage on common sense, an injustice to labour, and a sin, pray what is the reason that it is to escape punishment? Heaven knows that society suffers enough from the 50,000 or 60,000 tramps and thieves, who are encouraged by it to pursue their wretched calling. Does any one believe that it is consistent to punish the beggar for asking whilst the party to the gift goes free? The truth is, that indiscriminate alms-giving is simply the ill-regulated manifestation of our charitable instincts, there being no means offered for their systematic exercise.

Give but the opportunity to all of acquiring a systematic knowledge of the poor, and we should be ashamed to lavish our charity in the way we do.

But furthermore, arising out of the supposed distinction between the province of private charity and poor laws is an unfounded notion, that there is an essential difference in the relief they respectively afford. It is supposed that a destitute person may be relieved by private charity without loss of self-respect, whilst to public relief degradation is supposed to be inseparably attached. If the relief be equally necessary, and bestowed with equal wisdom, it cannot matter to the individual whence it comes. The nature of punishment is not altered by the source. As far as the justice of the case, it matters nothing whether the man who deserves a whipping gets it from a private individual or the public executioner. The latter is preferred in civilised communities, simply because it affords the best security that justice will be done. Relief is just the same. The idea of moral justice is equally involved. Whether administered by a board of guardians or by an expert philanthropist the result is inevitably the same, if equal judgment is displayed. Relief in its nature and effects is either right or wrong, just or unjust, wise or the contrary. It is no degradation to receive assistance in misfortune. There is many a pauper undeserving of the name, if it imply willing dependence on parochial relief. There are those who would rightly prefer to seek assistance from the agents of the law, to cringing and begging at the rich man's door. Nay, no degradation whatever attaches to the man who, having in prosperity paid his rates, receives assistance when overtaken by adversity against which it was impossible to provide. As in the case of justice, the advantage of a public, as compared with a private administration, of public charity is, that its agents ought to have greater powers of inquiry, greater experience in the difficulties to be encountered, greater variety in the means of treatment, and powers of compulsion and detention in case of need. The judge in the relief court needs a special education, peculiar powers of observation, great knowledge of human nature, and a comprehensive view of the various motives which determine the question of independence. Under all possible circumstances the responsibility of giving or withholding must rest with the dispenser of relief, and cannot under any condition whatever be wisely left in the receiver's hands.

Having thus determined that it is not the province of the law to do anything which has the immediate object of raising, or the immediate effect of depressing, the physical and moral condition of any

one, however destitute, we have next to inquire what safeguards nature has provided against death by starvation, and whether they are sufficient when called forth and regulated to secure maintenance for the poor, and save society from the scandals which, so far from being prevented, have been increased by the operation of the Poor Law. In civilised communities, these safeguards are three: the nature of the individual, his family relationship, and our common humanity. The sufficiency of moral and physical perfection, as a safeguard against the horrors of destitution, has already been amply proved. But the subject would be incomplete if we failed to observe that, on this point also, the Poor Law regards only one side of human character, and that the worst. It assumes, for example, that every applicant for relief would naturally prefer to live in idleness at the expense of other people, to working for his own support; whereas, such a proposition is generally contrary both to nature and to fact. Every man in a state of health and freedom is instinctively impelled to labour.

Activity of mind and body is but the expression of a natural state. Labour is pleasure, when not essential to the gratification of our wants. It is an utter mistake to say that the fear of starvation is the real motive to labour. The poorest men are not by any means the most industrious, because the will and power to work depend on sufficiency of food. Idleness, therefore, is an unnatural condition, induced amongst the rich by luxury, and amongst the poor by want. There is a time in the life of all able-bodied men, who have not been reared as paupers, when they are both able and desirous of maintaining themselves by work. Dr. Chalmers assumed that every destitute man was honestly desirous of maintaining his independence until the contrary was proved. The Jewish Board of Guardians act on the same principle, as do the administrators of charity in every country in Europe. It is the distinction of the English Poor Law to ignore self-respect, and to afford subsistence to an unnatural and immoral state.

But although nature has provided in the natural constitution of mankind for their complete independence, she has not left man, as an isolated individual, to struggle alone with the danger of starvation. Next to the development of individual character, the ties of home and relationship operate to save him from dependence and destruction.

The affection of parents for their children, of children back again to parents, of relations for relations of more distant kindred, enlists the energies of all the effective members of a household for the main-

tenance, not of themselves only, but of the most weak and helpless beneath their common roof. What shall we say of a law which tends to destroy this admirable safeguard, which, on the one hand, breaks up and ignores the family, and, on the other, professes to assume the duties of a parent. The Poor Law tempts the son to send his mother to the workhouse, where she will be maintained in a style of comfort totally beyond his humble powers. When once admitted she has a better dwelling, better clothes, better food, better fires, than he can possibly provide for her. In the same habitation the husband is separated from the wife, and their children from them both; and the ties of kinship, which were intended as a safeguard of independence, are broken through.

Nor is it possible for the State to supply a parent's place, or, as a child, support the parent's declining years. It fails in the first essential of both relationships. It may give clothes and shelter, it may educate and feed; but it has no love to give.

The guardians confide the infant to some public pauper, who is bribed by a pint of beer to tend the unwelcome charge; and the children are sent to some huge establishment, where they pass from class to class, and from teacher to teacher, without the development of any bond of sympathy, or any sense of home. And when the education is supposed to be complete, the pupil passes to the outer world, ignorant of the conditions of every-day existence, and without a soul to help him, unless, indeed, it may be an occasional inquiry from the chaplain. The State cannot be a parent, because it is an individual relationship. What, then, is the duty of the State in respect to relationship and home ties, as safeguards against starvation? Clearly, to offer no obstruction to their play. To encourage their development and enforce their responsibilities, and, instead of attempting the impossibility of acting in such capacity, it should find for orphans foster-parents, who, if not absolutely perfect, will, nevertheless, be more efficient than itself.

Lastly, Nature has provided in our common humanity a safeguard not less powerful than those detailed. The kindness of man extends beyond the range of relationship. It is nearly as intolerable for one man to see another in the agonies of hunger, as to suffer those agonies himself. This opens up two resources for the relief of destitution—viz., the kindness of the poor to the poor, or, rather, of immediate neighbours for each other; and the compassion of the rich, which, although it flows, indeed, in an unbounded stream of charity, is, nevertheless, the least important safeguard, because it so often breaks the bounds of prudence, and creates the evil it is in-

tended to relieve. It is obvious, therefore, that as the State can have no compassion, no sympathy, its duty is to regulate, not replace, the safeguards we have named. To guarantee relief to destitution, is to do for individuals what individuals can only do for themselves; and by so much as the law relieves those who, whether as individuals, relatives, or men, are responsible for the maintenance of life, by so much does it destroy the springs of benevolence and morality.

But the most legitimate object of Government is to enable individuals to act in concert, and give effect to their common feelings and common judgment. Every member of the community has a common interest in the regulation of charitable impulses, and in restraining them when injurious to the common good, in stimulating them when the necessity is urgent, and in so economising their action as to secure the object for which they were implanted in our breasts. For want of the organisation which it is the duty of a government to give, charity is irregular, spasmodic, insufficient, unsuitable, excessive, or wasteful, as the case may be. It either gives too much or too little. It demoralises both poor and rich. It is no one's wish that the poor should die from starvation, and if the wills and means of the community were made the most of, such an occurrence would be absolutely impossible.

Nor is it the interest of the State that pauperism should follow on prosperity, the temptation of wealth growing before the eyes of want. It is all very well for economists to preach that labour and capital have no inherent rights, and that the faithful fulfilment of a contract freely made between them is all that either capitalists or labourers can properly demand; but it should not be forgotten that in the history of the world force has played a larger role than justice, and may do so yet again. The standard of moral duty is conterminous with the general interest of mankind; and if it be found that largely increasing numbers of our fellow creatures are suffering from ignorance, weakness, sickness, misery, and want, we may rest assured that duty is not done, and that our material interests must eventually suffer in consequence. But we have said enough. In conclusion, we are of opinion—

That the law has on occasion to provide a guarantee against starvation, nature having already done so.

That it is the duty of the State to abstain from all those operations which lower the physical and moral condition of the able-bodied, destroy or impair the ties of relationship and home, and relax the legitimate duties of individuals, as neighbours and as men.

By the State the relief of pauperism must be considered as a question of justice between man and man.

The executive, which ought to be the only thing provided by the law, must of necessity assume the responsibility of granting or refusing help, organising and making use of individual charity, sympathetic and material, as the only legitimate relief.

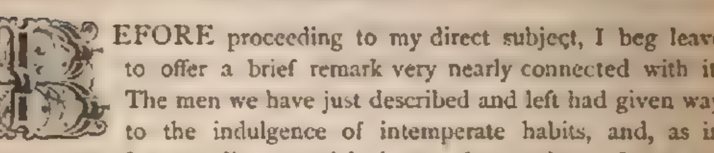
Misfortune and poverty will never cease, but pauperism may. The time will come when the executive shall dispense relief on the same principles as it now dispenses justice; and when the guarantees of nature will suffice to provide for the destitute with the assistance of, but without the guarantee of law.

J. H. Stallard, M.B. Lond., &c.

# "THE STEAKS."

## VULGARLY THE "BEEF," CLASSICALLY THE "SUBLIME."

(*Concluded.*)



BEFORE proceeding to my direct subject, I beg leave to offer a brief remark very nearly connected with it. The men we have just described and left had given way to the indulgence of intemperate habits, and, as in every case of extraordinary social change, the conduct of one sex must produce (as it did in this) some corresponding alteration in the conduct of the other. The *bons vivants* (as, with their selfish and incongenial routine, I have sketched them) were either giving, almost daily, jovial dinner parties at home, or dining out with friends of similar inclinations (bachelors included), without restriction or stop. And an inevitable consequence ensued. Women were isolated. House-wifely desires to please, and the hardly less gratifying attention to the cares of domestic economies gradually declined, where the benignant enjoyments of the quiet family circle were broken into and set at nought, amid the constant revel of a sensual abandonment disgraceful to the name of man. And what was the result? The sex had to find some resource to fill up that tiresome *ennui* of unemployed time by seeking public amusements, or devoting themselves to "TEAS,"—there was no stir about the Rights of Women in those days,—of which all an outside male could gather was, that they answered their purpose, and were redolent of discussions in which gossip, the fashions, scandal, and dress, sufficed to occupy such parties as satisfactorily as might be under the circumstances. They were self-defensive, innocuous, and led to no evil, and passed away. How much and by what means and degrees a degeneracy has spread since then, and swept the present generation into the "Fast," were tedious and painful to attempt to trace. Of its extent, the brazen-faced impudence of the Ride in Hyde Park, at any time, but especially at the height of the season, affords a melancholy effect upon the mind of every lover of his country. For its corruption of all morality, for its contempt of all decency, for its flagitious outrage upon every womanly good feeling and quality, it now far exceeds the profligate exposures of the Green Park of Charles II. There were

Portsmouths, and Castlemaines, and Nell Gwynnes. There were king's mistresses; and his parasites, tools, and court were not slow in following the example; but there was nothing like the bold, shameless depravity of these wretched creatures of the present day, infecting every class of the community: from noble heirs on their way to the turf, through upstart wealth aping the titled idiots, to the under-dregs of the social scale. The nation and the people of England are nowhere on the face of the earth to be equalled for such a rank display of vice and effrontery. Would it could be otherwise, and like its legion of propagandists, "The Nameless."

But to our Club. We may observe, *en passant* towards it, that the rules of all similar associations emanated from and were drawn up by middle-aged men, or allies nearer their grand climacteric, to excite the revival of their earlier days—the days of their unrestrained youth, when song was enchanting, behaviour free, conversation blunt, manners coarse, and a spade called a spade; when politeness was unseen, except in empty ceremonials and humiliating phraseology in epistolary correspondence; and being trammeled by respectability and the opinion of the grandees, they tried to escape for a few hours, now and then, into the practices and reminiscences of a time made quite bright and happy through the hallucinations of memory.

Thus the Steaks spared neither high nor low, and were often exceedingly personal; and woe to him who betrayed any resentment. One, who was recalcitrant when Boots (my lamented friend, Robert Liston[a]—portrait after Grant, 1*l.* 3*s.*), was so doggedly obstinate, that he evaded many punishments. The society was glad when it had the opportunity to enrol a new member to supersede him. *Àpropos*, his first duty of the day, before dinner, was to descend into the cellar, and bring up and decant the wine; and then a great amusement it was, on a full day, when he had been waiting for a hot slice of steak on his plate, to empty one of the decanters, and shout lustily to poor Boots to replenish it: and, as I have said, woe to him if he hesitated! It deserves a notice that his chair, independently of the carving, was sold at the sale (together with an ordinary one of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex), for 20*l.* There was only one for both. It was also used on the occasion of a recent visit by the present Prince of Wales! Lord Dalhousie's brought 14*l.*—not shillings!

The Steaks might have outlasted the term of sixty years, fraternally

[a] There was, I believe, only one surgeon, one artist, and one actor, members during the last hundred years—viz., Liston, Lonsdale, and John Kemble.

granted them by Mr. Arnold, but the real causes of their dissolution are not far to be sought.

The change in men and manners, even within this short time, must be very apparent to every rational observer. Among these the habit of leaving town on Saturdays strongly affected their Saturday meetings. The absence of port-wine beverage was another drawback, and the imprudence of so few members as remained, giving expensive claret (with their preceding boundless hospitality), without making an already costly club oppressive, was another obstacle in the way of holding on. But I believe that the difficulty of finding new friends to fill the chairs of the old who had died off, must have been the main ground for their winding-up—under small inspection, except their own good sense and a just regard for the "eternal fitness of things."

Among other causes for the extinction of the Steaks, and, indeed, for the decline in port wine drinking generally, there is one rather curious of its kind, and, as it were, marking another epoch. It is the astonishing rise and progress of the passion for smoking tobacco. Smokers, for their beverage, descend to a lower class of the thirst allaying liquid. Like the mechanic or day labourer, they find ale to be the most suitable element, and no longer

> "Seek, while here below,
> Some kind Nepenthé for their woe ;"

but discover that Barclay or Meux, or Bass or Alsopp can, under the influence of the Weed,

> "A softer balm bestow
> Than a flask of rosy wine!"

For myself, being no smoker, I cannot help fancying that neither the delicious odour of flowers, the bouquet of exquisite wines, nor the rich, lovely lips of youthful beauty, can be appreciated with palates saturated with tobacco, or mouths emitting puffs of incongenial clouds upon the fresh fragrance and indescribable charms of Nature.

Taking into account the reservations I have offered on the impossibility of affording any adequate "notion" of the affluence and flavour found in judiciously-arranged intellectual parties, it must be confessed, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, that the game is not often worth the candle. I beg to submit two examples. The first occurs in a note addressed for "Mr. Serjeant Wilde, M.P., &c., &c., 9, Serjeants' Inn, Temple," and runs thus :—

"We had, many years ago, a great day at the S. S. B. S. You

know, the Sublime Society of Beef Steaks. We had the Duke of Norfolk—an old member, and a good one he was—and visitors in abundance, amongst whom were Sheridan, Perry, Lord Erskine, &c. I happened to sit directly opposite to the egotist and Sheridan, who sat next to him. Erskine talked much, as usual, and mostly of himself. He tried to rouse Sheridan to be witty, but could not. At last he said, 'Sherry, I know you love a pun.' 'You know, by ——, I hate a pun.' 'Therefore, I'll tell you one of mine. Brummel called on me the other day, at my place in the country; and when he was announced I was hard at work in my garden in a sleeved waistcoat and apron, and desired him to be brought to me. When he came, I said, "Ha, Brummel! how do? Here you find me, enjoying my *otium cum digging* a tatee."' 'Shocking!' cried Sheridan. On which I ventured to put in a word, and said, 'I *suppose*, my lord, that Brummel answered, "Some people might shorten the phrase, and say you were only *in for* a dig?"' You take! *infra* dig. Wasn't that good? Sheridan laughed heartily—said that was the *best* of all the *bad* puns he ever heard in his life!—Your anecdotical father,

"B. A."

The second, though egotistical, was, only a few weeks ago, recommended to me by a leading member to the last (whom I consulted for material), to be recorded as one of the witty sayings applauded at the Steaks. His note is—

"Among your reminiscences, do not forget a personal one I have often quoted as a specimen of your ready wit.

"We were talking freely of men and things, after several bottles of old port had been discussed, and sundry bowls of punch had been replenished, 'J——' called Stephenson, who was in the vice-chair—(I being president and you on my right hand), 'J——, do you understand our motto?'—('Ne fidos inter amicos sit, qui dicta foras eliminet.') 'I understand, at least, one word,' said J——n, looking towards it. '"SIT," and I mean to do it.' This motto, from Horace's 'Epistles,' was most applicably paraphrased by the Bishop. And, *apropos*, the learned bishop on that occasion offered a free paraphrase of its motto—

"Let no one bear beyond this threshold hence,
Words uttered here, in friendly confidence."

See from what a mountain of great names only a very *ridiculus mus* may spring, and from a mere smartness in chat, what a remem-

brance may be preserved of a visitor, who, by similar small talk, made himself a welcomed guest!

But visitors, not recommended by rank or official position, were not exempted from a rather inquisitorial trial of their capacities for Steakishness. They were put on their metal—as on Damien's iron bed—to ascertain what could be got out of them. On a first introduction their healths were toasted by the chair, with panegyrics, not to be surpassed at any of our great luncheons or banquets; upon which, when the flattered individual rose to return thanks, he was instantly coughed down, before he had uttered a syllable, with "Bah! bah! enough! enough!" and when he sat down heard it moved that "the honourable speaker's speech should be reported *literatum et verbatim*, in the annals of the S. S." I met with Mathews there on his first visit, and never saw a man so confounded: it required some time before he recovered his composure, and then, as usual, *he* amply entertained the meeting, in his own unique and incomparable style, till the punch closed the merry congress.

On another occasion I happened to be the bidden guest of Sir J. Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), so lately dead, (a zealous member, for whom, *vide* catalogue of sale, portrait, after Lonsdale, 13*s.*; by Lonsdale, in oil, after being made a peer, 7*l.* 5*s.*; chair, 11*l.* 5*s.*; bought by himself, and the highest bidder on the list of thirteen); and it so happened that it fell upon him upon that day to discharge the functions of Boots. Seated on his right hand, at the bottom of the table, I was surprised by a charge being brought against him for paying greater attentions to a stupid individual than were consistent with the proper performance of his important duties to the general satisfaction of the society. He rose and bowed, offered no defence, and was hardly permitted to eat his meal in quiet, being ordered, on one small office after another, to do or bring something for any member who chose to ask for it. After the repast, he was called upon to state why he had contumeliously made no apology (he knew it would have been "bah, bah!"), and condemned to be severely reprimanded. The recorder proceeded to pronounce sentence; but instead of addressing the culprit, he turned to Mr. Scott, son of Lord Eldon, who was, like myself, a visitor, and proceeded somewhat in this form:—"Mr. Scott, I wish your learned and noble father were here instead of you, to witness how speedily justice can be administered. He would see a court which never felt any doubts or reservations; which never needed to require time for consideration; which never postponed a cause, or hesitated a moment about a case; which never left plaintiff or defendant one hour in the torment of uncertainty;

and which, in short, is a perfect example of what all, and especially the highest, jurisdiction in equity ought to be, at once decisive, and thereafter immoveable. . . ." There was some more which I have forgotten; but the whole was an amusing treat, into which Mr. Scott entered with great good humour, and promised to report to his father what were the tenets and practice of this mediæval copy of the laws of the Medes and Persians.

I trust I shall not be accounted a Dogberry, lavish in my tediousness, if I bestow one more anecdote upon my readers. I have stated that in aping elder times not only stinging badinage, but rather pungent personal language was used in conversation among the members. It so fell out that, provoked by some such assault, Mr. —— took un-clubable offence, and dared to rise and appeal to the president. He desired to know if such attacks could be allowed even by the Steaks, and thought he had a right to demand an apology. The president concurred entirely with his opinion, thought an apology indispensable, and only required his absence for a few minutes till the terms of the apology were discussed. The irascible member retired into an adjoining room, and the conviviality of the evening continued with as little notice or interruption as if such an inroad upon order had never occurred, or the exile had never existed. He, poor fellow, waited some time out in the cold, and then sent in a message to be informed what was doing. The message met with the same attention as he had himself experienced. Tired out, and hearing bursts of laughter from within, he at length addressed a written note to the president, to request an immediate determination upon his complaint. Forthwith he was called in, and the president, in grave tones, addressed him to this effect:—"Mr. ——, the meeting, which I have not consulted, are unanimously of opinion that an apology is absolutely due for outrages committed, even in the face of the S. S. B. S. I therefore condemn you to apologise for your conduct on this occasion. I hope it will be a warning to you never to be guilty of such an offence again!" The member had sense enough to pocket the rebuke, and sat down quietly to enjoy the remaining convivial hours. *Dulce dissipere in loco.*

I purposed to tell more of the no-sinecure office of Boots, but must be content with saying, it was "Mungo here, Mungo there, Mungo everywhere." Ah, me! what a life (an hour or two, which he could employ much better) Mungo led. Only fancy a royal prince being told, with certain preliminary facts to support it, that he was a better fellow than his brother; Lord Brougham set up in a corner of the room in a white sheet (viz., a table-cloth), to resemble the

Scotch stool of repentance without the stool,—in the exuberant energy of his juvenile years in Edinburgh, and within the ken of the Presbyterian Kirk, the wild pranks with which he sometimes astonished his fellow-students might have brought him to the real penance of the "Cutty Stool"; and you may form some idea of the free speech, and eccentric, extravagant, but most laughable proceedings, at many of those memorable meetings. They are defunct. Not a shadow remains. Yes, a slight one. Even in a city chophouse now, nobody asks waiters for a beef-steak. Simple, emphatic "steak" is the John Bull word. And a curious proof is urged why steak is superior to roast beef. The witty Luttrell advises—

> "If you wish in peace to eat,
> Never, never cry 'roast meat';"

and it must be equally prudent not to suffer the odours of such culinary processes to mount above the area sanctity. But if you have the Steak, the inveterate dinner-hunter lingers on in vain for the expected hour—the steak-cooking can be postponed, and he is previously walked away.

Notwithstanding all the festive attractions of the Steaks, however, there was a degree of exclusiveness about them which must have prevented the wide-spread popularity often attached to their reported sayings and doings. The secret which threw the bright halo from the centre of their board lay in the genius of one of their members—their Laureate—Captain Charles Morris, of the late Life Guards! A man of great constitutional gaiety in this station, he doubtless led the London life of a young guardsman, not overwhelmed with cares for to-morrow, nor, indeed, with any cares after the mess of to-day. About this date he naturally sang (*vide* last stanza in "Town and Country"):—

> "Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
> For I own I can't relish the country, not I;
> If I must have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh, give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall."

But in the very long transit towards the fall of the curtain, when the country in its freshness becomes delightful to aged actors, many a varying shadow and cloud fell upon the brilliancy of his juvenile dreams. Still they were, to such a spirit, nothing but transient suggestions of many equally flitting ideas,—he was, through many years, of a social and feeling heart; to the very end *toujours gai!*—and the stimulants were like spurs to the winner of the Epsom Derby, only one stride more to win the race which is so soon over.

I have alluded to the election of the Prince of Wales to the Sublime, and to the good humour and equality with which he entered into its fun. An instance is on record. When seated with his brother of York (I fancy it might be one bowl in its collapse into punch time), a distinguished artistic member ventured to congratulate the company on the exceedingly felicitous application of architecture to the lodging of the royal princes; for, said he, "one is in the Pillory, and the other (the Duke of York) in the Round-house!" The laugh was hearty, and their royal highnesses joined jocundly in the somewhat ticklish jest, though the columns of Carlton House[b] (the portico in Trafalgar Square) may now be put to better use as a worthy portion of a National Gallery, or the paltry dome of Dover House, Whitehall, lately purchased by Government, may yield materials for fitter buildings. He was loyal to the backbone, and we must quote a few descriptive lines from this Welcome:—

"On Saturn's day this altar burns
  With festive preparation,
Where twice twelve Brothers rule by turns
  To pour a fit libation;
The brethren flock you here behold,
  While with their welcome greeted,
And there the Father of the fold,[c]
  In honour justly seated.

"Though sacred to our Ox's rump,
  Old story will evince, sir,
If Fame deceive not with her trump,
  'Twas deified long since, sir;
To Mithras' Bull great Persia bow'd,
  To Apis Egypt preached, sir;
To Baal's Calf whole countries vowed,
  And Greece her Bous beseeched, sir.

"While thus we boast a general creed
  In honour of our shrine, sir,
You find the world long since agreed
  That food was food divine, sir."

The poet, nevertheless, goes on with his descant about beefsteaks,

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[b] Who is there now among us left to tell the youthful cockney of the Carlton House colonnade and gate, at which stood the splendid and royally stilted gigantic "Big Sam," in all the panoply and pride of his Highland costume. What a pity Mr. Wilkins could not transplant him to be part of the portico of the National Gallery!

[c] Himself.

making Jove carry off fair maids on his sirloin, and finishes with the stanza—

> "Like Britain's island lies our Steak,
> A sea of gravy bounds it,
> Shalots, confus'dly scattered, make
> The rockwork which surrounds it;
> Your isle's best emblem there behold,
> Remember ancient story;
> Be like your grandsires, just and bold,
> And live and die with glory."

This effusion made Morris so great a favourite with the prince, that he adopted him into his more private circle, and he was his frequent guest, both at the Brighton Pavilion and Carlton House. No wonder that he deplored the demolition of the latter, and painted its small select parties as perfect models of social happiness, with a most accomplished gentleman at the head of the table, and his guests men of every variety of pursuit, skilfully chosen to contribute to and enrich the common harmony. In short, models of refined manners and royal condescension. We are all aware how much the sunshine of royalty is calculated to engender such grateful sentiments, but still it affords a curious historical contrast to place this seemingly genuine laudation of the Laureate, side by side with the opprobrium heaped upon the prince when he adopted his father's ministers, and threw all the hopes and ambitions of his once boon companions overboard,—when the question was epigrammatically put and answered:—

> "Ye politicians, tell me, pray,
> Why thus with grief and care rent?
> The winds have blown the Whigs away,
> And left the Heir Apparent!"

A Cabinet of these disappointed "old friends" would certainly have been a remarkable one; but the experiment was not to be, and so we leave such matters as we found them, only remarking that the prince's quondam associates included among them some of the cleverest men of the age, and it was difficult, if not impossible, not to have his character deeply affected by their unceasing ridicule, satire, and invective.

And here I would fain suggest a small spice of apology for errors often attributed to great rulers. The servility and flattery which surround them like the atmosphere, are not the worst of the evils to which they are exposed. They are seldom, if ever, informed of the Real Truth; and a brief anecdote will well illustrate my meaning.

George IV., sauntering with some attendants on horseback on the Great Walk of Windsor Castle, was told a bold falsehood by a celebrated artist among the number. (The individual was Mr. N——, and my informant Lord Farnborough.) "And why," I inquired of the noble and highly honourable lord who told me the story, "why did not you undeceive his Majesty?" "Because," he replied, "there are always two sides to a story, besides creating implacable enemies. There are colours that can readily be put on, explanations to be as cunningly given, where you cannot prove the direct truth, that an individual may as well take his leave of the court as endeavour to seek its countenance by such fruitless attempts."

But we must not, I hope, leave our Laureate in this sort of semi-misty politics; and I trust that readers will feel an interest in an author who wrote some three hundred poems, chiefly lyrical, a few poetical, but all the rest addressed to friendship, love, and wine. He truly said, and wrought upon it, "the muse must be fed from the heart," and hence his lavish homage to the sex, however warmly expressed, was always decorous, as decorous as it was flattering. In all were to be found sound moral lessons, often very pathetic touches, especially in those of his later years; much comic humour, and hits in single lines or words, which imparted a racy flavour to the whole. It is not possible to exemplify these characteristics, but I have attempted to extract a few brief miscellaneous examples:—

THE SUNBEAM OF LIFE.

"What sameness in that life prevails
Which love has left for many a season!
How faintly hope of joy assails,—
How cold the fancy, calm the reason.

* * * * * *

"The glow that made the morning bright,—
The light that waked and charmed the bosom,
Now weaken on thy waking sight,
Till in our evening hour we lose 'em.

"Thus, when the sun's ray leaves the sky,
Awhile we sit, the twilight praising,
Till night steals nature from our eye,
And lonely darkness close our gazing."

The toper's apology for filling "the glass again," has been made well known, and been often sung. Enjoying peace and beauty, he sings,—

"Life's a voyage, they declare,
With scarce a port to hide in;

Perhaps it may to Pride and Care,—
That's not the sea I ride in.
*Here* floats my soul, till Fancy's eye
Her realms of bliss discover,—
Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie
To him that's *half-seas over.*"

Again, of "genuine mirth" one stave :—

" How few do we see of mankind
Who with mirth know to gracefully play—
To loosen the plaits of the mind,
And dress her more easy and gay;
Still, vulgarly bared to the sight,
In vice or in riot she's shown,
Too dirtily decked for delight,
Too loose in her manners to own."

I quote another, and to my taste a very pathetic and touching verse, from memory :—

" For many a lad I knew is dead,
And many a lass grown old ;
And when I think upon the past
My weary heart is cold."

These are but scraps. On the verge of ninety he was tempted to pay a last visit to the club, and, leaving his rural retreat at their earnest request, wrote and sung a captivating song on the occasion. I regret that space permits me the quotation of only a limited specimen of the stanzas :—

" Well, I come, my dear friends, your kind wish to obey,
And drive by light Mirth all life's shadows away ;
To turn the heart's sigh to the throbbings of joy,
And a grave aged man to a merry old boy.

* * * * * *

" The swan, it is said by the poets, still tries
To sing, if he can, a last song ere he dies ;
So like him, dear brethren, I'll do what I can,
Though th' attempt savours more of the *goose* than the swan.

* * * * * *

" It was here my youth, manhood, and age used to pass,
Till Time bid me mark the low sands in his glass ;
Then with grief that alone death can hide from my view,
I gave up the blessing, and sadly withdrew.

" But my sorrow is soothed, my dear friends ——"

Remember this was written, and sung, at the age of four score and ten!—I imagine without a parallel. Of the general poetical merits of Captain Morris, I desire to add merely a few remarks. He twisted this three themes—Friendship, Love, and Wine—into one chord, and he played upon it charmingly, as we see, to a wonderful extent. I can think of no comparison, if we except Paganini with his one fiddle-string, and the licentious poet Casti (author of the "Animali Parlanti"), with his "Li Trè Giuli"—"Three Groats." He and the Laureate of the Steaks bear in this respect a very striking likeness to each other; for he wrote two hundred choice Italian sonnets upon his single theme,—viz., being dunned for three Groats, which he could not or would not pay, and the iteration and reiteration of his excuses, from being tiresome at first, become irresistibly ludicrous at last.

I regret much that I cannot from his gifts to me recover any of the productions of Captain Morris's successor as Laureate of the Steaks, Mr. Hallett. He was a poet of rich, comic humour, and also master of other strains. I understand he has left enough for a good volume, and I the more lament that special circumstances have prevented my having a taste of it for my readers.

But mine is not, like Cowper's, a "Story without an End;" and I must bring mine to the finis;—business-like as the matter may be, yet having undertaken as far as I could to write a readable history of this remarkable association, and notice some of its distinguished members, personally known to me during many years, I could not fulfil my task without the additional summary. Among the forty-seven portraits, nearly all copies, destitute of artistic value, which sold altogether for 69*l.* 3*s.*, there were, most popularly noticeable, besides the few I have already specified, Tickle (Mr. Sheridan, a guinea); Paul Whitehead (13*s.*); J. Ferguson of Pitfour (also 13*s.*); Wilkes (2*l.* 2*s.*, and it may be mentioned that his oft-repeated coarse retort upon Lord Sandwich took place here, and not, as Jesse states, elsewhere); Garrick (2*l.* 4*s.*); Marquis of Thomond, "after the Marchioness" (another 13*s.*); the aforesaid Lord Sandwich (15*s.*); Lord Mayor Matthew Wood (15*s.*); Burdett and Brougham (each of them 30*s.*); the gentle and simple W. Linley, sometimes a butt for the wits of the Garrick Club (13*s.*); the Duke of Leinster, a staunch friend and ornament to the last (2*l.* 2*s.*); and Lord Saltoun, the esteemed patron of music and its social enjoyment (also 2*l.* 2*s.*). Among the portraits of the latest date, were nine original by J. Lonsdale, himself a stirring Steaker,—the Duke of Sussex (5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*); the Duke of Argyll, not the present (4*l.* 15*s.*); the Knight of Kerry and Dr. Somervill (8*s.* a-piece); the whole, 50*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The plate brought very high prices—forks, with gridirons, arms, and crests, at about a sovereign each—table spoons, the same; but the grand competition was for a punch ladle, handle a gridiron, and inlaid with a Queen Anne guinea, 1735, 14*l.* 5*s.* The ribbon and badge of the president, a silver gridiron also, 1735, 23*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; an oblong cheese-toaster, 12*l.* 6*s.*; a fine couteau de chasse, the reputed work, and not unworthy, of B. Cellini, inscribed "ex dono Antonio Askew, M.D.," and secured by Mr. W. Arnold, at no less a sum than 84*l.*, who also gave 7*l.* for a brown stone-ware jug, with a silver lid and mounting. Among the miscellaneous articles, it may be enough to mark—a pair of halberts, 3*l.* 10*s.*; a large Oriental punch-bowl, presented by Lord Saltoun, 17*l.* 15*s.*; the president's awful hat, only 15*s.*; and the bishop's imposing mitre, two shillings less; nine wine glasses, engraved with the gridiron, brought from 1*l.* 7*s.* to 1*l.* 14*s.* the pair; pewter dishes and plates, not far below the price of plate; the nipperkins were dear, and two quart pots brought 4*l.* 5*s.*

Of wine there was very little left in the cellar—some five or six dozen,—and it sold at a very moderate rate. The oak dining-table fetched 30*l.*, the sideboard 13*l.*, and the gridiron 5*l.* 15*s.* The chairs, including the president's, of oak (7*l.* 10*s.*), had been occupied, *inter alia*, by Admiral G. D. Dundas (8*l.*), J. Lonsdale (6*l.* 15*s.*), Mr. Stewart Majoribanks (10*l.*), W. Linley (10*l.*), Lord Saltoun (14*l.*), and C. Hallett (8*l.* 10*s.*).

Almost all the articles were labelled "Beef and Liberty." A marble bust of Wilkes, 23*l.* 2*s.*

Of the halberts and dagger I can say nothing certainly. I think the former were used on ceremonial occasions and in enforcing the obedience of criminals, if needful, to the punishments awarded them; and the latter as an emblem of supreme authority, against which none might rebel, under the direst penalties.

The punch brewing was always within sight, and performed with the most scientific gravity. It was the duty of Boots; but I have seen a well-seasoned member liberally assist in the labour when it came to the collegiate hour, "*nunc tempus est bibendum.*" As, for instance, the thoroughly Scotch Archie Hastie, the representative of one of the most persevering punch-drinking districts in his native land, and consequently accomplished for the office, who was the possessor of Burns's punch bowl, on the magic of which he always celebrated the poet's anniversary, and sang some of his songs too, admirable of their kind, but which it would not do now to speak of, far less to name in print.

The song, gay, humorous, or pathetic, varied and enlivened the conversation, scientifically mingled, like the punch, in admirable proportions; but the grand, distinguishing feature was the eccentricity, fun, and drollery, ever breaking in, which imparted the ceaseless charm to these meetings. It was neither the eating nor the drinking, but the indefinable enjoyment (so happily expressed in the French tongue, of the *je ne sais quoi*), which causes one to regret that all is over. Helas! *Ne plus ultra! Delenda est!*

Let us, then, cast a retrospect over the memorabilia of a very peculiar association, which lasted above a hundred and thirty years—nearly five generations. Its pleasures were of the foremost possible social order; it always kept within the verge of decorum, and it enrolled among its members hundreds of illustrious men, men of the highest rank and station, and of eminence and fame, and not only of British but of European renown. Wit and humour, and above all good temper, were its elements; and no wonder the entrance was aspired to even by many very distinguished persons, from peer to painter, for whom no room could be found at its convivial board. On these sagaciously-laid foundations its character, prosperity, and longevity rested. It was unique, and must for ever remain unique, the vast change in national habits and manners precluding imitation or aught of a co-resembling description. No; without blot or blemish, it honourably died a natural death. There was no coroner's inquest (with its frequent fooleries) deemed necessary, and alas that I should pen its epitaph simply,

"HIC JACET THE S. S. B. S."!!!

As the departed died without heirs male or female, and, contrary to public expectation, poor, I am gratified to state that the small property left, 652*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*, realised by the sale, has been honestly and honourably appropriated, as far as it went, to satisfy just indebtedness; and there can be no appeal to any Lord High Chancellor. So, and with a rare quotation, tolerably understood, and applicable to all human life and concerns—(venturing on a slight sort of Steaky interpolation)—I conclude—

*Sic transit Gloria [Saturday?] Mundi.*

# THE WIT AND WISDOM OF BIDPAI.

## No. IV.—HIS FABLES.

### THE TRAVELLER, THE GOLDSMITH, AND THE BEASTS.

A NUMBER of persons dug a pit.

There fell into it a goldsmith, a serpent, a monkey, and a tiger.

A traveller who was passing by looked into the pit.

Observing the man and his strange companions, he thought he could do no deed that would plead more for him in the life to come than saving this man from the enemies by whom he appeared to be surrounded. The traveller, therefore, took a rope and let it down into the pit.

The monkey, aided by his natural dexterity, was the first to cling to it and climb up.

Let down a second time the rope was seized by the serpent, which twisted itself about it and was drawn up.

The third time was the tiger's opportunity. It hung on to the rope and was rescued from the pit.

Then the three beasts thanked the traveller for assisting them to escape; but begged him not to release the goldsmith, adding that men in general, and especially the person in question, were incapable of gratitude.

"If you pass by our neighbourhood at any time," they all said, "and have occasion for our services, call to us, and we will come and reward you for the kindness which you have shown us."

"I live on a mountain, near a city called Nawadarkt," said the monkey.

"I live in a wood close by that city," said the tiger.

"And I dwell in the walls," said the serpent.

The traveller paid no attention to what the beasts said about the ingratitude of the goldsmith, but let the rope down again into the pit and rescued him.

"Stranger, I thank you most heartily for the good office you have performed in assisting my escape. If ever you come to Nawadarkt, enquire for my house; I am a goldsmith, and shall be only too glad if I can do you a service at any time."

Then the goldsmith went home to the city, and the traveller continued his journey.

Sometime afterwards the traveller had occasion to go to Nawadarkt. As he was walking along the monkey met him, saluted him, kissed his feet, and with many apologies for the inability of monkeys to do much for a friend, begged him to sit down and wait till his return. Then the monkey went away and brought back some very choice fruit, upon which the traveller regaled himself.

At the city gate the traveller met the tiger, which humbled itself before him, and begged him to wait until he fetched him a present. Whereupon the tiger scaled the city walls, rushed into the king's palace, killed the king's daughter, tore away her trinkets, and brought them to the traveller, without, of course, informing him by what means he had procured them.

"These beasts," said the traveller, as he went into the city, "have rewarded me very handsomely. I am curious to see what the goldsmith will do. If he be poor and without the means to show his gratitude, he may at least sell these trinkets for their full value, and divide with me the money which he obtains for them."

So he went to the goldsmith, who saluted him politely and invited him to enter his house. Observing the trinkets, the goldsmith at once recognised them as jewels which he had made for the daughter of the king.

"I have no provisions in the house," said the goldsmith, "good enough for you, my dear friend; but if you will wait a little, I will go and fetch you something to eat."

Then the goldsmith went forth, saying unto himself, "This is an opportunity not to be lost; I will go to the king and inform him of the discovery I have made, and he will no doubt acknowledge and reward my zeal."

The traveller was arrested on the information of the goldsmith. As

soon as the king saw the jewels, he ordered the prisoner to be put to the torture, after that to be led through the city, and finally executed.

During the punishment of the torture, the traveller upbraided himself for not having accepted the advice of the monkey, the tiger, and the serpent. The latter, hearing the prisoner's lamentations, came from her hole, and was so distressed at the situation in which she found her benefactor, that she immediately began to invent some means for his release. Acting upon her first impulse, she went and stung the king's son, whose royal father thereupon called together the wise men of his kingdom, for the purpose of effecting his cure. They endeavoured to charm the bite by their incantations and magical arts, but all to no purpose.

Now the serpent had a sister who was one of the Genii. The serpent went and told her all that had occurred and excited her sympathy for the traveller. So she made herself invisible, and whispered to the king's son that his father could only be cured by the man who had just been punished pronouncing an incantation over him.

Then the serpent went to the traveller in prison; and after reproaching him for not acting upon her advice concerning the goldsmith, gave him some leaves, which she told him served as an antidote to her poison. She desired him when called upon, as he would be, to charm the bite, to make the young prince drink a decoction of the herb, which would cure him. Furthermore, if the king enquired into his circumstances, he must give him a full and true account of them. By the favour of heaven he would by these means secure his escape.

The prince having told his father of the mysterious communication which had been made to him, the king sent for the traveller, and asked him to charm the bite.

"Incantations will be of no use to him," said the traveller; "but if he will drink a decoction of these leaves, he will, with the assistance of heaven, be cured."

Thereupon the prince drank, and got well, to the great joy of his father, who desired the traveller to relate his history, which he did faithfully, as the serpent had ordered.

The king thanked the traveller, made him a handsome present, and ordered the goldsmith to be put to death in his stead, for the false evidence which he had given, and the bad return he had made for a good action.

In the ingratitude of the goldsmith, and the gratitude of the beasts towards their benefactor, is contained a salutary lesson for those who

will listen to instruction; and matter worthy of reflection for the considerate man, who will learn from this example to select those only as objects of generosity and favour, who are possessed of integrity and honourable sentiments, in whatever rank of life he may find them.

THE FOUR ADVENTURERS.

FOUR persons once met together on the highway.

The first was a king's son. The second was the son of a merchant. The third was particularly handsome, and the son of a noble lord. The fourth was a husbandman's son.

They were all in great distress, and their trouble was much increased because they were at a great distance from any place which offered them the prospect of any relief. The only property which they possessed was their clothing. They had not a coin amongst them. In this condition they commenced a discussion in which each declared the prevailing opinion of his mind.

"All things in the world," said the king's son, "are determined by destiny; and as the decrees of fate are infallibly accomplished, patience and a due submission to the will of Providence is the safest conduct for man."

"Understanding is above all things the most excellent," said the son of the merchant.

"Beauty is superior to all these," said the nobleman's son.

"Nay," said the husbandman's son. "Industry is far above all that has been mentioned."

By this time they had reached a city called Mahoun, some distance from the gates of which they sat down to consult with each other upon the course they should pursue. The result was a resolution on the

part of the other three that the son of the husbandman should go and procure by means of his industry something for the whole party to eat. So he went into the city and inquired for work the wages of which would provide four persons with food.

"Nothing fetches so high a price in this city, that you are likely to procure, as wood for fuel," was the reply.

This was owing to the distance of the forests from the city.

The son of the husbandman went forth, cut some wood, brought it to the city, sold it for a piece of silver, bought food for the same, and went with it to his companions, writing upon the city-gate:—

"*The price of one day's hard labour is a piece of silver.*"

The next day it was resolved that it was his turn to try his good fortune who said there was nothing more valuable than beauty.

So the son of the nobleman set out for the city. On the way he debated much with himself on his position. What was the good of his entering the city? He could not work. No food could possibly be the result of his adventure. He was ashamed to return to his companions empty-handed; he was too proud to beg, too honourable to steal. He therefore resolved to separate from his casual friends, and for this purpose he proceeded on his way in another direction outside the city. Presently, being tired, he lay down beside a tree and fell asleep. A great lady riding by was so struck with his beauty that she had him awakened and conducted to her mansion. Here he was magnificently entertained, and at sundown the lady presented him with five hundred pieces of silver, and permitted him to rejoin his companions.

Then he went through the city and back to his friends, writing upon the gate, beneath the declaration of the husbandman's son:—

"*The value of beauty for one day is estimated at five hundred pieces of silver.*"

On the third morning it fell to the lot of the merchant's son to try his fortune in the city.

"Let us see what your understanding and your knowledge of business will do for us," said his three companions.

So he went forth. Lying at anchor, close to the shore, he saw a ship laden with merchandise. Many merchants went on board as if to buy the cargo. They all sat down in a corner of the vessel, and consulted together. The merchant's son overheard the result of their conference.

"Let us go home to-day without making any purchase," said a cunning trader, of some authority amongst his fellows; "and when the owners of the ship find that no one offers to buy their merchan-

dise, which, however, it is necessary for us to have in our several businesses, they will lower their prices, and we shall obtain the goods at a much cheaper rate."

The merchants agreed to act upon this strategic advice, and left the ship accordingly. Thereupon the adventurer, whose three companions were waiting for him outside the city, waited upon the owners of the cargo, and pretending that he wished to transport the goods to another city, he purchased the contents of the vessel for a hundred pieces of gold at very short credit, taking care that the conspiring merchants should have news of the transaction at once. When they learnt that the cargo was not only sold but that it was likely to go to another city which might compete with them in their trade, they made the stranger extravagant offers to repurchase. At length he agreed to take a premium of ten thousand pieces of silver for the cargo, which they paid him on a proper transfer of the purchase to them. He gave this at once, on condition that they completed the engagement by at once paying the owners of the cargo the hundred pieces of gold.

The merchant's son thereupon carried this sum to his companions, writing upon the city-gate as he left it :—

"*One day's exercise of the understanding has been paid by ten thousand pieces of silver.*"

On the fourth day the king's son was requested to try what fate and destiny would do for him. So he took his leave, and on coming to the gate of the city, sat down upon a stone.

It happened that the king of that country was just dead, without leaving any successor to the crown. As the funeral passed by, the stranger sat at the gate quite unconcerned, whilst every other person was bewailing the loss of his sovereign. He was loudly reproached with his indifference.

"Who art thou?" said the keeper of the gate. "Who art thou, wretch, that darest to sit at the gate of the city without sharing our grief at the death of the king?"

But the gate-keeper gave him no opportunity to reply, for he drove him away with menaces of violence.

As soon as the funeral had passed, however, the king's son returned to the spot where he had sat before; and when the procession returned from the burial, the gate-keeper remarked him again, and said,—

"Did I not forbid thee to sit there? Wretch, I arrest thee!"

And the last of the four companions who went forth to try his fortune was thrown into prison.

On the next day, the people of the city assembled, in order to deliberate on the choice of a king. Many propositions were made, but the assembly arrived at no decision, whereupon the keeper of the gate, addressing the meeting, said,—

"Yesterday I saw a young man sitting at the gate. In the midst of the general sorrow this person appeared to be quite unconcerned. I spoke to him, but he answered me not. I drove him away from the gate. On my return from the funeral I found him there again. I therefore arrested him, and had him cast into prison, thinking he might be a spy; and I take this earliest opportunity to bring his case before the nobles and governors of the city."

Upon this the nobles sent to the prison and had the young man brought before them.

In reply to their inquiries into his history, and why he had come to their city, he said,—

"I am the son of a king, the king of Fawiran. At the death of my royal father, my brother deprived me of the crown. In order to save my life I fled from the country, and was thereby reduced to the extremity in which you see me."

When the young man had finished, there arose up in the assembly one who had been accidentally in the land of his father, and who spoke in the highest terms about him.

Thereupon the nobles and governors of the city chose the young man to be their king; his royal blood, his noble demeanour, and the character of his father, recommending him to their favour.

Now it was the custom of this people, when a king was chosen, to conduct him round the city upon a white elephant. Upon this occasion, as the newly-elected sovereign rode by the gate, he observed the writing upon it.

Then he commanded to be written beside the other declarations:

"*Industry, and beauty, and understanding, and whatever good or evil happens to man in the world, take place by the decrees of Providence.*"

"Which is exemplified," he said, "in the honour and favour which heaven has this day bestowed upon me."

His majesty then went to the audience chamber, took his seat upon his throne, and sent for his former companions. The man of understanding he made one of his ministers; he established the husbandman's son amongst the cultivators of the soil; and having ordered a large sum of money to be given to the handsome man, he sent him away, that he might not corrupt the morals of the ladies of his court.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

## Song of the Aged Fisherman.

*(From the German of De la Motte Fouqué.)*

GREAT Sun, thy shining rays o'er Heaven are breaking
From gloomy night!
The old man, from his dreams awaking,
Beholds the light!
Who promis'd thee, when last thy rays were gleaming,
Another dawn?
Who said, "The old man, wrapped in silent dreaming,
Shall wake with morn!"
Night after night, so quietly and slowly,
Both fall asleep;
And lighted still by peace, serene and holy,
They slumber deep.
Thou, glorious Sun! through all the ages shining,
Each day shalt rise;
The old man soon, in narrow bed reclining,
Shall close his eyes;
In that last sleep, I mean where earthly morrow
Doth come no more,
And ev'ry earthly joy, and care, and sorrow,
For him is o'er.
Thou too shalt reach an utmost bound—receiving
Thy final doom—
In dark and silent slumber,—never leaving
Thy giant tomb.
But courage still! for *Never*, briefly reigning,
Shall pass away!
And we, from our deep sleep fresh radiance gaining,
Behold the day!
Bright Sun! I'm weary now, and homeward wending
I would be fain;
But thou and I, in glory never ending,
Shall meet again!

FENTON CLIFFE.

# Tales from the Old Dramatists.

## No. IV.—The Dance of Death.

### SHOWING HOW A HEART WAS BROKEN.

THE scene of the beautiful play which I would next introduce to the reader is laid on the classic soil of Sparta, but, as in the case of Shakspeare's ancients, the characters have little of classicality about them but their names. Upon these, in the drama before us, the author has bestowed most elaborate pains, has sought "to fit them to the qualities" of the owners, and has given a sort of glossary, that we may understand all the better what sort of folk he means to describe. As later play authors christen their personages far more clumsily—"Sir Bashful Constant," "Sir Brilliant Fashion," "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant"—our dramatist, John Ford, calls one of his men Orgilus—Angry; another, Armostes—Appeaser; and two of his young ladies are named respectively Euphranea—Joy; and Philema—a Kiss. But Ford could well have dispensed with such an index; and without calling it pedantic, I think I may say that he has taken the counsel of Dogberry, to let one's reading and writing appear when there is no occasion for such vanities. I shall scantly trouble you with his etymologies.

Orgilus, a young gentleman of Sparta, has signified to his loving but peremptory father, Crotolon, that he intends to visit Athens. The opening scene discovers them in dialogue on the subject, and Crotolon is insisting upon knowing the reason that makes his son desirous to absent himself. In those days young men spoke the truth to their parents, and the dutiful son reminds his father that some time back a marriage had been arranged between Orgilus and the beautiful Penthea, daughter of a reconciled enemy of Crotolon, since dead. The young couple loved, but on the death of Penthea's father, her brother, Ithocles, a brave soldier and a favourite with the

king, had compelled his sister to give up Orgilus, and to marry a rich nobleman named Bassanes.

Naturally lingering bitterly over the qualities of his successful rival, Orgilus is sharply told by his father that he knows all this, but sees no reason in it for the young man's going away. Then Orgilus declares that Bassanes, who appreciates the perfections of his wife and remembers her previous engagement, is so hideously jealous that he leads the poor lady a life of torture and insult—and therefore, to free her from a hell on earth, and perhaps to lose the memory of a love that springs up afresh in her presence, the loyal Orgilus will depart for a season. His father now approves of his project, and his sister, Euphranea, comes to bid him farewell. He, somewhat in the style of Laertes with Ophelia, expresses earnest desire that she will be prudent, and with the consent of Crotolon, exacts from her an oath that she will not accept a husband without her brother's leave. He assures her, however, that he does not impose this restriction for the sake of hindering her marriage, but only that she may be worthily matched. It may be that he is not so kind a brother as he seems. Then he departs, and his family loses sight of him for the present.

We are then presented with a scene at court. Good old King Amyclas is wrapped up in measureless content at victories which the young soldier, Ithocles, has won over the Messenians, and presently the conqueror himself comes to receive the honour which Amyclas bestows,

> "In all the graceful gratitude of power."

Ithocles speaks with becoming modesty of what he has done, and is crowned with a garland by Calantha, the splendid daughter of the king. The approach of the soldier was announced by his bosom friend, Prophilus, and when the ceremony is over they depart together, leaving two courtiers who have been with them in the war, to be mercilessly derided by a couple of saucy maids of honour, whose sharp tongues know as little restraint as was customary with comedy ladies in John Ford's days.

> "Soldiers, you! Corn-cutters!
> But not so valiant; they oft-times draw blood,
> Which you durst never do."

Had Orgilus gone to Athens? The other dramatis personæ think so, but the audience is not kept in the dark, for he is presently discovered in the gardens of the palace with a philosopher, called Tecnicus, and is disguised as one of the sage's scholars. His master warns him against the scheme he meditates, and bids him not tempt

the stars, but he insists on being allowed to remain under the roof of Tecnicus, in order to calm his mind with study. But his real object is two-fold. His love prompts him to watch over Penthea, and mark how she is used, and another feeling dictates his observing the actions of his sister. For he knows something of the state of her heart. Ere long Euphranea comes, and with her a devoted lover, Prophilus—the friend, remember, of Ithocles. Euphranea loves Prophilus, and promises faith to him, but informs him of her oath to her brother. The latter makes himself seen, but plays the part of a student who cares for nought but books, so well that they think him a simple minded creature who may be trusted with their correspondence. So Prophilus, promising him books, engages him to attend in the garden twice a day to convey letters between the lovers, and offers him money, but this Orgilus refuses. The happy couple leave him, and the scene closes as he is contemplating a dark plot.

We have next a violent display of the jealousy of the husband of Penthea, and the character of Bassanes is drawn with true art. He is simply detestable when out of his wife's presence, and it is difficult not to despise as well as to hate him; but the spell of her beauty works on him, and his earlier addresses to her are in the tenderest vein. He seeks to please her, and her cold, dutiful submission to his will maddens him. Penthea knows his nature, and her words are carefully weighed, and offer him no excuse or hint for outbreak; but the dramatist well knew that this course is useless with a really jealous nature. They are summoned to Court to see her brother Ithocles, and Bassanes, presenting a show of exceeding courtesy, tells us that his agonies are infinite, and we believe him.

Ithocles is no negligent friend, and the cause of Prophilus is safe in his hands. He has asked the king to order the marriage of Prophilus to Euphranea, and now he comes to Crotolon to plead for the lover. But he is coldly received, and is reminded by the father that had Ithocles always been so warmly interested in the fortunes of the family, Orgilus had not been "unwifed,"

> "Nor your lost sister buried in a bride bed."

He also mentions his engagement with Orgilus in regard to Euphranea. But Ithocles renews his pleading, asks pardon for the indiscretion of his younger days, when he himself knew nothing of love, and finally induces the old man to say, that if Euphranea herself will accede to the proposal, his own consent shall not be wanting.

Penthea is brought to court by her wayward husband, and affectionately received by her brother Ithocles, who hints to her husband

a hope that she is not unkindly treated. Bassanes asserts that she is her own mistress. He is for the moment pleased with a mild and evasive answer which she makes to her brother's inquiries as to her happiness, but with the insanity of jealousy proceeds to invent a bad interpretation of her words. Crotolon, at Princess Calantha's request, confirms his assent to the marriage of Euphranea with Prophilus, and the husband, the better to disguise his sufferings, makes a glowing speech on the happiness of wedded life :—

> "The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
> Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
> Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
> Eternity of pleasures, no restoratives
> Like to a constant woman (but [*aside*] where is she!
> 'Twould puzzle all the gods but to create
> Such a new monster!) I can speak by proof,
> For I rest in Elysium."

It is then announced that the Prince of Argos is coming to visit the king, news which causes an expression of surprise by Calantha, whose cousin he is, and next in succession. This must be borne in mind, amid the concurrent plots of the drama. Ithocles then asks for private speech with Penthea in the gardens, and even so harmless and natural a request disturbs Bassanes, and though Prophilus is but newly engaged to the mistress of his love, the husband is further displeased that *he* should be asked by Ithocles to escort Penthea to the place of meeting. He moodily retires to feed upon his evil and torturing thoughts.

Prophilus conducts Penthea to the grove where we have seen Orgilus, who retains his disguise, and whom the lover requests to attend on Penthea until the arrival of Ithocles. Prophilus departs, and Orgilus, unrecognised by the lady, talks at first to her in the language of the schools, and then, wildly, of love, until she, puzzled and incensed, bids him leave her. He then, in a transport of passion, discovers himself, and renews his vows. He is repulsed, at first with compassion, and even tenderness, but as he persists in his unworthy suit, the wife's dignity asserts itself; she reproaches him severely for daring to tempt her, declares her scorn of one who can aim at her humiliation, and sends him from her. Yet, as he sighs her name, in obeying, she murmurs,—

> "Honour,
> How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee!"

Her husband has followed. He has not witnessed the scene, but

believes her to have been alone, and he comes to say that her brother has been taken ill, and would see her in his chamber.

In the third act, the fiery Orgilus, now bent on some mysterious mischief, has resumed his courtier's dress, and we find him receiving from the much suspecting sage a noble lesson on the true nature of honour. He affects to listen with deep reverence, and goes, as the philosopher receives, sent by the king, a sealed box, containing the response of the Oracle of Delphos, as given to Amyclas on his last visit to the temple. On this the king demands the sage's counsel. Ithocles and Penthea are then discovered together in earnest speech. She is bitterly reproaching him with the misery into which his arrogant bestowal of her hand has plunged her. She describes herself as living in sin, for that she is in her heart the wife of Orgilus, to whom she was plighted. After a storm of passion, she yields to her brother's entreaties that she will listen to his own story, and he reveals that he adores Calantha, the princess—though she knows not this, nor does his bosom friend. Penthea wings her last shaft of reproach, and demands how, were he contracted to Calantha, he could bear to see her torn from him, and given to the Prince of Argos? Then, compassionating his suffering, she embraces him, and pledges herself to promote his suit. They are interrupted by the breaking in of Bassanes, on whom another of his mad fits has power, and who alternately raves and beseeches pardon for his insanity of suspicion, until Ithocles, rebuking him with dignity, removes Penthea, who shall be his charge, he declares, until her husband shall give proof that he is worthy to be again trusted with such a treasure.

Calantha is plighted to the Prince of Argos, but her lofty nature will not allow us, as yet, to discern what her feelings towards him are. And the return of Orgilus being known, the king gives orders for the marriage of Prophilus with Euphranea. The gallant Ithocles seeks the friendship of Orgilus, and offers to advance his fortunes. Orgilus appears to be gratified, and responds with a sudden warmth which somewhat surprises the other, who remembers the wrong he has done Orgilus in depriving him of Penthea. But he presents him to the king, and solicits favour for him. In private speech with his father, Orgilus admits the merit of the man elected to be Euphranea's husband, but cannot forgive him for being the friend of Ithocles, against whom he speaks so bitterly that Crotolon becomes wrathful, and administers angry reproof. He is at once appeased, however, by his son's submission, and Orgilus carries this so far, that on his sister's entering with her lover, her brother joins

their hands, declares that he would have assented to no other marriage for her, and even pronounces a gracious versified benediction on their loves. Praying for the blessings of wedlock, he ends,—

> "All that thought can add beside,
> Crown this bridegroom and this bride!"

All are happy, Ithocles has lost one friend but gained another, the father's heart overflows with affection, and Orgilus invites them

> "To grace a poor invention,
> By joining with them in some slight device—"

an entertainment which the king, having heard of his aptitude for such things, has suggested that he should prepare.

We have then an exquisite scene between Penthea and Calantha. The former has sought the princess, her friend, in order to make her some sad confidences. Penthea tells her of her misery, and that her time on earth will be short, and begs Calantha to be her executrix.

> "Sure I must not live.
> I hope I cannot."

Calantha seeks to comfort her, but weeps with her; and Penthea, mindful of her brother's love, artfully leads up to his name.

> "I have left me
> But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
> My youth, for though I am much old in griefs,
> In years I am a child."

This she bestows, prettily, on modest wives, and next bequeaths her Fame, which she would preserve unsoiled, and therefore gives it to Truth. Her third and last jewel is her only brother, Ithocles, and him she gives to the love of Calantha. Her words grow warmer as she begs that the princess will pity him, and to the half remonstrances of Calantha she opposes new and earnest pleadings for him. At length the princess bids her be silent, and sends her away, carefully tended by maids whom Calantha, with a burst of petulance unusual to her, has hastily summoned. That touch is nearly enough to reveal the state of the heart that gives name to the play.

The story advances at the pace befitting tragedy. We have a glance at a procession, in which the newly-plighted Prince of Argos leads Calantha, and Ithocles stands near. A ring, which Nearchus, the prince, seeks to take from her finger, she throws down, and the young soldier picks it up, and is, with affected carelessness, bidden by her to "keep his fortune." They pass on, leaving Ithocles in

transport, and defiant of all around him. The prince comes back, and gives him haughty words; but Ithocles vows to Orgilus, now his companion, that an arm of brass should not take the ring from him. The sage enters, with solemn words and an awful yet mystic prediction of death to the heads of the State. He is commanded instantly to repair to the Oracle, but leaves a sealed-up packet for the king.

Penthea's wits have gone, like Ophelia's, and we have a powerful and piteous scene, in which the poor lady bewails herself to her husband and Orgilus, and in her wildness laments that she

> "Might have been
> Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
> They would have smiled when I smiled, and for certain
> I should have cried when they cried."

She cannot sleep, she will not eat, and her maids watch her despairingly. Her husband's remorse is strongly manifested. At length, Penthea, exhausted, faints into the arms of her attendants, and is borne away.

The Prince of Argos is of a noble nature. He has detected the love of Calantha for Ithocles, and resolves that in a manner consistent with his own dignity, their love shall be rewarded. The way with which the promise of happiness is brought in, like a streak of light amid the gathering clouds, is proof of the hand of a master. It is but a glimpse, but it aggravates the gloom.

Clouds soon close again. The king is brought in, suffering; and to him is delivered the sage's secret message, which he receives as one of meaning, but he knows not its full bearing. He summons all those whom we have seen, and his first inquiry is whether fair Euphranea is married to Prophilus. Her brother points out the blushing bride, with a speech in keeping with the taste of the dramatist's age. Then Calantha begs a favour of her father, who has declared his regret that he has as yet done nothing for Ithocles. The proud lady asks that she may be the advancer of his fortunes—let him be given to her. The boon is granted.

> "*Calantha.* Thou art mine. Have I now kept my word?
> *Ithocles.* Divinely."

A whole history lies behind those half score words, but it is soon told. Ithocles bids Orgilus know, in confidence, that the princess and he have exchanged vows. There are evil glances from Orgilus —an evil word or so is dropped by him—we feel from his tone and manner that we are on the point of witnessing an evil deed. Suddenly comes a wailing song in a woman's voice, and Ithocles knows that

it is the voice of Penthea. They hasten to her chamber, to find that her sorrows have ended with the last words they heard.

> "Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying."

A darker death is at hand. Orgilus drives all from the room save Ithocles, whom he begs to sit, and while they mourn the innocent Penthea, to listen to her story. Ithocles, overcome with grief, takes the proffered seat, and never rises again. The chair is one of those devilish inventions which hold fast the victim of treachery, and the hour of the vengeance of Orgilus has come. He raises the veil from the face of her whom he had loved, and who was consigned to another by the brother now in his power, and taunts Ithocles, savagely, with his hope for honours and glories, and the love of Calantha, the miseries he had brought upon his sister never remembered. Then he stabs him to the heart—and repeats the blow. Ithocles dies, forgiving his murderer, and with his last thoughts wandering amid the happiness he had dreamed of, and has lost.

With the final act comes one of the most strangely powerful scenes ever composed. I would wish a reader to whom it is new to listen with the actors before him, raised by his imagination. A magnificent revel in the palace is held, by the king's command, in honour of the nuptials. The king himself is absent, and Ithocles and Orgilus are missing. The music strikes up, and the beautiful Calantha takes the bridegroom, the Prince of Argos leads the bride, and there are two other couples. They begin the stately dance of the court, and during it a courtier enters and approaches Calantha. When the first movement, or "change," is over, he draws to her side and whispers,—

> "The king your father's dead.
> *Calantha.* To the other change.
> *Courtier.* Is't possible?"
>
> THEY DANCE THE SECOND CHANGE.

Bassanes enters, and whispers Calantha,—

> "Oh! madam!
> Penthea, poor Penthea's starved!
> *Calantha.* Lead to the next."
>
> THEY DANCE THE THIRD STAGE.

Orgilus enters, and he too has a deadly message for her,—

> "Brave Ithocles is murdered—cruelly.
> *Calantha.* How dull this music sounds. Strike up more sprightly.
> Our footings are not active like our heart
> Which treads the nimbler measure."
>
> THE LAST CHANGE.

The princess has danced to the last step, and no bystander, save those who have spoken, know what words have been set to the music. Then she turns to the court and asks whether she has heard aright. She is hailed the Queen of Sparta. She has no word on this, but a calm one for the deliverance of Penthea. Then she asks what was the third murmur. Orgilus repeats that Ithocles is dead—and owns the deed. The queen bids bride and bridegroom withdraw, and Crotolon to take his last farewell of his son. They sadly depart.

Then, because Orgilus, in confessing his deed, made honourable mention of the dead, let him choose his own death, but at once die.

Tearlessly, the queen gives orders for an instant coronation, and withdraws. The execution of Orgilus takes place before us. He chooses the death of Seneca, and, declaring that he used device to ensnare Ithocles, not out of any fear, save that fortune might have been false to him, and baffle his vengeance, strikes a dagger into his arm, and so pours out his life.

Then comes the grand conclusion. The scene is in a Temple. On a white altar burn lights. Solemn music sounds, and the body of Ithocles, richly apparelled, is brought on a hearse, and laid by the side of the altar. Robed in white, and crowned, Queen Calantha comes, attended by a splendid procession. The queen kneels at the shrine, and the music ceases during her prayer. It is gently resumed as she rises, and is hushed again, as, with mild dignity, she addresses the assembly. Mark her first words :—

> "Our orisons are heard. *The Gods are merciful.*"

Then the queen, dwelling shortly on the need a woman has of guidance and aid in ruling, addresses her cousin of Argos. Were she at once to choose him as her husband, she would entreat certain conditions. He assents, and Calantha makes wise disposition of the governments under her crown, and takes kindly thought for her maidens. The prince promises all. Then, lastly, she begs that Prophilus, the friend of Ithocles, should have all the honours and preferments

> "Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
> For short a time enjoyed."
>
> *The Prince.*—"Madam, what means that word, neglected husband?"

Then in the last speech, containing one of the finest lines in the whole rich treasury of English drama, Calantha reveals all :—

"Forgive me!
Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger—'twas my father's last bequest.
[*Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.*
Thus I now marry him whose wife I am,
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of Death, and Death, and Death, still I danced forward,
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women as with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to woo new pleasures, and outlive them.
*They are the silent griefs that cut the heartstrings;*
Let me die smiling.
One kiss on these cold lips.
My last. Break, break! Argos is Sparta's King."

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

# BILLIARDS.

"Even nose and cheek withal
Smooth as is the billiard ball."
*Ben Jonson's "Underwoods."*

THE literature of billiards is scanty; its origin dimmed by obscurity. Shakspeare identifies it with the amusements of Cleopatra's Court at Alexandria; and although more than one writer has pronounced our immortal bard guilty of an anachronism, it seems quite possible that he had some slight authority for putting the words "Let's to billiards" into the mouth of the Egyptian queen. Writing in 1743, and referring to the derivation of the titles of sports from the instruments used, Mr. Maurice Johnson, Jun., a member of the celebrated Spalding Society, says,[a] on recollecting all he can of the ball plays of the Greeks and Romans, and on consulting Bullinger (*de ludis vet*), Godwin, Rouse, and Kennett, he finds nothing about cricket, which he conceives is the Saxon game of Cryce, the crooked club being the bat wherewith the ball is struck. Billiards he takes to be a Norman pastime, from the *billart*, a stick so called, and used similarly. Strutt[b] explains his 28th illustration as a representation of a very curious ancient sport, which appears, he says, to bear some analogy to bowling, but the bowls, instead of being cast by the hand, are driven with a battoon, or mace, through an arch towards a mark at some distance from it. Hence, he makes no doubt, originated the game of billiards, which was formerly played with a similar kind of arch and a mark called the king, but placed upon a board, instead of on the ground, as illustrated.[c]

The authorities cited induce the supposition that, at an early period, a rude game, answering to some extent the description of that commonly supposed to have been introduced into France in the reign of Charles IX., was played. But, how remote its origin, or when the addition of a table to the impedimenta gave it at once in-

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[a] Letter from Mr. Maurice Johnson, Jun., to Mr. Roger Gale, dated 13th May, 1743. See Biblioth. Topog. Brit. No. 2, part iii. p. 393.

[b] Sports and Pastimes of the People of England. 1801. Book iii. p. 202.

[c] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, New Series, vol. i. page 82.

creased dignity, by accommodating it to the limits of a room, and obviated the necessity for excessive stooping, seems uncertain.

Dr. Johnson inclines to the belief that the French derived from England both the play and the name, which he states is a corruption from *balyards*, yards or sticks to drive the ball along the table. It is not unlikely that he is partially correct in his assertion, for we find the game flourishing in Elizabethan England, and immortalised by poets contemporary with De Vigne, the artist who first designed tables for his majesty of France. Amongst others Edmund Spenser, in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," sang :—

> "With dice, with cards, with balyards far unfit,
> With shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wit."

In the reign of James I. billiards appears to have held its place at Court, for, amongst the payments out of the Exchequer, we discover the following note :—"To Henry Waller, our joyner, for One Bylliarde boarde cont. Twelve foote longe and fower foote broade, the frame being wallnuttre, wéell wrought and carved, with eight great skrewes and eighteen small skrewes." Again, a little later, Evelyn[d] describes a new sort of billiards, "with more hazards than ours commonly have," in which the balls are struck round posts and pins with the small end of a stick shod with silver or brass. Half a century further on, Seymour's "Compleat Gamester" is before us, replete with rules and instructions for playing the game, of which, however, singularly enough, not a word in the shape of antecedents transpires. Belonging to every table, he says, there are an ivory port and king, which stand at opposite ends; two small ivory balls; and two sticks, called masts, made of Brazil, lignumvitæ, or some other heavy wood, and tipped with ivory. If the heads are loose a smart stroke cannot be made, but the defect is easily perceived by the hollow sound and faint running of the ball. The game is five up by daylight, or seven if odds are given, and three by candlelight; but in gentlemen's houses no such restrictions are admitted. Whoever shall strike his ball nearest the king wins the lead. He must have a care to hit, with the first stroke, the end of the table leading from the king to the port, and lie so cunningly that there may be a chance of hazarding his opponent, or of "passing" with the next stroke. The aim of the contest is who shall pass first. Many opportunities are presented for hazarding, also for hindering an opponent from passing; and it is pleasant to observe the policy used, as by turning the port with a

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[d] Memoirs, vol. i. p. 516.

clever stroke. Should you, however, turn it with your stick, it must be set right again. If your opponent has passed, and you dare not venture to follow him, you must wait the opportunity of hazarding or kinging him—that is, of forcing his ball upon the king; then you win one, unless your ball flies from the table or into a hazard, in either of which cases you lose one. Players ought to have a curious eye, and very good judgment, when they intend to king or hazard, and just quarter out so much of the ball as shall accomplish the object. Amongst the rules which follow is a clause to the effect that no by-stander, even though he is betting, shall be allowed to offer advice, unless asked. If he does so, he "shall, for every fault, instantly forfeit twopence *for the good of the company*, or not be suffered to stay in the room."

About the year 1744 the game seems to have become better known, though it was evidently not in good odour, for we find that, at the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, the owners of fifteen tables were convicted. The *Gentleman's Magazine*,[e] referring to the case, says:—"The citizens have determined to prosecute, in the same manner, all billiard tables that shall be arraigned for the future, or those which now remain if kept open after nine o'clock at night, or knowingly suffer merchants' apprentices, or clerks belonging to gentlemen of any business, to play in their houses." This opposition was not, of course, likely to be productive of many improvements in the method of play. The tables, however, seem to have been remodelled, and towards the close of the century consisted of two exact squares, the upper half above, and the lower half behind, the middle pockets.

The use of the port and king gradually died out, and fortification billiards next became fashionable. It required red and white forts, and batteries and a pass; the English colours being red, and those of the French or antagonistic force white. The opposing forts held possession of the two ends of the table, and each player was provided with three small balls—one for attack, and two for defence. The game was twenty up, and points were scored by taking—*i.e.* passing through forts, four points being reckoned every time the attacking ball rang a bell, with which each fort was provided. Other games, played with two balls only, driven by maces, afterwards superseded fortification billiards; and in due course we first approach something like the game of the present day.

White[f] is the earliest recognised authority, perhaps the only one,

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[e] Vol. xiv. p. 337.

[f] Practical Treatise on the Game of Billiards, by E. White, Esq. 1807.

up to the opening of this century; for, in his prefatory remarks, he gives as the chief reason for amplifying the contents of his book, that "no work on the game of billiards had hitherto made its appearance in this country." In some parts of the Continent, he says, a round or oval table is used, and in others a nearly square one; but the shape universally admitted in England is the oblong, from 9 to 12 feet long, by 4 to 6 feet wide, covered with green cloth, surrounded by a raised edge or border, lined with an elastic pad known as a cushion, and furnished with six pockets. The instruments employed for striking the balls are the cue, a long round stick usually made of ash, and shaped in the form of a cone, with a narrow flattened or rounded point; and the mace, a slender rod with a thick piece of mahogany affixed to its extremity, and adapted in such an angle as to rest flat on the table while the stick is held up to the shoulder in the act of striking. The under side is flat and smooth, the upper concave, and the end opposed to the ball plain and broad. The cue is most in use, and, possessing various advantages, is preferred to the mace by good players. Ample directions are given for wielding both instruments; the head of the mace, it appears, should be adapted accurately to the centre of the ball, and the stick carried up even with the right shoulder, when a pushing movement must follow, but no sudden impulsive force. With the cue, a full centre or low stroke only can be accomplished, and, to render the latter the more certain, it is necessary to chalk or *make the end of the cue rough with a file.*

The games chiefly calling for notice are the white winning, white losing, and white winning and losing, each of which requires but two balls. In the first, the sole object is to pocket your adversary's ball, and in the second to pocket your own ball, while the third admits of both winning and losing hazards, so called by reason of the games mentioned. White proceeds to explain that *caramboles* or *caroms* have been newly introduced from France. They are sometimes played alone, the game being twelve up, but more usually hazards also are allowed in conjunction, and the winning and losing carambole game consists of either twenty-one or twenty-four. The red ball is placed on a spot on a line with the stringing nails (that part of the table from which the players strike at the outset, and which is generally marked by two brass nails), at the lower end, and each antagonist, at the first stroke of a hazard, plays from a mark or ring opposite to it, at the upper* end of the table. After making

* The baulk, or what is now termed the lower end.

*caramboles*, or hazards, the grand object is to obtain a baulk, *i.e.*, to hole the white and then bring the player's and red ball above the line. The regulations are pretty nearly the same as those in use now a days, except with respect to spotting the red. Rule 38 provides that if it be holed or forced from the table, and one of the white balls is found to be occupying its place, the marker must retain it in hand until the striker plays at his adversary's ball, and immediately afterwards replace the red on its proper spot so that it may not prevent a *carambole*, &c., move being made. A good many instructions are given on the art of making certain strokes, and amongst others the *jenny* is named as one of the commonest, and at the same time most favourable that can present itself, so much so, indeed, that some players who have acquired facility in accomplishing it, consider the game their own whenever it shall appear. What is now termed the "spot-stroke" seems also to have been known, and an illustration shows the red in position with the striker's ball behind. White says it is a simple and common hazard, but one which, if managed with address, may, by a particular mode of play, frequently be turned to advantage. From the balls being near each other, the player will be enabled to vary his manner of striking at pleasure; if, therefore, he avail himself of the low stroke (recoil), he can without difficulty cause his ball to return to the place it occupied before, whence he may repeat the hazard more or less frequently, proportionate with his dexterity. Winning hazards were evidently the *forte* of the author, who avers that they are the key to billiards, and states that if you can make a good one little difficulty will be found in effecting every other stroke.

Before dismissing White, we will quote a couple of incidents, related, demonstrating the superior address of foreigners. The keeper, he says, of a room in Hamburgh, where perhaps the game is played as much as in any other town in Europe, will at any time engage to make a straight hazard across two contiguous tables; that is, he will strike the object ball from one table to the other, and hole it in any specified pocket. An Italian who frequented the Parisian tables during the revolution of 1789, displayed even more dexterity. White saw him place two balls in the middle of a table parallel to each other, and venture an even bet that he would make either a winning or losing hazard in any of the six pockets. His facility at double hazards was such that he has been known to hole the red in one of the upper bags by playing at it from the striking point thirty times, without an intervening failure.

The first few years of the present century brought with them a

couple of discoveries which proved of the utmost importance to the game. About 1807 or 1808, the cue leather was invented, and immediately in its track followed the recognition of the "side twist," whose powers are usually brought to bear when an angle requires rendering wider or diminishing, and prove of the greatest service in "nursing" the balls. Billiards now threw off the trammels of centuries, and became a recognised scientific pastime. The secret of the new stroke, though known to but few at the outset, oozed out gradually, and Mr. Edward Russell Mardon gives the following anecdote relative to its *debut*. "There was," he says,[h] "some years since, at Bath, a marker named Carr, who, although not one of the most skilful of players, possessed powers of executing certain wonderful strokes, dependent on the side twist, greater than that of any other professor. It has been stated that the advantage derived from striking the ball upon its side was discovered by Carr; but whether it emanated from him, or from another, it is certain that to the players and frequenters of the room at Bath it was as novel as it was surprising, and visitors anxious to acquire an art, not only extremely useful, but one that imparts to the game numerous beauties, were unceasing in their inquiries respecting a secret through whose means they hoped to obtain similar power. After turning for a time a closed ear to all solicitations, Carr at length apprised them that the wonders producing so much interest were effected by the use of a twisting chalk that he had lately invented, and which he had on sale. All eagerly purchased; and he assured them it afforded him much pleasure in complying with their requests. To carry out his views, he procured a number of small pill-boxes, and filling them with the powder of the chalk commonly used in the room, sold it to a host of credulous customers at half a crown per box."

The above incident suggests that Carr was amongst the first, if not the very first, to recognise the eccentric movements which the globular bodies can be compelled to perform, and, as Pierce Egan corroborates the idea by calling Carr the "father of the side stroke,"[i] it seems quite likely that he really was the originator. A well-known player, however, named Bedford, asserted some years ago that one Bartley, proprietor of the tables at the Upper Rooms, Bath, where Carr was marker, first brought the stroke into notice, having found out its properties while attempting a losing hazard from baulk into a middle pocket. Captain Mingaud, of the French Infantry,

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[h] "Game of Billiards," 1849.

[i] "Annals of Sporting, and Fancy Gazette." 1825.

also claimed to have introduced the side twist, and his book illustrates a number of curious shots.

Edwin Kentfield, the celebrated "Jonathan" of Brighton, ranked second to none as a cueist about this time, and in 1839 he published a series of plates, supplemented by remarks, pointing out the best method of achieving continuous scores from likely and unlikely situations. The diagrams are excellent, but the letter-press does not lead to anything particularly novel. We find that the balls then played with measured between $1\frac{7}{8}$ in. and 2 in. in diameter, while the pockets were of similar size to those of the present day, but the spot, instead of being as now, was fifteen inches from the top cushion. In 1827, slate superseded wood for table beds, and about ten years later list cushions gave way before India rubber, whose introduction met with the stoutest opposition at the hands of both owners of tables and players. Both innovations—as they were considered at the time—subsequently proved to be immense advantages, and are now in general use.

We need hardly mention the name of the latest comer and aspirant to honours on the scene. Every player, and thousands besides who never saw a billiard table, know that John Roberts holds "the pride of place," and that he has occupied it for nearly twenty years without the appearance of a rival. Kentfield distinctly refused to try a passage of arms with him, and for nearly a quarter of a century Roberts has been allowing from 20 to 35 per cent. start to all comers. He looks a trifle grey and worn for forty-four years of age; but his nerve remains unimpaired, his eye as bright and keen, his sense of touch as delicate as of old. The greatest of his triumphs was a break of 346[k] "off the balls," including *one hundred and four consecutive spot hazards*. No player before or since ever realised such a run, even in thought, and to those who have not witnessed the prowess of the unerring cue of the Champion, it seems almost fabulous.

Having thus reviewed the progress of the English game, we will proceed to notice it from its social aspect. Reading recently a treatise on Curling,[l] we were rather amused to find the following remarks:—"Curling may be said to be an exhibition and complication of the *jeu royale de billard*, bearing, however, to billiards pretty much the same proportion that chess bears to chequers. Billiards is an amusement of the pent-up city, played within the confined precincts of four walls, the arena the few yards of gambling table, the actors but too

[k] Scored at Saville House in March, 1862.

[l] "Memorabilia Curliana Mabenensia." 1831.

frequently those whose disreputable vocation it is to herd together to barter for diabolical gains. Night-clouded is their purpose; the gas lamp the luminary, and jealousy, animosity, and chicanery, the presiding genii, of the spot." The comparison is one of the most remarkable, and at the same time, ludicrous, we have ever met with. Fancy the scientific game of billiards being placed on a level with curling or chequers! The suggestion is too absurd to need comment, and we dismiss it with a sigh of pity for the lamentable ignorance or stupidity of the author. Like most other pastimes, billiards has its drawbacks, and none greater than the opportunities which it gives for gambling. But what sport may not be made a vehicle for this baneful propensity? Horse-racing, cricket, rowing, and the chief out-door amusements, have all succumbed before the prowess of the prevailing and ever fashionable vice. It is almost a *sine quâ non* that cards be rendered exciting by means of certain stakes, and we have heard of chess players of high calibre who do not care to put forth their strength unless the amount to be contested for is "worth winning." How, then, if the princely game of chess, the noble racer, the stout athlete, the batsman of unerring defence and attack be thus prostituted, can billiards hope to escape? The hydra-headed monster, gambling, reigns supreme; it has triumphed in all times past, and in every country.

As a private amusement, billiards offers undeniable advantages; and now-a-days no suburban house can be considered properly appointed unless a room is set apart to the wielders of the cue. "Persons of quality" do not drink to excess after dinner as they were wont in the old days; it is rude to sleep and snore, besides being unwholesome, but the gentle exercise attendant on a visit to the billiard-room assists the digestion. A dozen or more persons may be accommodated at the table; and as the game, whether skilful or awkward players be practising, will always bear looking at, large numbers of by-standers may be interested. In continental countries the billiard room takes precedence of all others; and from an article on the "State of England and France,"* published nearly half a century back, we glean the following remarkable statistics:—

"But no book ever degrades the silken luxury of the French *salon;* very rarely is a room set apart for such guests in the metropolis, and in the country the billiard-table is the usual occupant of the apartment which in England is reserved for the library. We *know* a village situated just twelve and a-half miles from Paris, con-

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* "Edinburgh Review," vol. 34, p. 417.

taining six families, whose yearly incomes would average about 2,500*l.*, equivalent to 4000*l.* in England, and 850 meaner inhabitants. In all the wealthy houses taken altogether, 2000 volumes could not be mustered; but in each of them is a billiard-table, and there are, moreover, five public billiard tables in the village for the amusement of the 850 poorer inhabitants. In a radius of three miles are six or eight more villages; and in all these the ratio of books and billiard tables is nearly the same. As we recede from Paris the ratio of books diminishes in a much more rapid progression than that of billiard tables. And in the village alluded to, there is one billiard table to about 182 volumes. We are afraid to aver that the average of entire France would be one billiard table to 100 volumes."

A recent American review of billiards states that, in 1610, there were 170 tables in Paris. Two centuries later this number had been augmented to 1800, while the latest statistics show that there are 27,711, exclusive of 3000 in club rooms. *Le Figaro* computes that the aggregate receipts from public tables alone are 12,000*l.* daily.

The physical benefits to be derived from the game are immense; and it may be said to combine all the facilities offered by a gymnasium. Ambition to excel, too, produces interest, and skill cannot but exhilarate, while the chances are so many and various, that even the temporary depression produced by a succession of ill luck is compensated by one happy break, and a timely *fluke* has often the effect of producing instant good humour. An odd word is *fluke*, and has not, seemingly, any acknowledged derivation. We recollect some years ago reading a letter from "a billiard player,"[n] who made the following ingenious suggestions relative to its origin. "During the game, if a hazard, &c., be made that was not attempted, it is often said that the player may *crow*. It may be derived from the expression to 'shoot at a pigeon and kill a crow.' Another term is 'he made a flook' (or fluke). It seems to me that as there are two flukes to the anchor of a ship, and as when the anchor shall be dropped either fluke may take hold of the ground (as both do not, so that it is accidental which takes hold) the fluke at billiards may have reference to the same cause (accident)." In reply to the first query, Mr. C. Mansfield Ingleby wrote that "*crow* is a corruption of *raccroc*,[o] a French equivalent."

The closing remarks of our recently quoted author on curling are, to a certain extent, just. Billiards, as played at public tables, is

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[n] "Notes and Queries," vol. 4, pp. 208, 259.

[o] Chance, luck.

undoubtedly a "shy" game, especially in large towns, where the company must necessarily be mixed and strange. No opportunity of "pigeon-plucking" is lost by the majority of markers, in whose way temptations of the most insidious kind are daily thrown. Often a room emptied of all save its *habitués* becomes a den in which infamous plans are concocted, and snares set for the unwary, and the marker, instead of attempting to protect his patrons, too often aids in entrapping them. Still he is not the worst form of "rook." You meet him as a marker, know how his tendencies probably lead, and can avoid him if it seems desirable. The *genus* most to be dreaded is the gentleman sharper who infests our spas and watering places, who plays pool in lavender kid gloves, wears paste rings, and ere entering the room turns into a gateway to invest his wrists in a pair of irreproachable bands, whose whiteness does credit to the laundress he employs and omits to pay. He wins your money with a smile, will accommodate his book to suit what bets you may choose to make, suggests the superiority of your style, your attitude or what not, and is, in fact—at least so you think on first meeting—a desirable addition to the list of your casual acquaintances. The mask falls shortly, however; by degrees you discover how much of the world he knows; how strongly, though with seeming heartiness, he pushes a point that may be in his favour; how he never misses an opportunity, and how, indeed, his roving, restless eyes look now avarice, now despair, now triumph, just as the game may turn. These are some of the drawbacks of public billiards, and, but for being a scientific and thoroughly enjoyable game, it would rapidly sink in the scale and die out.

H. B.

# In the Season.

TWILIGHT! and the air
Is filled with the perfume of flowers.
A pleasant time is the summer-time ——

"But not when you've for hours
To sleep in the Park in the wet and the dark,
Cursing the summer showers!
My God!" she said, "that I were dead—
O babe! what pangs are ours!

"A hundred nights of starving!
A hundred days of dying
By slow degrees beneath the trees,
Heaven and earth defying!
We herd with thieves amongst the leaves,
And waken famished and crying!
The night-wind blows so coldly,
It chills us to the bone;—
Will God e'er send us any friend,
Or leave us to die alone?
Society sighs, with its virtuous eyes
Upturned, 'You're an evil liver!'
Say what you may, sir, the easiest way
To end one's woes is the river!"

'Twas just below the bridge—
I saw her with these eyes
Jump off the bank; and then she sank—
See there, sirs—there she lies!
This is the way that every day
Some poor mortal dies!
Here's a public—carry her in;
And, for God's sake, cover her eyes!

E. Legge.

# The Select Supplementary Exhibition.

THE Royal Academy has acquired, from the protection of the Crown, from Government aid of a most substantial kind, and from other favourable causes into which it is needless to inquire, a position which renders admission its exhibition of vital importance to artists not qualified to participate in its self-ordained privileges, and especially to young and nfriended artists. But as indiscriminate admission would give, as were, the sanction of authority to much that would be undeserving, me selection is inevitable; and a selection can never be made ithout incurring the dissatisfaction of conceited incompetency. As, owever, the best interests of art are involved, it is of the utmost onsequence that the selection should be wholly above suspicion. It ould be deliberate, impartial; not subject to professional prejudice caprice. The same standard should be applied to all, or injustice ust be inflicted.

That it has long been the complaint of artists outside the pale the Academy that these conditions have not been fulfilled by e Academic mode of selection, is well known; and this year, now at more than double the former space is available, the expressons of discontent are far louder and more general than ever. hat just ground existed for the complaint was not only admitted, ut constantly proclaimed by the Academy itself when in its last ime. The President announced year after year at the annual nner that about 180 pictures had been accepted for exhibition, but ace could not be found for them. On the confession of insufficiency space was based the proposal debated in Parliament, of resigning e whole of the building in Trafalgar Square to the service of the oyal Academy. Ultimately, with the view to enable the Academy fulfil its expressed intention of providing accommodation for all orks of merit by outsiders, the Government granted the large and luable site whereon are erected the spacious and handsome galleries Burlington House.

Great advantages, as regards the hanging, are secured to artists

without as well as within the Academy by these new galleries, but who will not learn with surprise that capacious as they are, with but a trifling increase in the whole number of items exhibited, there are (exclusive of Mr. Goodall's fifty sketches) only six more oil paintings than last year, and that there is a positive diminution of one hundred in the number of oil paintings by native outsiders, occasioned by an increase of forty-two by Academicians and associates, and upwards of sixty by non-naturalised foreigners. It must also be borne in mind that, on the faith of the promise of increased space, "1600 pictures more than in any previous year were sent in." If, then, only half the proportion of acceptances of last year be taken in reference to this additional number, it follows that at least 900 oil paintings by native artists unconnected with the Academy attained the standard of last year. Yet, of these 900, only 458 are hung; consequently in this year—this year so full of promise—the native outsiders' chances of reaching the public eye in what should be the national exhibition, have been cut down by nearly one-half, and that unjustly according to the Academy's own showing. It should be remembered that this wholesale exclusion of those for whose benefit the Academy is supposed primarily to exist is aggravated by the increased proportion of academic and of generally inferior foreign productions; and by many academic works, such as large half-length portraits, being for the first time brought on a level with the eye.

The preceding calculations, with others, are submitted to the public in a recently published pamphlet entitled, "The Royal Academy, the 'Outsiders,' and the Press," by the present writer. No reply whatever has been made to the statements therein made; on the contrary, the writer has received many communications to the effect that a much stronger case should have been made out. For instance, it is stated in the pamphlet referred to (p. 9) that "out of the names of those who exhibited last year, upwards of 200 do not reappear in the present catalogue." It should have read "upwards of 200 oil painters." The whole number of names that appeared in the last, but not in this year's catalogue, is no less than 391, most of whom are artists of position still living, whose average powers must have remained the same, whose title to admission has been endorsed by the Academy, and on whom exclusion must have inflicted deep discouragement and injury.

A weak attempt, and the only attempt, to justify the despotic proceedings of the Academy this year, has been made in apparently a semi-official form in the pages of a notoriously partizan

weekly journal. The numbers of the items in the successive Academy exhibitions since 1861 are quoted to show that there is an appreciable increase this year. But such comparisons are delusive and unfair. There is an increase this year in the number of water-colour and other drawings, and some other minor classes; but that increase is gained, as we have intimated, by a reduction of 100 in the number of oil paintings, by native outsiders; it was, however, specially to provide more room for the latter that the Academy professed its anxiety. Moreover, if the comparison of the catalogues be carried back for ten or twenty years previous to 1860, it will be found that seldom were the numbers as low as this year, although subsequently there was a steadily maintained diminution. Often they exceeded 1500; in 1855 the whole number of works exhibited in the contracted rooms in Trafalgar Square, mounted up to 1558: that is to say, there are 238 works fewer this year than twelve years ago. Let it not be forgotten, too, that the spring exhibition of the British Institution was suffered to cease (on the expiration of the lease two years back) mainly because it was anticipated that it would no longer be necessary when the Academy should be better housed. Taking, as we are invited to do, the whole number of works in Burlington House, and comparing it with that of last year, some conclusions may be drawn even more damaging than those already put forth. There are fewer names by forty-five in this year's catalogue, yet there is an addition of sixty foreign names; consequently there is a decrease of upwards of 100 native contributors; and as the average of works by each outsider is one-and-a-half, there is a reduction of about 150 native outsiders' works of all kinds. The increase on the whole of 114 is exactly accounted for by the extra works sent by the members and associates. Thus, last year fifty-four contributed 152 works; this year fifty-eight contribute 266, including of course Mr. Goodall's fifty sketches, which are unaccountably numbered in the catalogue from 913 to 926. The sculptors have suffered as severely as the painters from "rejection:" there are this year 102 fewer works in sculpture. About twenty-five per cent., numerically, of the present exhibition at Burlington House is supplied by the R.A.'s., and A.R.A.'s.; but if the size of their works and the larger space left round them be taken into consideration, it would probably be found that they monopolize more than half the entire space.

It would further be easy to show that the time allotted to the task of selection, viz., four days, or about twenty seconds to each work, is wholly insufficient for satisfactorily balancing the comparative

merits of 5000 works of art. Much stress might also be laid on the facts that on this year's Council of Selection of the Royal Academy, there was no landscape painter, no sculptor, and no architect. It might, with justice, also be urged that as there is no infusion of the lay element into the academic Council of Selection,—as its numbers and composition is so limited,—as hitherto its proceedings have been virtually irresponsible, and their secrecy preserved inviolable,—as the productions of the academic body are not subjected to examination, and the works of relatives and friends are seen and known before being sent in, there is no guarantee whatever against favouritism, on the one hand, carelessness on the other, professional narrowness, prejudice against rivals, personal ill-will, and capricious preferences for the eccentric and the foreign (as this year) to be stultified, perhaps, by the majority in the Council of next year, with a totally different choice of works. Enough, however, has been said to prove that, allowing the academic standard to be a just one, several hundred works must this year have been unjustly excluded from Burlington House.

Feeling strongly that the precedents thus set by the Academy in its new home, and at the commencement of the second century of its existence,—the non-admission of so many outsiders to the exhibition, hitherto alone likely to afford efficient aid to the struggling artist, must operate to repress the rising talent of the country, a number of art-critics, literary gentlemen, patrons, and artists (the professional element being in a minority), formed themselves into a committee early in May last, for the purpose of bringing before the public tribunal, in a select supplementary exhibition, a portion of the works declined this year by the Academy. It was soon found that the gravest difficulties beset the enterprise. Similar attempts previously had signally failed. The somewhat similar experiment at Paris, in 1863, of the Salon des Refusés, has not been repeated. It should be understood, however, that the circumstances which led to the last were by no means parallel to those which have led to the present venture. The Paris Exhibition of that year contained 3080 items, the refused works amounted to 379. Our Academy exhibition of that year numbered only 1160. Moreover, instead of a privileged few, like our R.A.'s, claiming for themselves eight places, all contributors at Paris are limited to two places, for oil paintings, drawings, sculptures, and so forth; and no right is allowed to those two places unless an artist has won a medal; consequently the French exhibition is many times more widely representative of the general body of artists than our principal art show.

The French Salon is a *national* institution, held in a great national exhibition building with almost unlimited space at its disposal; whilst our Royal Academy exhibition is in the hands of a semi-private company with even now comparatively very insufficient accommodation. Other differences of importance deserve attention. The French Jury of Selection consists of fifty members, divided into sections, including a proportion of non-professional members, and with a supernumerary list wherefrom to replace vacancies. This jury is elected by the general body of artists, and the French Academy has little influence. The surplus of receipts at the Paris Salon, after payment of expenses, does not go to swell the savings of an already wealthy corporation, but are entirely employed in the purchase of works exhibited therein. In short, the English Academy Exhibition is a huge shop or bazaar, chiefly monopolised by a society of artists in possession; whilst is French Salon is a national exhibition, strictly for the national benefit, of all, or nearly all, the good art of the year. Yet, comprehensive and liberal as the French art-organisation has of late years been, so sensitive is the French mind to the slightest suspicion of unfairness towards artists (a class held in all honour by French society), that when, in 1863, the complaints of exclusion were louder than usual, the Emperor's permission to exhibit the refused, in the same building with the accepted works, was hailed with general satisfaction. The principal reason why that exhibition was not more successful was, that no selection whatever was made. Artists of merit withdrew (as they had the right to do) from fear of finding their works ranged with ludicrous or hideous abortions. Many, too, withdrew who had won some position, from dread of endangering it by confessing to exclusion, however undeserved. One of these objections has been removed by the committee of the Select Supplementary Exhibition.

As its title imports, a selection was promised to be, and has been, made. Five hundred and fifty-two works have been chosen from the nearly 1500 sent in. Every square foot of available space has been utilised, yet places have not been given to any works below decent mediocrity; while a large proportion attain or rise far above a respectable level of assured ability or promise. No abominations discredit their neighbours as in Suffolk Street and elsewhere, although mendacious party-serving assertions to that effect have been made. Another objection—the fear of announcing the assuredly imaginary stigma of rejection—the committee could not, after exhausting all its means of persuasion, overcome in numerous cases. The higher the rank of

the artist, the greater, as a rule, was his timidity. The dealers instinctively took alarm at a projected exhibition which, far more than that of the Royal Academy itself, was placed beyond their control, and in consequence, exerted all their vast influence to prevent their clients from affording support. Then, in many instances, the declined works had been sold, and could not be procured from owners, even if not dealers.

From these and other causes, it may confidently be asserted, that not one quarter of the refused works by artists of known ability, are to be seen in the Old Bond Street galleries. The absence of the works which would have rendered the Supplementary Exhibition unanswerable as a protest, is greatly to be regretted, and the artists who of choice withheld them are chargeable with neglecting a duty not only to themselves, but also to their younger, weaker, or less fortunate brethren. They have probably also made a mistake on the ground of self-interest; for, as Mr. Hamerton has justly remarked, in an able paper on this subject, "it is a fact positively ascertained by experiment at the Salon des Refusés in 1863, that whenever a really good picture appears among pictures which have been refused by a jury, its chances of winning fame are not diminished, but positively enhanced by its refusal. There is always a very great amount of sympathy in the public mind ready for artists who have been shut out from an exhibition, and a strong disposition to see merit in their works, when any merit is discoverable." Where, as with us, exclusion is the rule rather than the exception, every one must be aware that good works are rejected; the president acknowledged it lately himself in a public speech. Was not the "Medea" of Mr. Sandys, which is one of the gems of the present display at Burlington House, among the rejected of last year? Can any excluded works possibly be worse than some of the most conspicuously placed academic productions?

After, however, making a very large allowance for the absence of rejected works by accomplished artists known to have been withheld, there is still amply sufficient merit among those rejected in the supplementary collection to prove the charge of injustice against the Academy. The oil paintings number not far short of half those hung in the Academy, and among those declined this year are several of very rare ability. The water colour drawings are equal numerically, and are of nearly the same average quality as those in Burlington House. It may be of interest to add that the whole of the twenty-seven members of the committee were qualified to vote in the selection; no places were allowed as of right; several

works by professional members of the committee were in fact excluded or withdrawn, and all such members are sparingly represented.

The most remarkable feature of the exhibition is the large number of good works by artists altogether or comparatively unknown, even to those whose duty it is to discover every deserving new candidate for public recognition. The rapidity of the sales shows, however, that the public is not slow to think for itself; and no fact could prove more conclusively the utility of the exhibition. Nearly all the less-known artists are unrepresented at the Academy. There are, however, a few distinguished contributors who have works received at Burlington House, but badly placed there. About three-fourths of the entire gathering, and *all* the oil paintings in the three first rooms with lantern lights, are works returned this year from the Academy.

To have restricted the collection entirely to works answering this description would, we think, have been far preferable, and it was the intention of the committee to have done so; but so much discouragement was occasioned by the timidity of artists, that it was thought expedient to modify the original purpose. However, the remaining fourth consists of works excluded last year, or of works by artists who have suffered exclusion, and who were desirous of making some protest in furtherance of the objects of the exhibition, but whose refused works were sold, or from other causes not procurable.

Our design in this paper was to review the circumstances which have resulted in the supplementary scheme, and to invite attention to its scope and immediate fruits, rather than to offer detailed criticism on the contents of the present exhibition. A few remarks on the merits of some individual cases of rejection may, however, be submitted as samples of many others—always bearing in mind the fact, well known in artistic circles, that the best of the excluded works do not appear in this exhibition. We would ask, then, upon what principle of selection have the pictures of Messrs. Brett, Stanhope, Auld, Inchbold, Baccani, Beavis, Naish, Smallfield, H. Carter, Cuthbert, and R. L. Aldridge, been excluded, representative as they are of the utmost diversity of subjects and of the very opposite poles of treatment? It is said that the aim this year has been to exclude the commonplace, and admit the purely artistic, even if in ever so eccentric a guise. But surely among these works are merits of the most peculiar as well as the rarest kind. Mr. Brett's picture (51) of "Shipping off the Menai Straits," gliding almost becalmed

over the rippling sea, their sails and the lower stratum of cumulus above them purpled with the last flush of evening, is the most perfect example of direct realism which the art of the year has produced. Therefore, as a unique work, it should have had a prominent place at Burlington House. In "The Spoiler," (44)—a vulture-like woman stripping the gold embroidery from the bodies of two knights who have fallen together in a conflict *à l'outrance*,—Mr. Stanhope has rendered the twilight effect, especially of the landscape portion, with a genuine quality of Venetian colour, which Mr. Watts has been striving to attain throughout his career. It is the fashion to laud M. Legros' sobriety and conventional breadth of tone, equally rejecting high lights and intense shadows. But these appropriate attributes of a serious subject are conjoined to a more touching pathos, if not to subtler characterisation, in Mr. Auld's "Death of Robert Greene, 1592" (66). In this last scene of the sad drama in which the author of "A Groat's Worth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance" was the principal actor, the body of the poet is decently disposed, with bays round his brow; and the humble folk, who was kind to him in his last extremity, are gathered reverently round it. Mr. Inchbold's "Venice from the Lido" (78) is a marvel of minuteness and tender colour; while his "Stonehenge" (282) is, at least in intention, remarkably simple, impressive, and suggestive. The opposite extreme of vigour and effect, approaching coarseness, but good in its kind, is illustrated in Mr. Beavis's picture (20) of a rude French wain being drawn up-hill by a horse and pair of oxen; and a similar remark applies to Mr. Naish's marine subject, "Stand by! Ready about!" (140). Mr. Smallfield's illustration (110) of Thackeray's "Newcomes"—the Colonel standing among the black-frocked pensioners at Grey Friars, saying grace after meat, watched by Clive Pendennis and Clive's little boy, is an admirably appropriate conception, and the carefully studied hall (particularly the right hand portion) is an excellent piece of interior painting. Mr. Hugh Carter's scene at "Petty Sessions" (166), and "An Unexpected Visitor" (144)—a fair young girl coming out from a room with her hand on a door, behind which is concealed her lover,—are subjects of a class in which English artists too often fail, yet here they are treated with charming delicacy, whilst the tone of both works is singularly artistic. The picture (26) by Mr. Baccani (an artist naturalised by many years' residence in this country) of Huguenots in straggling groups, or isolated survivors, flying from Paris after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, under cover of the gathering shades of a sad evening sky, is equally original and pathetic in con-

ception and execution. Mr. Cuthbert's long Spenserian processional subject, "The Maske of Cupid" (5), has, unquestionably, faults of drawing and details, though certainly not graver than those in the processional picture by Mr. Richmond, junr., now on the line in the Academy. Viewed, however, at a sufficient distance for the eye to embrace the whole composition (say at the opposite extremity of the room), and judged by the standard of all decorative work (including that by Mr. Leighton), the picture in the Supplementaay Exhibition must be pronounced to be far more successful than its pretentious rival in the Academy. At the proper distance, the freshness and gaiety of the colouring, and the very happy hues and gradations of the background, must strike the visitor as eminently suited for decorative purposes. Mr. Aldridge's picture, illustrative of lines by Tennyson, representing an Italian lady, with her family, in a corridor relieved against tapestry, reproducing the composition of Paolo Uccello's picture in the National Gallery, is a work replete with the highest promise.

Among the artists we have named, Messrs. Brett and Stanhope have, it is true, pictures in the Academy; but they are as injuriously "skied" as was ever anything in Trafalgar Square. Nothing is more common than for an artist to have one or two comparatively inferior or unimportant performances accepted, and, as such, generally badly placed; and the work, or works, which would have fairly represented him, excluded. In this predicament are, besides those named, Messrs. Lucy (who has in Bond Street a capital picture of Shylock entrusting the keys to Jessica, No. 188), Bottomley, Chester, E. A. Pettitt, T. Davidson (see his very able picture of an incident of the French Revolution, No. 72), Dowling, Dochart, A. Corbould, and many others.

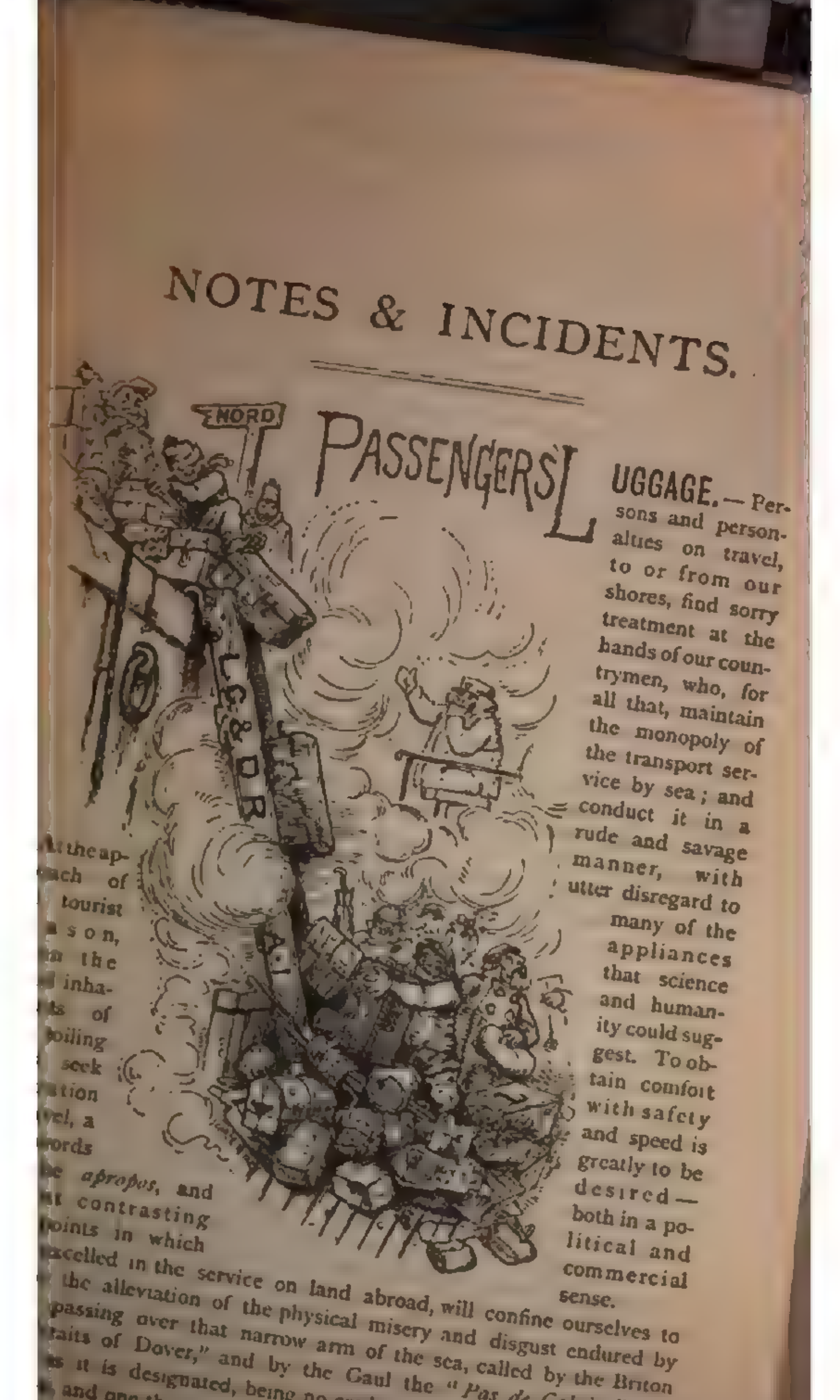
In addition to the names already given of wholly excluded artists who attain to the average merit of the works of admitted outsiders, and surpass those of several Academicians and Associates, may confidently be submitted those of Messrs. Sidley, A. W. Williams ("Charcoal Burners" (30)—the best picture we have seen of his), A. Gilbert, W. Anderson, E. Hughes ("An Incident in the Life of Paganini" (54), Mawley, Haywood, F. W. Meyer, F. Underhill, F. Chester, J. Peel, and Lord Ribblesdale. Among the portraits, too, there is none nearly so contemptible in art as many by Academicians. Mr. Edgar Williams's whole-length of the Lord Mayor is manly, original in its background, and free from conscious flattery. The dashing portrait (109) of the Secretary to the Russian Embassy, by Mr. Crawford of the Scottish Academy, is full of pro-

mise; and the same may be said of Mr. F. Chester's vigorous and characteristic half-length of Mr. Mark Lemon (175), Mr. Desanges' half-length of a lady (187), and his group of children (143), are quite up to, and indeed above, the standard of much fashionable Academic portraiture; and Mr. Schmidt's portrait of Count Gleichen (189) is drawn and modelled with great refinement.

But we need not pursue comparisons further. Accepting its own standard, a strong case against the Academy is, we believe, made out, even by this imperfect exhibition. And it is our conviction that, in nearly all the works in this Exhibition, there is merit sufficient, either in the way of promise or assured excellence, to justify a claim to appear before the public tribunal in the National Exhibition.

T. J. Gullick.

# NOTES & INCIDENTS.




PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.—Persons and personalties on travel, to or from our shores, find sorry treatment at the hands of our countrymen, who, for all that, maintain the monopoly of the transport service by sea; and conduct it in a rude and savage manner, with utter disregard to many of the appliances that science and humanity could suggest. To obtain comfort with safety and speed is greatly to be desired—both in a political and commercial sense.

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xcelled in the service on land abroad, will confine ourselves to
the alleviation of the physical misery and disgust endured by
passing over that narrow arm of the sea, called by the Briton
raits of Dover," and by the Gaul the "*Pas de Calais;*" the
s it is designated, being no credit to the first maritime power
, and one that must strike Americans with astonishment. The

steam marine "Omnibus" of our channel ferry, uniting the great railways of Europe, are in the main as little changed in their interior arrangements for the accommodation of the travelling public of the present day from that of the sailing channel packets of the past, as are the animals who navigate them, having none of the smart seaman-like qualities of the salts of old to mitigate their hybrid land-swabbishness. The service is but a ferry transit, that in America would doubtless be performed with great speed and elegant accommodation; the ports on either side being enlarged to suit vessels of greater draught, probably carrying hurricane decks. Doubtless when we have a bridge and a tunnel in competition, we shall devise some means of carrying over bodily the train, or certain compartments that go to constitute it. To alleviate the intense purgatory of the passage to the majority of voyagers, and the disgust occasioned to the minority, should be the object of interest and humanity in a transit that mostly takes two hours, and sometimes more. What accommodations have they? at present all the cabins except the windy deck cabins, emit a perpetual fœtid odour, perfectly unnecessary, and in itself enough to disturb a healthy voyager, with couches arranged still like the sailing packet berths of old, couch above couch, presenting the by-no-means-pleasant likelihood of the nuisance that the sick relieve their disordered and offensive interiors over the exteriors of the inoffensive, who are often trampled under foot by the descending fugitive in search of relief. Can science do nothing for the hygiene of the packet boats? If it cannot obviate the unpleasant motions, at times, of the cockle-shell boats, it might mitigate many of their miseries, reducing the smell of rancid oil, the fumes from smoky fire-places, the odours of open basins, burning coke or anthracite coal in the furnaces, and reducing unnecessary noise to a minimum. Of the very best boats on the short-sea route, the tonnage is little more than 568 tons; impelled by paddle-wheels—wind and tide aiding—occasionally at the speed of 17 miles per hour by means of oscillating engines, drawing 7 feet of water; they have clipper bows and elliptic stems, are rigged with two masts, and at times use a lug foresail and flying jib, the breadth of beam being 24 feet only, and the length about 200. The packets making the Holyhead passage to Ireland at present have the same defects, but, being larger, in a lesser degree. Between Dover and Calais it often happens that first-class express passengers by the night boats get stowed away in the saloon like animals of a low order, whilst the few servants and couriers going over with them fare like princes in the fore, the quick corresponding trains having no second class. Though we have now the railway at both sides running on to the piers, yet invalids still have to descend and mount slippery water-washed platforms, often in the middle of the night, and across little more than a single plank-bridge open at the sides, and often with their arms full of wrappers. At the period of the mid-passage, when the sufferings are the greatest, and mind and body sorely taxed, the passage money is demanded of the voyager from shore to shore, and tickets asked for from the through passengers, to inspect. On disembark-

ing, the billets which should rather be taken on embarkation are ultimately collected,—and at night being examined by lantern lights,—when five-hundred passengers are often detained for the delivery of the ticket of one, amidst wind and rain. Deck passengers are not unfrequently being subjected to the levy of "Black Mail" from the crew for water-proofs that should be supplied by the packet service Company, a gentleman or lady having no need of a tarpaulin suit for general wear. Portmanteaus and personalties are terribly detrimented. Coats, garments, and robes damaged by soot, sea-water, and the nauseous effusions of the sufferers from sickness. As a climax to this utter disregard of the interests and feelings of the well-mulcted public for so little accommodation, the PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE finds little better treatment than their persons in the Channel-boats which unite the great railways of Europe, and meet at Dover and Calais. The debarkation of luggage at the latter place at certain times and tides is frightfully managed, especially when several mails viâ Brussels and Paris arrive at the same time, with perhaps an Indian convoy at the back of them. At low water the luggage is slidden down a greasy board with the rapidity of a railway train over an embankment, amidst the din and shriek of steam whistles, smoke, and shouts in English and French, the latter assistants parting with their responsibility with the words, "On arrangeras tout cela quand on se remetteras sur l'eau!" If the case or portmanteau will withstand this usage, it nevertheless presents not unfrequently part of its contents smashed to a pulp. The only material with any wear in it, is that of wicker-work or basket-withies, but these the administration ruffians delight at times to use as buffers for the rest, so that they get wofully maltreated for their known service in resisting concussion! Such, under some of its realities and inflictions, is the Channel transit service as still conducted in 1869, and submitted to by the greatest maritime nation of the world. It is devoutly to be hoped that a tunnel, or a railway bridge, both long contemplated by enterprising engineers, will rescue the British and foreign travelling public ere long from the disgusting miseries they have suffered at the hands of the short-sighted, niggardly monopolists who have so long preyed upon their necessities, and enduring patience.

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MESSRS. LONGMANS have just published a new and remodelled edition of Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families." Nothing more exemplifies the truth of the well-worn maxim about truth being stranger than fiction than these stories of the historian. The great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, only as far back as 1637, was a cobbler at Newport, in Shropshire. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll collector—the first, a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, who died in 1855; the latter, a Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley, who died in 1846. A few

years ago Sir Bernard Burke found in a common pauper, at Dublin, the heir-presumptive of a barony that is associated with the martial exploits of Poictiers and Cressy. In this new edition of "Vicissitudes" the author has removed much of the irrelevant matter of his earlier work, and made numerous additions to the present one, which make it a complete and most interesting record.

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MUSICAL executants of repute have it in their power to promote the progress of the art by judiciously selecting the music they perform, and by bringing forward new works, which, without their aid, would remain unknown. To exercise such power is a duty, no less than the envied privilege, of every popular instrumentalist and singer, who thereby gives encouragement to composers, and reciprocates the services rendered by creative talent. Instrumentalists seemingly recognise this responsibility. The pianists—Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle, to wit—by their Recitals extend and improve the repertoire of the instrument. If they do not play much new music, they revive the best works of the old masters, and thereby sustain the standard of excellence of compositions for the pianoforte. The violinists, at the instigation of Mr. Ella and other earnest musical directors, have rescued many *chefs d'œuvres* from oblivion, and made them familiar to those who attend the meetings of the Musical Union and similar institutions. Vocalists, on the other hand, apparently take little heed of the true interests of their art. They care not what music they sing, whether it be meretricious or otherwise, so long as the public applaud and their gains be large. This is the more to be regretted, considering how absolute is the sway of every popular singer in such matters. A favourite tenor or soprano can dictate what operas shall be given at the theatre at which either is engaged. The programmes of the great provincial festivals are all more or less arranged according to the wishes of the chief vocalists concerned. The non-existence of a national English opera is attributable to the indifference of English singers to the advancement of English music. The most eminent, and therefore the most responsible, content themselves with having acquired a reputation for singing Handel and songs of a trivial character; they do no more towards encouraging the efforts of our native composers. No such enthusiasm as that which prompted Madame Viardot in Gounod's favour, is shown by any vocalist for any composer of the present day, unless, indeed, it be found in Madame Sainton-Dolby's predilection for Claribel. How much a singer can do for a creative musician is seen in both these instances, although to mention the two in juxtaposition may seem absurd. Without the friendly intercession of Madame Viardot, the author of "Faust" might still be struggling for fame; without Madame Dolby's aid who would have heard of Claribel? And yet it may be reasonably supposed that there are vocalists who have a conscientious interest in the art they cultivate, some who desire to see it progress, and whose ambition urges them to make a name greater than that of mere executants—to be

Patrons as well as professors of music. If any such feeling animate those artists who are now popular with the public, they should allow it to prevail, and use their influence to uphold vocal compositions, the production of which is daily becoming more difficult. The performance of a new opera, oratorio, or choral work of any merit and importance, is now an event rarer than ever, and yet composers were, perhaps, never more numerous. They only who occupy exceptional positions can obtain a hearing; while many of the most deserving are neglected, and forced in despair to lay their pens aside. To prove the truth of these remarks, it is but necessary to notice the present state of English opera, of what vocal music the programmes of our concerts consist, and to remember the great power all eminent singers have at their command, if they chose to use it.

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In rural communities, the subject which is most seriously discussed just now, by provincial political economists, is the question of Financial Boards, and this will become a parliamentary topic of no mean importance. At the present time, Quarter Sessions, which consist of magistrates who are made, as you know, by Lord Lieutenants, have the entire government of counties. They spend what money they please, they make what rates they choose. There is no appeal against this local court, which may be tyrannical or liberal, economical or extravagant, as it pleaseth. The great middle class of the rural districts, the more thoughtful of the agricultural community, the large ratepayers, are awakening to the injustice of this position; they have communicated their views to Chambers of Agriculture, and these bodies have raised the cry of "Financial Boards," the object of which is the creation of special courts, or committees, consisting of magistrates and representatives of the ratepayers (who are not magistrates) for the administration of the county moneys.

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What can we eat, without being poisoned? What may we drink, without destruction to our vitals? Where shall we go to breathe the pure concomitants of atmospheric air? The disclosures of late concerning the toxical dosings to which we are unwittingly subjected are enough to make one long for a state of blissful ignorance as to the doings and revelations of the chemists and the analysts. I break my morning roll and open my morning paper, when my eye lights on the announcement, that in a certain city it has been found that all the bread is poisoned with lead coming from the old painted wood with which the bakers heat their ovens. My breakfast is spoilt. I saunter out to inhale the pure air and scan my weekly review, only to learn that I am taking poison into my lungs in the shape of acids generated in my city's furnaces, fire-places, and gas-works; and filth in the form of myriads of vegetable particles and animal organisms that permeate the atmosphere. I sit me down to dine, and a knowing friend, who devours the chemical papers, retails me his latest

gleanings about the deadly influences of tin and copper cooking utensils; how that the food dressed in them becomes impregnated with oxides and all other ides, and how the water in which the vegetables are boiling for our meal is saturated with lead from the cistern and pipes, enough to give us all the painter's colic. Then over our claret this knight of the nastinesses informs me that a man of science has declared that Lafitte and Medoc are to be made by allowing water to percolate through wood-shavings, and adding to the decoction logwood and tartaric acid. The revelations of the Hassalls and the Lethebys and the food committees are too horrible to be thought of. Yet the droll part of the matter is, that, in effect, these dreadful dosings are like the great Lord Cardinal's curse, for them all "no one seems one penny the worse."

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IT is well known that the advertisement, as such, is a comparatively modern idea, and that nothing of the kind was in vogue in the days of the Tudors. The earliest known specimen is but little more than two hundred years old, being that of "Threnodia Gratulatoria," an heroic poem, published in 1652. But within little more than half a century, we find the *Tatler*, in 1709, appealing to the fair sex in such a notice as the following: —

"Any ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance which they are willing privately to make public, may send 'em by post to Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq., enclosed to Mr. John Morphen, near Stationers' Hall."

It is clear from this that "women's thoughts about women" were deemed to be as generally malicious then as they are now; or else we suppose that Mr. Bickerstaffe would scarcely have wasted his time or his money on such an appeal. And it is obvious to remark that the idea of "privately making a thing public" is strongly suggestive of the writer's pedigree being Hibernian. The following notification, however, which bears date some twelve years later, shows that the race of the Amazons was not extinct at that time in the neighbourhood of London.

"Challenge. I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Highfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for 3 guineas aside, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle."

Our readers may be possibly as puzzled as we were at first, as to the meaning of this precaution, which required the female combatants to carry half-crowns in their hands. But a learned antiquarian friend has solved the riddle for us. He says that it was an ingenious device, in order to prevent the belligerent ladies from using their nails!

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THE Aeronautical Society seem to have come to the conclusion that in a flying machine nothing less than a hundred miles an hour should be attempted or expected. A carrier-pigeon has been known to fly, for short distances, at the rate of 120 miles per hour. There may appear something

terrible in the idea of being propelled through the air at a rate of 200 miles an hour; but as there would neither be inequalities of road, or obstacles in the pathway, one speed would just be as safe as another. We gather this from the interesting Report of the Aëronautical Society, which is just published. There does not seem, however, much prospect of our flying at present; for, seeing that one patent a month is taken out for new forms of aërial machines, the all-important question yet remains unsolved, "as to what is the actual power required to perform flight under various conditions?"

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JULY is the month for proverbial meteorology. You may have a weather prophecy for every week. Generally we look out for St. Swithin's as the only critical day in the month, but the saw-makers—who are they? —have given us several other dates that those concerned may note. They tell us that,—

> "If the first of July it be rainy weather,
> It will rain more or less for four weeks together."

And on the fourth, say the Scotchmen,—

> "Bullion's day gif ye be fair,
> For forty days there'll be nae mair."

No more what? rain or fine? About the fifteenth, the almanacs always take care to tell us, though the Swithin proverb singularly contradicts some of those for earlier days. If the saint does *not* water the apples, we are taught to expect forty days' fine weather; how this is to be reconciled with the first quoted prediction, it is hard to guess; but proverbs have mostly their antithesis in other proverbs. On the 22nd, Mary Magdalene's day, the roses are said to begin to fade; and for the 25th, St. James's day, there is a couplet that bitter beer bibbers are indirectly concerned with,—

> "Till St. James's day be come and gone,
> You may have hops and you may have none."

If you want to know the maxims of the weather-wise, buy a little book into which a vast number of them have been collected by Mr. Inwards, and classified according to the object, phenomenon, or date which furnishes the proverb. The compiler has done his work well, and earned the two shillings he asks for its fruit. Of course, many of the sayings are ridiculously groundless; but many, notably those relating to the behaviour of animals and birds, are well worth studying. The title of the work is "Weather Lore."

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ONE is disposed to apply Molière's query about the man in the galley to those who go up in balloons for purposes ostensibly scientific. Not that there is nothing to be gained by aërial observations on barometers and thermometers, but the whole thing could be so much better done by self-registration than by personal instrument reading. At all good mete-

orological observatories now-a-days the hygrometers and all other meters record their own indications, either by mechanical contrivances or through the intervention of photography. Why not equip a balloon car with a complete set of automatic self-observing instruments, and let it be up in the air for a twelvemonth, hauling it down day by day to take off the papers bearing the yesterday's registers, and to put blank sheets in their places? By this means more would be done than ever can be by casual ascents of an hour or two's duration. This would dissociate scientific ballooning from the acrobatism and showmanship with which it is at present hampered, and which it is to be regretted has been rather encouraged than otherwise. Several of the older balloon observers—for the thing is no novelty gave up their researches, because they found themselves degenerating in the public eye into mere public performers, and others might well follow their example. Science has got little from ballooning in proportion to the fuss that has been made about it. One branch, in which much good might really be done, has been badly neglected; that is, magnetism. Observations on the vibrations of delicately suspended compass needles at various altitudes would be of great value, and so would measurements of the inclination or "dip" of a ballanced needle. But nobody undertakes these.

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MR. JAMES HARPER, the American publisher, possessed much of the peculiarly practical and philosophical character of the famous printer, Franklin. A few days before the sad accident which ended his life, he said something quite worthy of his prototype. "What do you think of the 'eight-hour law' and these strikes?" he was asked. "No labouring man will ever achieve a competency by working eight hours a day, as it is not best to be studying *how little* we can work, but *how much*."

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S RESIDENCE AT SHERBORNE.

MR URBAN.—Much has been said in different magazines and papers of Sir Walter Raleigh, but in none of them do I find any account of his residence at Sherborne, which having lately visited I feel a desire to make known to you.

When William the Conqueror had established himself on the throne of England, he bestowed the manor and park of Sherborne, together with the Earldom of Dorset, on his faithful follower, Osmund, a Norman knight, and a brave warrior; "but Osmund in the declining of his age, calling to mind the great effusion of blood which from his infancy he had shed, resolved to leave all worldly delights and betake himself to a religious life, the better to contemplate his former sins, and obtain pardon for them. And with much importunity having gotten leave of the king (who was unwilling to want the assistance of so grave and worthy a counsellor) to resign his temporal honours; and having obtained the bishopric of Sarum, he gave Sherborne with other lands, to the bishopric, to which gift he annexed this curse: that whosoever should take those lands from the bishopric, or diminish them in great or in small, should be accursed, not only in this world, but also in the world to come, unless in his lifetime he made restitution thereof; and so he died Bishop of Sarum."*

To him succeeded Roger Niger, known as Roger the Rich, A.D. 1102.

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* *MS. of Bishop More*, quoted by Hutchins.

He was the powerful minister and favourite of Henry I., and held also the earldom of Salisbury. His life and his purse were devoted to architecture, partly ecclesiastical, but chiefly warlike, for while he repaired and richly adorned Osmund's cathedral, he not only fortified the city of Sarum, of the castle of which he was the custos as earl, but built for himself three great castles at Sherborne, Devizes, and Malmesbury. They were places of immense strength.

In 1133 King Stephen seized these three castles, together with the bishop's plate, jewels, and cash (the latter amounting to 40,000 marks), and threw the prelate himself into prison. Sherborne was recaptured by the Empress Maud, and for the next two hundred years was retained by the Crown on various pretexts, but was at length recovered for the bishopric, together with the chace and manor of Bere wood, by Bishop Robert Wyvil in 1355. Bishop Wyvil's brass in Salisbury Cathedral, records this fact, and describes him "ut pugil intrepidus;" a compliment to a bishop more appreciable in that day than at present. The brass itself is most curious. The castle is depicted with all its towers. The keep has four turrets: two ornamented with a mitre, two with an earl's coronet (Roger being both bishop and earl), at the window over the gate stands the bishop in his robes, with crozier and mitre. His hands are lifted as in the act of returning thanks to God, and re-consecrating the castle for the benefit of the bishopric. The long defilement it has undergone is expressed by the weeds and brambles in the foreground, where the rabbits are feeding and burrowing. In the gate stands the figure of an armed retainer, with the portcullis at his back, in the attitude of defence, as being ready to maintain his lord's right by arms. His left hand holds a shield, which is suspended from his shoulders by a strap, and in his right hand he wields a battle-axe.

The castle and manor now remained with the see until the fourth year of Edward VI., when the bishop, John Capon, made them over to the Lord Protector Somerset, who enjoyed them but a short time. On his attainder, the Crown again demised them to Sir John Paulett, Knight, for ninety-nine years. But the bishop having filed a bill in Chancery, declaring that he was intimidated into this surrender of his rights, his life being threatened, the Lord Chancellor decreed in his favour, and the castle once more reverted to the see.

The bishopric suffered most in this matter from the hands of Elizabeth, of whom Hutchins says with severity, that she "followed the example of her father, being actuated with the same spirit of avarice, sacrilege, and rapacity of church lands. . . . . She rewarded her favourites with the spoils of the church, and permitted, and connived at the depredations of her ministers. Every artifice was employed, and sometimes violent means were used." Twice she kept the bishopric vacant for several years, till she could find some abject occupant for it, who would consent to surrender Sherborne castle and manor to the Crown. Toby Matthew, (afterwards Bishop of Winchester) declined her terms, and she refused to make him bishop; and twice was Archbishop Whitgift obliged to interfere by a spirited remonstrance against her conduct. At length she made one Coldwell bishop, of whom it is said that he was surprised into consenting

to her terms, and never held up his head afterwards. He died very soon after, and she then (after two years' delay) made Henry Cotton bishop, the condition of his appointment being the alienation of Sherborne, which she then bestowed on Sir Walter Raleigh in 1592. We find in the "Biographia Britannica" that when Sir Walter Raleigh had used to ride past on no small employment between Plymouth and the Court, Sherborne Castle being right in the way, he cast such an eye upon it as Ahab did upon Naboth's vineyard; and once above the rest, being talking of it—of the commodiousness of the place, of the strength of the seat, and how easily it might be got from the bishopric—suddenly, over and over came his horse, and his face, which was then thought a very good face, ploughed up the earth where he fell. "This fall was ominous, I make no question," says he, "but his brother Adrian Gilbert, would have him interpret that not as a courtier but as a conqueror, it presaged the quiet possession thereof, and this through the queen's favour came to pass."

From Hutchins we learn that Raleigh "built a noble house in the park adjoining the castle, and beautified the grounds with orchards, gardens, groves of much variety and great delight, so that both in regard to the pleasantness of the situation, the goodness of the soil, and other delicacies, it stood unparalleled by any in those parts."

This house was called the Lodge (since the destruction of the old castle it has assumed the name of castle) and was built by Raleigh in 1594. It consisted then of the present centre and four adjoining turrets, and Raleigh's arms are still on the ceiling of the great saloon, or green drawing-room, viz., a bend, lozenges on a shield. They had been also placed over the mantelpiece, but were removed by the first Earl of Bristol, when Raleigh's saloon was repanelled with oak.

Here, as much as his numerous undertakings permitted, Raleigh resided with his beautiful wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, an able statesman and ambassador. She had been one of the queen's maids of honour, and such was the offence given to her majesty by their attachment and (as she imagined it) immorality, that although Raleigh made ample amends for his attentions, it was not until after some months of their imprisonment that she granted them her forgiveness.

From Sherborne Raleigh started for Guiana, and took possession of that country in the queen's name. On his return he greatly improved the estate, but he did not enjoy it long, for his sun of prosperity set with the queen's life, and he lost his interest at court, and was stripped of all his preferments. On his first condemnation the estate was confiscated. James I. resisted all Lady Raleigh's entreaties, declaring that he "maun hae the land for Carr." A flaw was detected in the conveyance to Raleigh, and the judges of the Exchequer declared it invalid, in consequence of this alleged informality.

Carr,[b] however, did not obtain Sherborne at that time, for Prince Henry, pitying the Raleigh family, obtained it for himself from the king, intending

[b] In December, 1608, James I., granted to his favourite, Carr, all Raleigh's estates, at Sherborne, also at Pinford, Rimesley, and Barton, purchased by Sir Walter's own money.

to restore it to Lady Raleigh; but died before he could effect it. Raleigh's only son, Carew, applied to King James, and at a later period to King Charles, for redress on the loss of the property, but to no purpose. He was told that his face was "no canny," and that he appeared like his father's ghost by the former; and by the latter,[e] that the bill for his restoration (from his father's attainder, all this time suspended,) should not be passed unless he would undertake to leave Lord Bristol in undisturbed possession.

To this injustice Carew Raleigh was forced to succumb, and at his mother's death her pension of 400*l.* per annum, was made over to him "in show of some recompense."

When the act for his restoration was passed, a settlement was made of Sherborne on the Bristol family, in which family it continued, when on the decease of the last Earl of Bristol, May 11, 1856, without heirs, the estates passed to their present possessor, the eldest son of his sister, the Lady Charlotte Digby, wife of the late William Wingfield Baker, Esq., Master in Chancery.

In the days of the "Good" Lord Digby, Pope was an occasional visitor at the Lodge, and his description of it in a letter published in his works gives a very good idea of it.

"The house is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Raleigh, consists of four stories, with four six-angled towers at the ends. These have been since joined to four wings, with regular stone balustrade at the top, and four towers more that finish the building. The windows and gates are of a yellow stone throughout, and one of the flat sides towards the garden has the wings of a newer architecture with beautiful Italian window frames, done by the first earl of Bristol, which, if they were joined in the middle by a portico covering the whole building, would be a noble front. . . . The finest room is a saloon fifty feet long, and a parlour hung with a very excellent tapestry of Romans, which was a present from the king of Spain to the Earl of Bristol in his embassy there." William III. was received here on his way to London in November, 1688, after landing at Torbay. It is said that his proclamation emanated from a printing press set up in the drawing-room, where a broken hearthstone still bears testimony to the fact. Not far from the old castle, between that and the Lodge, in an angle of the grove planted by Raleigh, is a stone seat [engraved at the head of this letter], said to be the scene of the remarkable mistake of Raleigh's servant, who, being despatched to the house for a flagon of beer, and seeing on his return that smoke issued from his master's mouth, laudably anxious to preserve his life, threw the whole contents of the jug in his face.

We must now return to the history of the old castle, which even in its ruins carries with it a profound interest.

It was the scene of more than one severe struggle during the Civil Wars. As early as 1642 it was held by the Marquis of Hertford for the

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[e] Charles I. gave Sherborne to Sir John Digby, who afterwards became Earl of Bristol. The earldom of Bristol became extinct in 1698, and Sherborne became the property of a kinsman, William, fifth Lord Digby.

king, with a strong garrison, against the Earl of Bedford, and a much larger force on the side of the Parliament. The earl quartered his forces in a field three-quarters of a mile north of the castle, still called "Bedford's Camp," and during five days vainly endeavoured to force it. His sister, Lady Anne, who was married to the first Earl of Bristol's eldest son, Lord George Digby, was then staying at the Lodge. The Earl of Bedford sent her a message desiring her to quit it, as he had orders from the Parliament to demolish both castle and lodge. Instead of sending any reply, the high-spirited lady immediately rode off to the enemy's camp—made straight for her brother's tent, and there told him "that if he persisted in his intention, he would find his sister's bones buried in the ruins." The Weymouth people had sent the earl three pieces of ordnance which had been mounted against the castle. On the other side, the high sheriff of Dorset, Mr. Rogers, had "raised the county" in the royal cause, and would have furnished Lord Hertford with reinforcements (for Sherborne was a loyal town), but the enemy cut them off in a skirmish on Bate Hill, and the high sheriff and others were made prisoners. At one time the garrison were so hard pressed, that the marquis offered to surrender the castle on certain conditions, but should these be refused, "he vowed to make his grave within its walls, and to place Earl Bedford's sister on the battlements, who should serve as a flag of defiance to him and all his followers." On the fifth day the earl raised the siege, not however till he had burned several houses and destroyed much property. The battery platform may still be seen within the park, on the high land towards Crackmore.

Some horses' heads, troopers' trappings, and human bones were lately turned up in the Abbey churchyard, about four feet below the surface, not far from the east end of the church, evidently the remains of some who had fallen in the Parliamentary ranks, and been hastily interred.

It was not till 1645 that the castle fell. At that time the governor or constable of it was Lewis Dives, a colonel in the army, and a gallant soldier. This time the assault was carried on by Fairfax in person, after he and Cromwell had reconnoitred the fortress together. The siege lasted sixteen days, and the garrison were staunch to the last in declining the enemy's terms. Miners had been procured from Mendip, who excavated the foundations without much difficulty, prior to attempting to blow up the castle; but just when all was ready, and Fairfax was preparing to storm, Sir Lewis Dives, yielding to necessity, "sent over a drum to ask for quarter, but before he could return a great part of Fairfax's foot were entered, and the besieged threw down their arms."[d] This was on August 15, 1645.

The little garrison, on the prisoners being marched out, was found to consist of Colonel Sir L. Dives, governor, and Lady Dives, Sir John Strangways, Colonel Giles Strangways, a son of Lord Paulett, Sir John Wattons, Sir —— Cotton, Knight, Colonel Thornhill, Colonel Fussell, an attorney, (once sub-governor of Weymouth for the king,) three members of the House of Commons, several commissioners of array, nine captains

[d] *Hutchins.*

eleven lieutenants, three cornets, five colours, fifty-five gentlemen of Wilts and Dorset, ten clergymen, six hundred common soldiers, one thousand four hundred arms, thirty horses, eighteen pieces of ordnance, a mortar piece and a murderer, sixty barrels of powder, much plunder, provision, and rich household stuff. The loss of the besieged was trifling, but Fairfax lost two hundred officers and men. The prisoners were sent to London, and the governor and Sir John Strangways to the Tower for high treason. On August 21st, Parliament ordered that the castle should be demolished. It had been greatly shattered in the siege, and the work of destruction was completed without much difficulty by the October following.

Hutchins says:—"The gatehouse is the only one of the four great towers at the angles of the walls within the ditch now remaining; but the situation of the other three may still be traced. Some fragments of the walls of the castle upon the inner bank of the ditch are still standing between the towers, and at the south-west and north-west angles. This wall is fifteen or sixteen feet high, and six or seven thick. Very little remains of the lodgings, which appear to have occupied the centre and northern side of the great court, and to have been built round a smaller court, from which there were passages and stairs leading to the principal apartments; but the whole has been so completely dismantled that it is impossible to trace the exact form of the building." The Parliamentarian troops are, however, not solely responsible for this demolition; for, according to Hutchins (confirmed by Pope, in his letter to Miss Blunt), much of the ashlar has been stripped off to build Catteton Church the stables of the Lodge (or as it is now called, the Castle)—and the garden wall, "so that the walls have now a ragged appearance." Yet, in spite of the ravages it has undergone, it is still a most interesting spot.

C. R. B.

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1869.

# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

*(L'Homme qui Rit.)*

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

The Child in the Shadow.

### CHAPTER I.

CHESIL.

THE storm was no less severe on land than on sea. The same wild enfranchisement of the elements had taken place around the abandoned child. The weak and innocent become their sport in the expenditure of unreasoning rage made by their blind forces. Shadows discern not, and things inanimate have not the clemency they are supposed to possess.

On the land there was but little wind. There was an inexplicable dumbness in the cold. There were no hailstones. The thickness of the falling snow was fearful.

Hailstones strike, harass, bruise, stun, crush. Snow-flakes do worse: soft and inexorable, the snow-flake does its work in silence; touch it, and it melts. It is pure, even as the hypocrite is candid. It is by white particles slowly heaped upon each other that the flake becomes an avalanche, and the knave a criminal.

The child continued to advance into the mist. The fog presents but a soft obstacle, hence its dangers. It yields, and yet persists. Hail, like snow, is full of treachery. The child, strange wrestler at war with all these risks, had succeeded in reaching the bottom of

the descent, and had gained Chesil. Without knowing it he was on an isthmus, with the ocean on each side; so that he could not lose his way in the fog, in the snow, nor in the darkness, without falling into the deep waters of the gulf on the right hand, or into the raging billows of the high sea on the left. He was travelling on, in ignorance, between these two abysses.

The Isthmus of Portland was at this period singularly sharp and rugged. Nothing remains at this date of its past configuration. Since the idea of manufacturing of Portland stone into Roman cement was first seized, the whole rock has been subjected to an alteration, which has completely changed its original appearance. Calcareous lias, slate, and trap, are still to be found there, rising from layers of conglomerate, like teeth out of a gum; but the pickaxe has broken up and levelled those bristling, rugged peaks, which were once the fearful perches of the osprey. The summits exist no longer, where the labbes and the skua gulls used to flock together, soaring, like the envious, to sully high places. In vain might you seek the tall monolith called Godolphin, an old Gallic word, signifying "white eagle." In summer you may still gather, in those surfaces, pierced and perforated like a sponge, rosemary, pennyroyal, wild hyssop, and sea-fennel, which, being infused, makes a good cordial, and that herb full of knots, which grows in the sand, and from which they make matting; but you no longer find grey amber, or black tin, or that triple species of slate—one sort green, one blue, and the third the colour of sage-leaves. The foxes, the badgers, the otters, and the martens, have taken themselves off; on the cliffs of Portland, as well as at the extremity of Cornwall, where there were at one time chamois, none remain. They still fish in some inlets for plaice and pilchards; but the scared salmon no longer ascend the Wey, between Michaelmas and Christmas, to spawn. No more are seen there, as during the reign of Elizabeth, those old unknown birds as large as hawks, who could cut an apple into two parts, but ate only the pips. You never meet those crows with yellow beaks, called Cornish choughs in English, *pyrrocorax* in Latin, who, in their mischief, would drop burning twigs on thatched roofs. Nor is visible now that magic bird, the fulmar, a wanderer from the Scottish archipelago, dropping from his bill an oil which the islanders used to burn in their lamps. Nor do you ever find in the evening, in the plash of the ebbing tide, that ancient, legendary neitse, with the feet of a hog, and the bleat of a calf. The tide no longer throws up the whiskered seal, with its curled ears and sharp jaws, dragging itself along on its nailless paws. On that Portland—now-a-days so changed as scarcely to be

recognised—the absence of forests precluded nightingales; but now the falcon, the swan, and the wild goose have fled. The sheep of Portland, at present, are fat and have fine wool; the few scattered ewes which nibbled the salt grass there two centuries ago were small and tough, and coarse in the fleece, as became Celtic flocks brought there by garlic-eating shepherds, who lived to a hundred, and who, at the distance of half a mile could pierce a cuirass with their yard-long arrows. Uncultivated land makes coarse wool. The Chesil of to-day resembles in no particular the Chesil of the past, so much has it been disturbed by man, and by those furious winds which gnaw the very stones.

At present this tongue of land bears a railway, terminating in a pretty square of new houses, called Chesilton, and there is a Portland station. Railway carriages roll where seals used to crawl.

The Isthmus of Portland two hundred years ago was an ass's back of sand, with a vertebral spine of rock.

The child's danger changed its form. What he had had to fear in the descent was falling down to the bottom of the precipice; in the isthmus, it was falling into the holes. After dealing with the precipice, he must deal with the pitfalls. Everything on the sea-shore is a trap—the rock is slippery, the strand is quicksand. Resting places are but snares. It is walking on ice, which may suddenly crack and yawn with a fissure, through which you disappear. The ocean has false stages below, like a well-arranged theatre.

The long backbone of granite, from which fall away both slopes of the isthmus, is awkward of access. It is difficult to find there what, in scene-shifters' language, are termed *practicables*. Man has no hospitality to hope for from the ocean; from the rock no more than from the wave. The sea is provident for the bird and the fish alone. Isthmuses are especially naked and rugged; the wave, which wears and mines them on either side, reduces them to the simplest form. Everywhere there were sharp relief ridges, cuttings, frightful fragments of torn stone, yawning with many points, like the jaws of a shark; breaknecks of wet moss, rapid slopes of rock, ending in the sea. Whosoever undertakes to pass over an isthmus meets at every step misshapen blocks, as large as houses, in the forms of shin-bones, shoulder blades, and thigh-bones, the hideous anatomy of denuded rocks. It is not without reason that these *striæ* of the seashore are called *côtes*.*

The wayfarer must escape as he can from the confusion of these ruins.

* Côtes, coasts, costa, ribs,

To journey over the bones of an enormous skeleton would be a similar labour.

Put a child to this labour of Hercules.

Broad daylight might have aided him. It was night. A guide was necessary. He was alone; all the vigour of manhood would not have been too much. He had but the feeble strength of a child. In default of a guide, a footpath might have aided him: there was none.

By instinct he avoided the sharp ridge of the rocks, and kept to the strand as much as possible. It was there that he met with the pitfalls. They were multiplied before him under three forms: the pitfall of water, the pitfall of snow, and the pitfall of sand. This last is the most dangerous of all, because the most illusory. To know the peril we face is alarming; to ignore it, is terrible. The child was fighting against lateral dangers. He was groping his way through something which might, perhaps, be the grave.

He did not hesitate. He went round the rocks, avoided the crevices, guessed at the pitfalls, obeyed the twistings and turnings caused by such obstacles; yet he went on. Though unable to advance in a straight line, he walked with a firm step. When necessary he drew back with energy. He knew how to tear himself in time from the horrid bird-lime of the quicksands. He shook the snow from about him. He entered the water more than once up to the knees. Directly that he left it, his wet knees were frozen by the intense cold of the night. He walked rapidly in his stiffened garments; yet he had taken care to keep his sailor's wraps dry and warm on his chest. He was still tormented by hunger.

The chances of the abyss are illimitable. Everything is possible in it, even salvation. The issue may be found, though it be invisible. How the child, wrapped in a smothering winding-sheet of snow, lost on this narrow elevation between two jaws of an abyss, managed to cross the isthmus, is what he could not himself have told. He had slipped, climbed, rolled, searched, walked, persevered. That is all. It is the secret of all triumphs. At the end of somewhat less than half an hour, he felt that the ground was rising. He had reached the other shore. Leaving Chesil, he had gained terra firma.

The bridge which now unites Sandfoord Castle with Smallmouth Sands did not then exist. It is probable that in his intelligent groping he had re-ascended as far as Wyke Regis, where there was then a tongue of sand, a natural road crossing East Fleet.

He was saved from the isthmus; but he found himself face to face *with the tempest*, with the cold, with the night.

Before him once more lay the plain, shapeless in the density of impenetrable shadow. He looked on the ground, seeking a footpath. Suddenly he bent down. He had discovered, in the snow, something which seemed to him a track.

It was indeed a track—the print of a foot. The print was cut out cleanly in the whiteness of the snow, which rendered it distinctly visible. He considered it. It was a naked foot; too small to be that of a man, too large to be that of a child.

It was probably the foot of a woman. Beyond that mark was another, then another, then another. The footprints followed each other at the distance of a step, and struck across the plain to the right. They were still fresh, and slightly covered with snow. A woman had just passed that way.

This woman was walking in the direction where the child had seen the smoke. With his eyes fixed on the footprints, he set himself to follow them.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE EFFECT OF SNOW.

He journeyed some time along this course. Unfortunately the footprints were becoming less and less visible. Dense and fearful was the falling of the snow. It was the period when the hooker was so distressed by the snow-storm at sea.

The child, like the vessel in distress, but after another fashion, had, in the inextricable intersection of shadows which rose up before him, no resource but the footsteps in the snow, and held to it as the thread of the labyrinth.

Suddenly, whether the snow had filled them up, or for some other reason, the footsteps ceased. All became even, level, smooth, without a stain, without a detail. There was now nothing but a white cloth drawn over the earth, and a black one over the sky. It seemed as if the foot-passenger had flown away. The child, in despair, bent down and searched; but in vain.

As he arose he had a sensation of hearing some indistinct sound, but which he could not be sure that he heard. It resembled a voice, a breath, a shadow. It was more human than animal; more sepulchral than living. It was a sound, but the sound of a dream.

He looked, but saw nothing.

Solitude, large, naked, and livid, was before him. He listened. That which he had thought he heard existed no longer. Perhaps it had been but fancy. He still listened. All was silent.

There was illusion in that fog.

He went on his way again. He walked forward at random, with nothing thenceforth to guide him.

As he moved away the noise recommenced. This time he could doubt no longer. It was a groan, almost a sob.

He turned. He searched the darkness of space with his eyes. He saw nothing. The sound arose once more. If limbo could cry out it would cry in such a tone.

Nothing could have been so penetrating, so piercing, so feeble as this voice—for it was a voice. It arose from a soul. There was palpitation in this murmur. Nevertheless, it seemed uttered almost unconsciously. It was a voice of suffering, not knowing that it suffered, or that it appealed.

This cry,—perhaps a first breath, perhaps a last sigh,—was equally distant from the rattle which closes life, and the wail with which it commences. This breathed; it was stifled; it wept. It was a gloomy supplication from the invisible. The child fixed his attention everywhere, far, near, in the depths, on high, below. There was no one. There was nothing. He listened. The voice made itself heard again. He perceived it distinctly. The sound somewhat resembled the bleating of a lamb.

Then he was frightened, and thought of flight.

The groan again. This was the fourth time. It was strangely miserable and plaintive. One felt that after that last effort more mechanical than voluntary, the cry would probably be extinguished.

It was an expiring exclamation, instinctively appealing to the amount of aid held in suspense in space. It was some muttering of agony, addressed to a possible Providence.

The child approached in the direction from whence the sound came.

Still he saw nothing.

He advanced again, watchfully.

The complaint continued. However inarticulate and confused it might be, it had become clear—almost vibrating. The child was near the voice; but where was it?

He was close to the murmur. The trembling of a cry passed by his side into space. A human moan floated away into the darkness. This was what he had met. This at least was his impression, dim as the dense mist in which he was lost.

Whilst he hesitated between an instinct which urged him to fly, and an instinct which commanded him to remain, he perceived in the snow at his feet, a few steps before him, a sort of undulation of the

dimensions of a human body—a small eminence, low, long, and narrow, like the mould over a grave—like a sepulchre in a white churchyard.

At the same time a voice cried out. It was from there, beneath, that it proceeded. The child bent down, crouching before the undulation, and with his two hands began to clear it away.

Beneath the snow which he removed a form grew under his hands; and suddenly in the hollow he had made appeared a pale face.

The cry had not proceeded from this face. Her eyes were shut, and the mouth open, but full of snow.

She remained motionless; she stirred not under the hands of the child. The child, whose fingers were numb with frost, shuddered when he touched the coldness of that face. Her dishevelled hair was mingled with the snow. The woman was dead.

Again the child set himself to sweep away the snow. The neck of the dead woman was uncovered; then her shoulders and their flesh appeared under her rags. Suddenly he felt something move feebly under his touch. It was something small that was buried, and which stirred. The child swiftly cleared away the snow, discovering a wretched body of a child—thin, wan with cold, still alive, and naked, on the dead woman's naked breast.

It was a little girl.

It had been swaddled up, but in rags so scanty that in its struggles it had freed itself from its tatters. Under it its attenuated limbs, and above it its breath, had somewhat melted the snow. A nurse would have said that it was five or six months old, but perhaps it might be a year, for growth, in poverty, suffers heartbreaking reductions, which sometimes produce rickets. When its face was exposed to the air, she gave a cry; the continuation of her sobs of distress. For the mother not to have heard that sob, proved her to be irrevocably dead.

The child took the infant in his arms. The stiffened body of the mother was a fearful sight; a spectral light proceeded from her face. The mouth apart, and without breath, seemed to form in the indistinct language of shadows the answer to the questions put to the dead by the invisible. The ghastly reflection of the icy plains was on that countenance. There was the youthful forehead under the brown hair, the almost indignant knitting of the eyebrows, the pinched nostrils, the closed eyelids, the lashes glued together by the rime, and from the corners of the eyes to the corners of the lips, a deep channel of tears. Snow lights up death. Winter and the tomb are not adverse. The corpse is the icicle of man. The nakedness

of her breasts was pathetic. They had fulfilled their purpose. They had that touching loss of firmness consequent on life infused by the being to whom now life was wanting, and maternal majesty had there replaced virginal purity. At the point of one of her nipples was a white pearl. It was a drop of milk frozen.

Let us explain at once. On the plains over which the abandoned boy was passing in his turn, a beggar woman while nursing her infant, and at the same time searching for a refuge, had lost her way a few hours before. Benumbed with cold she had sunk under the tempest, and could not rise again. The falling snow had covered her. So long as she was able she had clasped the little girl to her bosom, and thus died.

The infant had essayed to suck the marble breast. Blind trust, inspired by nature, for it seems that it is possible for a woman to suckle her child even after the last sigh.

But the lips of the infant had been unable to find the breast, or the drop of milk, stolen by death, had been frozen, whilst under the snow the child, more accustomed to the cradle than the tomb, had wailed.

The abandoned child had heard the cry of the dying child.

He disinterred it.

He took it in his arms.

When she felt herself in his arms she ceased crying. The two faces of the two children touched each other, and the purple lips of the infant sought the cheek of the boy, as it had been a breast. The little girl was near the moment when the congealed blood stops the action of the heart. Her mother had touched her with the chill of her own death—a corpse communicates death; its numbness is infectious. The feet, the hands, the arms, the knees, seemed paralysed to ice. The boy felt this terrible coldness. He had on him a garment dry and warm—his pilot jacket. He placed the infant on the breast of the corpse, took off his jacket, wrapped the baby in it, took it again in his arms, and now, almost naked, blown by the north wind, which covered him with eddies of snow-flakes, he, carrying the infant, pursued his journey.

The little one having succeeded in finding the boy's cheek, again applied her lips to it, and, soothed by the warmth, she slept. The first kiss of those two souls in the darkness.

The mother lay there, her back to the snow, her face to the night; but at the moment when the little boy stripped himself to clothe the little girl, perhaps from the depths of infinity the mother saw him.

## CHAPTER III.

### A BURTHEN MAKES A ROUGH ROAD ROUGHER.

It was little more than four hours since the hooker had sailed from the creek of Portland, leaving the boy on the shore. During the long hours of his abandonment, and of his journey onwards, he had met but three persons of that human society into which he was, perchance, about to enter. A man—that man on the hill—a woman—this woman in the snow—and the little girl whom he carried in his arms.

He was exhausted by fatigue and hunger. He advanced more resolutely than ever, with less of strength and an added burden. He was now almost naked. The few rags which remained to him, hardened by the frost, were sharp as glass, and cut his skin. He became colder, but the infant was warmer. That which he lost was not thrown away, but was gained by her. He found out that the poor infant enjoyed the comfort which was to her the renewal of life. He continued to advance.

From time to time, still holding her securely, he bent down, and taking a handful of snow he rubbed his feet with it, to prevent their being frost-bitten. At other times, his throat feeling as if it were on fire, he put a little snow in his mouth and sucked it, which for a moment assuaged his thirst, but changed it into fever—a relief which was an aggravation.

The storm had become shapeless from its violence. Deluges of snow are possible. This was one. This paroxysm scourged the shore at the same time that it up-tore the depths of ocean. This was, perhaps, the moment when the distracted hooker was going to pieces in the battle of the breakers.

He travelled under this north wind, walking always toward the east over large surfaces of snow. He knew not how the hours had passed. For a long time he had ceased to see the smoke. These indications are soon effaced during the night; besides, it was past the hour when fires are put out. Finally, he had, perhaps, made a mistake, and it was possible that neither town nor village existed in the direction in which he was travelling. Doubting, he yet persevered.

Two or three times the little infant cried. Then he adopted in his gait a rocking movement, and the child was soothed and silenced. She ended by falling into a sound sleep. He, shivering himself, felt that she was warm. He frequently tightened the folds of the jacket round the little babe's neck, so that the frost should not get in

through any opening, and that no melted snow should drop between the garment and the child.

The plain was unequal. In the declivities into which it sloped the snow, driven by the wind into the dips of the ground, was so deep, in comparison with a child so small, that it almost engulfed him, and he had to struggle through it, half buried. He walked on, working away the snow with his knees.

Having cleared the ravine, he reached the high lands swept by the winds, where the snow lay thin. Then he found the surface a sheet of ice. The little girl's lukewarm breath, playing on his face, warmed it for a moment, then lingered, and froze in his hair, stiffening it into icicles.

He felt the approach of another danger. He could not afford to fall. He knew that if he did so, he should never rise again. He was overcome by fatigue; and the weight of the darkness would, as with the dead woman, have flattened him to the ground, whilst the ice would have glued him alive to the earth.

He had tripped upon the slopes of precipices, and had recovered himself; he had stumbled into holes, and had got out again. Thenceforward the slightest fall would be death; a false step opened for him a tomb. He must not even slip. He had not strength to rise even to his knees. Now everything was slippery; everywhere there was rime and frozen snow. The little creature whom he carried made his progress fearfully difficult. It was not only a burthen, which his weariness and exhaustion made excessive, but it was an embarrassment. She occupied both his arms; and, to him, who walks over ice, the two arms are a natural and necessary balancing power.

It was necessary to do without this balance.

He did without it, and advanced, bending under his burthen, not knowing what would become of him.

This little infant was the drop causing the cup of misery to overflow.

He advanced, reeling at each step, as if on a spring board, and accomplishing, without spectators, miracles of equilibrium. Let us repeat that he was, perhaps, followed on this path of pain by eyes unsleeping in the distances of the shadows—the eyes of the mother and the eyes of God. He staggered, slipped, recovered himself, took care of the child, and, gathering the jacket about it, he covered up its head; staggered again, advanced—slipped—then drew himself up. The cowardly wind drove against him. Apparently, he made much more way than was necessary. He was, to all appearance, on

the plains where Bincleaves Farm was afterwards established, between what are now called Spring Gardens and the Parsonage House. Homesteads and cottages occupy the place of waste lands. Sometimes less than a century separates a steppe from a city.

Suddenly, a lull having occurred in the icy blast which was blinding him, he perceived, at a short distance in front of him, a cluster of gables and of chimneys shown in relief by the snow. The reverse of a silhouette—a city painted in white on a black horizon, something like what we call now a negative proof. Roofs—dwellings—an asylum. He had arrived somewhere at last. He felt the ineffable encouragement of hope. The watch of a ship, which has wandered from her course, feels somewhat of these emotions when he cries, "Land!"

He hurried his steps.

At length, then, he was near mankind. He would soon be amidst living creatures. There was no longer anything to fear. There glowed within him that sudden warmth—security; that out of which he was emerging was over; thenceforward there was no longer night, nor winter, nor tempest. It seemed to him that he had left all evil chances behind him. The infant was no longer a burthen. He almost ran.

His eyes were fixed on the roofs. There was life. He never took his eyes off them. A dead man might thus gaze on all that was possible through the half-opened door of his sepulchre. There were the chimneys of which he had seen the smoke.

No smoke now arose from them. He was not long before he reached the habitations. He came to the outskirts of a town, which was an open street. At that period barriers to streets were falling into disuse.

The street began by two houses. In these two houses neither candle nor lamp was to be seen; nor in the whole street; nor in the whole town, so far as eye could reach. The house to the right was a roof rather than a house—nothing could be more mean.

The walls were of mud, the roof was of straw, and there was more thatch than wall. A large nettle, springing from the bottom of the wall, touched the roof. The hovel had but one door, which was like that of a dog kennel; and a window, which was but a hole. All was shut up. At the side an inhabited pig-stye told that the house was also inhabited.

The house on the left was large, high, built entirely of stone, with a slated roof. This was also closed. It was the rich man's home, opposite to that of the pauper.

The boy did not hesitate. He approached the great mansion. The double folding-door of massive oak, studded with large nails, was of the kind that make one expect that behind it there is a stout armoury of bolts and locks. An iron knocker was attached to it. He raised the knocker with some difficulty, for his benumbed hands were stumps rather than hands. He knocked once.

No answer.

He struck again; and two knocks.

No movement was heard in the house.

He knocked a third time.

There was no sound. He understood that they were all asleep, and did not care to get up.

Then he turned to the hovel. He picked up a pebble from the snow, and knocked against the low door.

There was no answer.

He raised himself on tiptoe, and knocked with his pebble against the pane too softly to break the glass, but loud enough to be heard.

No voice was heard; no step moved; no candle was lighted.

He thought that there, also, they did not care to awake.

The house of stone and the thatched hovel were equally deaf to the wretched.

The boy decided on pushing on further, and penetrating the strait of houses which stretched away in front of him, so dark that it seemed more like a gulf between two cliffs than the entrance to a town.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ANOTHER FORM OF DESERT.

It was Weymouth which he had just entered. Weymouth then was not the respectable and superb Weymouth of to-day.

That ancient Weymouth did not possess, like the present one, an irreproachable rectangular quay, with an inn and a statue in honour of George III. This resulted from the fact that George III. had not yet been born. For the same reason, they had not yet obtained on the slope of the green hill towards the east, fashioned flat on the soil by cutting away the turf, and leaving the bare chalk to the view, that white horse, an acre long, bearing the king upon his back, and always turning, in honour of George III., his tail to the city. These honours, however, are deserved.

George III. having lost in his old age the intellect he had never

possessed in his youth, was not responsible for the calamities of his reign. He was an innocent. Why not erect statues to him?

Weymouth, a hundred and eighty years ago, was about as symmetrical as a game of spillikins in confusion. In legends it is said that Astorath travelled over the world, carrying on her back a wallet which contained everything, even good women in their houses. A pell-mell of sheds thrown from this devil's bag would give an idea of this irregular Weymouth—the good women in the sheds included. The Music Hall remains as a specimen of these buildings; a confusion of wooden dens, carved and eaten by worms, which carve in another fashion—shapeless, overhanging buildings, some with pillars leaning one against the other for support against the east wind, and leaving between them awkward spaces of narrow and winding channels, lanes, and passages, often flooded by the equinoctial tides. A heap of old grandmother houses, crowded round a grandfather church, such was Weymouth; a sort of Norman village thrown up on the coast of England.

The traveller, if he entered the tavern replaced now by the hotel, instead of paying royally his twenty-five francs for a fried sole and a bottle of wine, had to suffer the humiliation of eating soup made of fish, for the price of a penny,—which soup, by-the-by, was very good. This was miserable.

The abandoned child, carrying the foundling, passed through the first street, then the second, then the third. He raised his eyes, seeking in the higher storeys and in the roofs a lighted window pane, but all were closed and dark. At intervals he knocked at the doors. No one answered him. Nothing makes the heart so like stone as being warm between sheets. The noise and the shaking had at length awakened the little girl. He knew this because he felt her suck his cheek. She did not cry, believing him to be her mother.

He was in danger of turning and wandering long, perhaps, in the intersections of the Scrambridge lanes, where there were then more cultivated plots than dwellings, more thorn hedges than houses; but fortunately he struck into a passage, which exists to this day near Trinity schools. This passage led him to a strand, where was a roughly built quay with a parapet, and to the right he made out a bridge. This was the bridge over the Wey, connecting Wey with Melcombe Regis, and under the arches of which the harbour connects with the Backwater.

Weymouth, a hamlet, was then the suburb of Melcombe Regis, a city and port. Now Melcombe Regis is a parish belonging to Weymouth. The village has absorbed the city. It was that bridge which

did the work. Bridges are strange vehicles of suction, which inhale the populace, and sometimes swell a river bank at the expense of its opposite neighbour.

The boy went to the bridge, which at that period was covered with timber. He crossed the footbridge. Thanks to its roofing, there was no snow on the floor. His bare feet had a moment's comfort as they crossed the dry planks. Having passed over the bridge, he found himself at Melcombe Regis. There then were fewer wooden houses than stone ones. It was no longer the borough, it was the city.

The bridge opened on to a somewhat fine street called St. Thomas's Street. He entered it. The street presented here and there high carved gables and shop fronts. He betook himself to knocking at the doors: he had no strength left to call or cry for succour.

At Melcombe Regis, as at Weymouth, no one was stirring. The doors were all carefully double locked. The windows were all covered by their shutters, as the eyes were by their lids. All precautions had been taken to avoid being aroused by disagreeable surprises. The little wanderer was suffering the indefinable depression made on him by the sleeping town. The silence of these paralysed ants' nests made his head swim round. All those lethargies mingled their nightmares. These slumbers are a crowd, and from human bodies lying stretched out arises a vapour of dreams. Sleep has gloomy associates beyond this life: the decomposed thoughts of the sleepers float above them in a mist, which is both of death and of life, and combines with the possible, which thinks, the probable, floating in space. Hence arise entanglements. The dream, that cloud, interposes its folds and its transparencies over that star, the mind. Above those closed eyelids, where vision takes the place of sight, a sepulchral disintegration of outlines and appearances dilates itself into impalpability.

A dispersion of mysterious existences amalgamates itself with life on the borders of death, which is sleep. Those mingled larvæ and souls are in the air. Even he who sleeps not, feels that medium press upon him which is full of sinister life. The surrounding chimera, which hint reality, weary him. The awakened man, making his way amidst the sleep phantoms of others, and pushing back confusedly the passing shadows, has, or imagines he has, a vague horror of adverse contacts with the invisible, and feels at each moment the obscure pressure of a hostile encounter which dissolves. There is something of the effect of a forest in that nocturnal diffusion of dreams.

It is what is called fear, without reason.

What a man feels, a child feels even more.

The uneasiness of nocturnal fear, increased by the spectral houses, increased the weight of the dismal burthen under which he was struggling.

He entered Conycar Lane, and perceived at the end of that passage the Backwater, which he took for the ocean. He no longer knew in what direction the sea lay. He returned by the same way he had come, struck to the left by Maiden Street, and went back till he reached St. Alban's Row.

There by chance, and without selection, he struck violently at any house he happened to pass. These blows, on which he expended his last energy, were jerky and without aim; now ceasing altogether for a time, now renewed as if in irritation. It was the violence of his fever striking against the doors.

One voice answered.

That of Time.

Three o'clock tolled slowly behind him from the old belfry of St. Nicholas'.

Then all sank again into silence.

That no inhabitant should have opened a lattice may appear surprising. Nevertheless, that silence can in a great degree be explained. We must observe that in January, 1790, they were just over a somewhat severe outbreak of the plague in London,[b] and that the fear of receiving sick vagabonds caused everywhere a diminution of hospitality. People would not even open their windows for fear of inhaling the poison.

The child felt the coldness of men more terrible than the coldness of night. The coldness of men is intentional. He felt a tightening on his sinking heart which he had not known in the desert. Now he had entered into the midst of life, and remained alone. This was the summit of misery. The pitiless desert he had understood; the unrelenting town was too much to bear.

The hour, the strokes of which he had just counted, had been another blow. Nothing is so freezing in some situations as the voice of the hour. It is a declaration of indifference. It is Eternity, which says, "What does it matter to me?"

He stopped, and it is not certain whether in that miserable minute he did not ask himself whether it would not be more simple to lie down there and die. However, the little infant leaned her head against his shoulder, and fell asleep again.

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[b] No plague in London after 1666.

This dim confidence set him onwards again. He whom all supports were failing felt that he was himself a basis of support.

Irresistible summons to duty!

Neither such ideas nor such a situation belonged to his age. It is probable that he did not understand them. It was a matter of instinct. He did what it chanced that he did.

He went in the direction of Johnstone Row. But now he no longer walked; he dragged himself along. He left St. Mary's Street to the left, made zig-zags in the lanes, and at the end of a winding passage found himself in rather a wide, open space. It was a piece of waste land not built upon; probably the spot where Chesterfield Place now stands. The houses finished there. He perceived the sea on his right hand, and scarcely any of the city on his left.

What was to become of him? The country began again. To the east, great naked plains of snow marked out the wide slopes of Radipole. Should he continue this journey? Should he advance and re-enter those solitudes? Should he return and re-enter the streets?

What should he do between these two silences—the mute plain, and the deaf city? Which of these two refusals should he choose?

There is the anchor of mercy. There is also the look of piteousness. It was that look which the poor little despairing wanderer threw around him.

All at once he heard a menace.

## CHAPTER V.

### MISANTHROPY PLAYS ITS PRANKS.

None can imagine what a strange and alarming grinding of teeth reached him through this shadow.

It was enough to drive him back: he advanced. To those to whom silence has become dreadful, a howl is pleasing.

That fierce growl reassured him—that threat was a promise. There was then at length a being alive and awake, though it might be a wild beast. He went to the side whence came this snarl.

He turned the corner of a wall, and, behind in the vast sepulchral light made by the reflection of snow and sea, he saw a thing placed as if for shelter. It was a cart, unless it were a hovel. It had wheels,—it was a carriage. It had a roof,—it was a dwelling. From the roof arose a funnel, and out of the funnel smoke. This smoke was red, and seemed to imply a good fire in the interior. Behind,

raised hinges indicated a door, and in the centre of this door a square opening showed a light inside the van. He approached.

That which had growled felt that he approached, and became furious. It was no longer a growl which he had to do with, it was a roar. He heard a sharp sound, as of a chain violently pulled to its full length, and suddenly, under the door, behind the hind wheels, two rows of sharp, white teeth appeared. At the same time as the mouth between the wheels, a head was put through the window.

"Peace there!" said the head.

The mouth was silent.

The head began again,—

"Is any one there?"

The child answered,—

"Yes."

"Who?"

"I."

"You? Who are you, whence come you?"

"I am weary," said the child.

"What o'clock is it?"

"I am cold."

"What do you, there?"

"I am hungry."

The head replied,—

"Every one cannot be as happy as a lord. Go away."

The head was withdrawn, and the window closed.

The child bowed his forehead, drew the sleeping infant closer in his arms, and collected his strength to resume his journey; he had taken some steps, and was hurrying away.

However, at the same time that the window shut, the door opened; a step had been let down; the voice which had spoken to the child cried out angrily from the inside of the van.

"Well! why do you not enter?"

The child turned.

"Come in," resumed the voice. "Who has sent me a fellow like that, who is hungry and cold, and who does not come in?"

The child, at the same time repulsed and invited, remained motionless.

The voice continued,—

"You are told to come in, young rascal."

He made up his mind, and placed one foot on the lowest step.

There was a great growl under the van. He drew back. The gaping jaws appeared.

"Peace!" cried the voice of the man.

The jaws retreated, the growling ceased.

"Ascend!" continued the man.

The child with difficulty mounted up three steps. He was impeded by the infant so benumbed, rolled up and enveloped in the jacket that nothing could be distinguished of her, and the child was but a little shapeless mass.

He passed over the three steps; and having reached the threshold, stopped.

No candle was burning in the caravan, probably from the economy of want. The hut was lighted up only by a red tinge, arising from the opening at the top of the stone, in which sparkled a great fire. On the stone was smoking a porringer, and a saucepan, containing to all appearance, something to eat. The savoury odour was perceptible. The hut was furnished with a chest, a stool, and an unlighted lantern, which hung from the ceiling. Besides, to the partition was attached some boards on brackets, and some hooks, from which hung a variety of things. On the boards, and depending from the nails, were rows of glasses, coppers, an alembic, a vessel rather like those used for graining wax—which are called granulators—and a confusion of strange objects, of which the child understood nothing, and which were utensils for cookery and chemistry. The caravan was oblong in shape, the stove being in front. It was not even a little room. It was scarcely a big box. There was more light outside from the snow, than inside from the stove. Everything in the caravan was indistinct and misty. Nevertheless, a reflection of the fire on the ceiling enabled the spectator to read in large letters,—

URSUS, PHILOSOPHER.

The child, in fact, was making his way into the house of Homo and Ursus. The one had just been heard growling, the other speaking.

The child having reached the threshold, perceived, near the stove, a man—tall, smooth, thin and old, dressed in grey, whose head, as he stood, reached the roof. The man could not have raised himself on tiptoe. The caravan was just his size.

"Enter!" said the man, who was Ursus.

The child entered.

"Put down your bundle."

The child placed his burthen carefully on the top of the chest, for fear of awakening and terrifying her.

The man continued,—

"What do you put there so softly? You could not do more were it a case of relics. Is it that you are afraid of tearing a hole in those rags of yours? Ah! worthless vagabond! in the streets at this hour! Who are you? Answer! But no. I forbid you to answer. There! You are cold. Warm yourself as quickly as you can," and he shoved him by the shoulders in front of the fire.

"Are you wet enough? Are you frozen enough? A nice state to come into a house! Come, take off those outer rags, villain!" and as with one hand, with feverish haste, he dragged off the boy's rags which tore into shreds, with the other he took down from a nail a man's shirt, and one of those knitted jackets which are up to this day called kiss-me-quicks.

"Here are clothes."

He chose out of a heap a woollen rag, and chafed before the fire the limb of the exhausted and bewildered child, who at that moment of warm nakedness felt as if he were seeing and touching heaven. The limbs having been rubbed, he next essayed the feet.

"Come! carcass! you are not frost-bitten! I was a fool to fancy you had something frozen, the hind-legs or the fore-paws. Thou wilt not lose the use of them this time. Dress thyself!"

The child put on the shirt, and the man placed over it the knitted jacket.

"Now."

The man kicked the stool forward, and made the little boy sit down, again shoving him by the shoulders, and then pointed with his finger to the porringer which smoked upon the stove. What the child saw in the porringer, was, again, heaven to him—namely, a potato and a bit of bacon.

"You are hungry—eat!"

The man took from the shelf a crust of hard bread, and an iron fork, and handed them to the child.

The boy hesitated.

"Perhaps you expect me to lay a cloth," said the man, and he placed the porringer on the child's lap.

"Gobble that up."

Hunger overcame astonishment. The child began to eat. The unfortunate boy devoured rather than ate. The glad sound of the crunching of bread filled the hut. The man grumbled,—

"Not so quick, horrid gourmandiser! Is he not a greedy scoundrel? When such scum are hungry, they eat in a revolting fashion. You *should see a lord sup.* I, in my lifetime, have seen dukes eat.

They do not eat. It is that which is noble. They drink, however. Come, wild boar! stuff yourself!"

The absence of ears, which is the concomitant of a hungry belly, caused the child to take little need to the violence of these epithets, tempered as they were by charity of action, which involved a contradiction resulting in his benefit. For the moment he was absorbed by two exigences, and by two extasies—food and warmth.

Ursus continued his imprecations, muttering to himself,—

"I have seen King James supping in *propriâ personâ*, in the Banqueting House, where are to be admired the paintings of the famous Rubens. His Majesty touched nothing. That beggar over there, browses, browses—a word derived from brute. What made me think of coming to this Weymouth seven times devoted to the infernal deities? I have sold nothing since the morning. I have harangued the snow. I have played the flute to the hurricane. I have not pocketed a farthing; and now, to-night, these beggars drop in. Horrid country! There is a battle, a struggle, a competition between the fools of passengers, and myself. They try to give me nothing but farthings. I try to give them nothing but drugs. Well! to-day there is nothing. Not an idiot in the highway. Not a penny in the till. Eat away! Hell-born boy! Tear and crunch! We have fallen on times when nothing can equal the cynicism of spungers. Fatten at my expense, parasite! That wretched boy over there is more than hungry; he is mad. It is not appetite, it is ferocity. He is carried away by a mad virus. Perhaps he has the plague. Had you the plague, thief? Suppose he were to give it to Homo!

"No, never! Let the populace die, but not my wolf. But by-the-by, I am hungry myself. I declare that this is a disagreeable incident. I have worked to-day far into the night. There are seasons in a man's life when he is hard pressed. I was to-night by hunger. I was all alone. I made a fire. I had but one potato, one crust of bread, a mouthful of bacon, and a drop of milk, and I put it to warm. I say to myself, 'good.' I think I am going to eat, and bang! this crocodile must fall upon me at the very moment. He installs himself clean between my food and myself. Behold! how my larder is devastated! Eat! pike eat! Shark! how many teeth had you in your jaws? Guzzle! Wolf-cub; no I withdraw that word. I respect wolves. Swallow up my food, boa. I have worked all day, and far into the night, on an empty stomach; my throat sore; my pancreas in distress; my entrails out of order; and my recompence is to see another eat.

"'Tis all one, though! We will divide. He shall have bread, the potato and the bacon, and I will have the milk."

At this moment a wail, lamentable and prolonged, arose in the hut. The man listened.

"You cry! sycophant! Why do you cry?"

The boy turned towards him, it was evident that it was not he who cried. He had his mouth full.

The cry was uninterrupted.

The man went to the chest.

"It is this packet then that wails. Vale of Jehoshaphat! Behold a vociferating parcel! What the devil has your bundle got to croak about?"

He unrolled the jacket, an infant's head appeared, the mouth open and crying.

"Well! Who goes there!" said the man. "Here is another of them. When is this to end? Who is there! To arms! corporal! call out the guard; another bang! What have you brought me, thief? Do you not see it is thirsty?

"Come! the little one must have a drink. Good! now I shall not have even the milk."

He took down from the things lying in disorder on the shelf a bandage of linen, a sponge, and a phial, muttering savagely, "What an infernal country!"

Then he looked at the little infant. "'Tis a girl! one can tell that by her scream, and she is drenched as well." He dragged away as he had done from the boy, the tatters in which she was knotted up rather than dressed, and swathed her in a rag, which, though of coarse linen, was clean and dry. This rough and sudden dressing exasperated the infant.

"She mews relentlessly," said he.

He bit off a long piece of sponge, tore from the roll a square piece of linen, drew from it a bit of thread, took the saucepan in which there was some milk from the stove, filled the phial with milk, drove down the sponge halfway into its neck, covered the sponge with linen, tied this cork in with the thread, applied his cheeks to the phial to be sure that it was not too hot, and seized under his left arm the bewildered bundle, which was still crying. "Come! have thy supper, creature! Let me suckle you," and he put the neck of the bottle to its mouth.

The little infant drank greedily.

He held the phial at the necessary incline, grumbling,—"They are all the same, the cowards! When they have all they want they are silent."

The child had drank so energetically, and had seized so eagerly this end of the bread offered by a cross grained Providence, that she was taken with a fit of coughing.

"You are going to choke!" growled Ursus. "A fine gobbler is this one, also!"

He drew away the sponge which she was sucking, allowed the cough to subside, and then replaced the phial to her lips, saying, "Suck! street walker!"

In the meantime the boy had laid down his fork. Seeing the infant drink had made him forget to eat. The moment before, when he ate, the expression in his face was satisfaction—now it was gratitude. He watched the infant's renewal of life; that completion of the resurrection begun by himself filled his eyes with an ineffable brilliancy. Ursus went on muttering angry words between his teeth. The little boy now and then lifted to Ursus his eyes, moist with the indefinable emotion which this poor little being felt without being able to express it. Ursus addressed him furiously.

"Well, then, eat!"

"And you?" said the child, all trembling, and with tears in his eyes. "You have nothing?"

"Will you be kind enough to eat it all up, cub! There is not too much for you, as there was not enough for me."

The child took up his fork, but did not eat.

"Eat," vociferated Ursus. "What has it got to do with me? Who speaks of me? Wretched little barefooted clerk of Penniless Parish, I tell you to eat it all. You are here to eat, drink, and sleep—eat, or I will kick you out, you and your companion."

The boy, under this menace, began to eat again. He had not much trouble in finishing what was left in the porringer. Ursus muttered, "This building is badly joined. The cold comes in by the window pane." A pane had indeed been broken in front, either by some jolt of the caravan, or by a stone thrown by some mischievous boy. Ursus had placed a star of paper over the fracture, which had become unpasted. The blast entered there.

He was half seated on the chest. The infant in his arms, and at the same time on his knees, who was sucking voluptuously at the bottle, with that Divine somnolency which cherubims have before their Creator, and infants before their mothers' breast.

"She is drunk," said Ursus; and he continued, "After that, make sermons on temperance."

The wind tore from the pane the plaster paper, which flew across the hut; but there was nothing in this to trouble the children

entering into new life; whilst the little girl drank, and the little boy ate, Ursus grumbled,—

"Drunkenness begins with the infant in swaddling clothes. Give yourself the trouble then to be Bishop Tillotson, and to thunder against excess of drinking. What an odious draught of wind! And then my stove is old. It allows puffs of smoke to escape enough to give you trichiasis. One has to bear the inconveniencies of cold, and the inconveniencies of fire. One cannot see clearly. That being over there abuses my hospitality. Well! I have not been able to distinguish the face of this animal. Comfort is wanting here. By Jupiter! I am a great admirer of exquisite banquets in well closed rooms. I have missed my vocation. I was born to be a sensualist. The greatest of sages was Philoxenus, who wished to possess the neck of a crane, to be longer in tasting the pleasures of the table. Receipts to-day at zero. Nothing sold all day. Inhabitants, footmen, servants, and tradesmen, here is your doctor, here are your drugs. You are losing your tune, old friend. Pack up your physic. Everyone is well down here. Here's a cursed town, where every one is well. The skies alone have diarrhœa—what snow! Anaxagoras taught that the snow was black, and he was right, cold being blackness. Ice is night. What a hurricane! I can fancy the delight of those at sea. The hurricane is the passage of demons. It is the row of the tempest fiends galloping and rolling head over heels above our boxes of bones. In the wind this one has a tail, that one has horns, another a flame for a tongue, another claws to its wings, another a lord chancellor's paunch, another an academician's pate. You may observe a form in every sound. To every fresh wind a fresh demon. The ear hears, the eye sees, the crack is a figure. Zounds! There are folks at sea—that is certain. My Friends! get through the storm as best you can. I have enough to do to get through life. Come now, do I keep an inn, or do I not? Why should I trade with these arrivals of travellers. The universal distress sends its spatterings even as far as my poverty. Into my cabin fall hideous drops of the great human mud. I am given up to the voracity of travellers. I am a prey—the prey of those dying of hunger. Winter night, a hut of pasteboard, an unfortunate friend below and without. The storm, a potato, a fire as big as my feet, parasites, the wind penetrating through every cranny, and not a halfpenny, and a bundle which sets up howls. I open them and find beggars within. Is this fair play of fate? Besides, the laws are violated. Ah! vagabond with your vagabond child! Mischievous pick-pocket, evil-minded abortion, you walk the streets after curfew. If our good king

only knew it, would he not have you thrown into the bottom of a ditch, just to teach you better. My gentleman walks out at night with my lady, and with the glass at fifteen degrees of frost, bare-headed and bare-footed. Know that such things are forbidden. There are rules and regulations, you lawless ones. Vagabonds are punished, honest folks who have houses are guarded and protected. Kings are the fathers of their people. I have my own house. You would have been whipped in the public street had you chanced to have been met, and it would have been well done. There must be order in an established city. For my own part I did wrong not to denounce thee to the constable. But I am such a fool. I understand what is right and do what is wrong. Ah! the ruffian! to come here in such a state! I did not see the snow upon them when they came in; it has melted, and behold my whole house is swamped. I have an inundation in my house. It will be necessary to burn an incredible amount of coals to dry up this lake—coals at twelve farthings, by the miners' standard. How am I going to manage to fit three into this caravan? Now it is finished. I enter into my nursery. I am going to have in my house the weaning of the future beggardom of England. I shall have for employment, office, and function, to fashion the miscarried fortunes of that Colossal Prostitute, Misery, to bring to perfection future gallows' birds, and to give young thieves the forms of philosophy. The tongue of the wolf is the warning of God. And to think if I had not been eaten up by creatures of this kind for the last thirty years, I should be rich, Homo would be fat, I should have a medicine-chest full of rarities, as many surgical instruments as Doctor Linacre, surgeon to King Henry VIII.; divers animals of all kinds, Egyptian mummies, and similar curiosities, I should be a member of the College of Physicians, and have the right of using the library, built in 1652 by the celebrated Hervey, and to study in the lantern of that dome whence you can see the whole of London. I could continue my observations of solar obfuscation, and prove that a caliginous vapour arises from the planet. Such was the opinion of John Kepler, who was born the year before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and who was mathematician to the emperor. The sun is a chimney which sometimes smokes; so does my stove. My stove is no better than the sun. Yes, I should have made my fortune: my part would have been a different one—I should not be the insignificant fellow I am. I would not degrade science in the highways, for the crowd is not worthy of the doctrine, the crowd being nothing better than a confused mixture of all sorts of ages,

sexes, humours, and conditions, that wise men of all periods have not hesitated to despise, and whose extravagance and passion most moderate men in their justice detest.

"Ah! I am weary of existence! After all, one does not live long! This human life is soon done with. But, no—it is long. At intervals, that we should not become too discouraged, that we may have the stupidity to consent to bear our existence, and not to profit by the magnificent occasions to hang ourselves which cords and nails offer us, nature puts on the air of taking a little care of man—not on this night, however. This subtle nature germinates the wheat, ripens the grape, gives her song to the nightingale. From time to time there is a ray of morning or a glass of gin, and this is what we call happiness. It is a narrow border of good around an immense winding-sheet of evil. We have a destiny, of which the devil has woven the stuff, and God has sewn the hem. In the meantime, thou hast eaten my supper, thief!"

In the meantime, also, the infant, whom he held all the time in his arms, very tenderly, whilst he was vituperating, shut its eyes languidly; a sign of repletion. Ursus examined the phial, and grumbled,—

"She has drunk it all up. The impudent creature!"

He arose, and sustaining the infant with his left arm, with his right arm he raised the lid of the chest and drew from beneath it a bear-skin, the one he called, as will be remembered, his real skin. Whilst he accomplished this he heard the other child eating, and looked at him sideways.

"It will be a care if, henceforth, I have to feed that growing glutton. It will be a tape-worm in the entrails of my industry."

He spread out still, with one arm, the bearskin on the chest, working his elbow and managing his movement so as not to disturb the beginning of the sleep into which the infant had just sunk.

Then he laid her down on the fur, on the side next the fire. Having done so, he placed the phial on the stove, and exclaimed,—

"It is I who am thirsty."

He looked into the pot. There were a few good mouthfuls of milk left in it; he raised it to his lips. At the moment when about to drink, his eye fell on the little girl. He replaced the pot on the stove, took the phial, uncorked it, poured into it all the milk that remained, which was just sufficient to fill it, replaced the sponge and the linen rag over it, which he tied round the neck of the bottle.

"All the same; I am hungry and thirsty," he observed.

And he added,—

"When one cannot eat bread, one must drink water."

Behind the stove there was a jug with the spout broken off.

He took it and handed it to the boy.

"Wilt thou drink?"

The child drank, and then went on eating.

Ursus seized again the pitcher, and conveyed it to his mouth. The temperature of the water which it contained had been unequally modified by the proximity of the stove.

He swallowed some mouthfuls and made a grimace.

"Water! pretending to be pure, thou resemblest false friends. Thou art warm at the top and cold at the bottom."

In the meantime the boy had finished his supper. The porringer was more than empty, it was cleaned out. He picked up and ate pensively a few crumbs caught in the folds of his knitted jacket over his knees.

Ursus turned towards him.

"That is not all. Now for us both. The mouth is not made only for eating, it is made for speaking. Now that you are warmed and stuffed, animal, take care of yourself. You are going to answer my questions. Whence come you?"

The child replied,—

"I know not."

"How meanest thou that thou knowest not?"

"I was abandoned this evening on the sea-shore."

"Ah! scamp! what is your name? He is so good for nothing that his relations abandon him."

"I have no relations."

"Give in a little to my tastes, and observe that I do not like those who sing to a tune which contains falsehoods. Thou must have relatives since you have a sister."

"It is not my sister."

"It is not your sister?"

"No."

"Who is she then?"

"It is a little one whom I found."

"Found?"

"Yes."

"What! did you pick her up?"

"Yes."

"Where? If you lie I will exterminate you."

"On the breast of a woman who is dead in the snow."

"When?"

"An hour ago."

"Where?"

"A league from hence."

The frontal arches of Ursus knitted, and took that pointed shape which characterises emotion in the brows of a philosopher.

"Dead! Then behold one who is happy. She must be left in the snow. She is well off there. On which side?"

"On the side of the sea."

"Did you cross the bridge?"

"Yes."

Ursus opened the window at the back and examined the view.

The weather had not improved. The snow fell thickly and mournfully.

He shut the window.

He went to the broken glass; he filled the fracture with a rag; he heaped the stove with turf; he spread out as far as he could the bear-skin on the chest; took a large book which he had in a corner, and placed it under the bolster for a pillow, and laid on it the head of the sleeping infant.

Then he turned to the boy.

"Lie down there."

The boy obeyed, and stretched himself at full length by the side of the infant.

Ursus rolled the bear-skin over the two children, and tucked it under their feet.

He took down from a shelf, and tied to his body, a linen belt with a large pocket containing, no doubt, a case of instruments and bottles of restoratives.

Then he took the lantern from where it hung at the ceiling and lighted it. It was a dark lantern. In giving light it left the children in shadow.

Ursus half opened the door, and said,—

"I am going out; be not afraid. I shall return. Sleep."

Then letting down the steps, he called Homo. He was answered by a louder growl.

Ursus, holding the lantern in his hand, descended. The steps were replaced, the door was reclosed. The children remained alone.

From without, a voice, the voice of Ursus, demanded,—

"Boy, who have just eaten up my supper, are you asleep already?"

"No," replied the child.

"Well, if she bellows, give her the rest of the milk."

The clinking of a chain being undone was heard, and the sound of a man's footsteps, mixed with the pads of an animal, died off in the distance. A few instants after, both children slept profoundly.

There was an ineffable mingling in their breathings. They had more than chastity—they had ignorance. If the word marriage was not inappropriate on this occasion, they were husband and wife after the fashion of the angels. Such innocence in such darkness! Such purity in such an embrace! These foretastes of heaven are only possible to childhood, and no immensity approaches the greatness of little children—of all gulfs, this is the deepest. The fearful perpetuity of a dead man chained beyond life, the mighty animosity of the ocean to a wreck, the whiteness of the snow covering up buried bodies, do not equal in pathos two mouths of children which meet divinely in sleep, and the meeting of which was not even a kiss.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE AWAKING.

THE day began by being unpropitious: a dull whiteness penetrated the hut. It was the frozen dawn. That wan light, which throws into relief the funereal reality of objects which are blurred into spectral forms by the night, awakened not the children, so profoundly were they sleeping. The caravan was warm. Their breathings alternated like two peaceful waves. There was no longer a hurricane without. The light of dawn was slowly taking possession of the horizon. The constellations were being extinguished, like candles blown out one after the other. A few large stars only rebelled. The deep-toned song of the Infinite came from the sea.

The fire in the stove was not quite extinguished. The twilight broke, little by little, into daylight. The boy slept less heavily than the girl. At length, a ray brighter than the others broke through the pane, and he opened his eyes. The sleep of childhood finishes in forgetfulness. He remained in a state of semi-stupor, without knowing where he was or what was near him, without making an effort to remember, gazing at the ceiling, and composing for himself an aimless task of dreaming about the letters of the inscription—Ursus, the Philosopher—which, being unable to read, he examined without the power of deciphering.

The sound of a key turning in a lock caused him to turn his head.

The door turned on its hinges, the steps were let down. Ursus had returned. He ascended the steps, his extinguished lantern in his hand. At the same time the pattering of four paws fell upon the steps. It was Homo, following Ursus, who had also returned to his home.

The boy awoke with somewhat of a start. The wolf, having probably an appetite, gave him a matinal grin, which showed his rows of very white teeth. He stopped when he had got half way up the steps, and placed both forepaws within the caravan, both elbows on the threshold, like a preacher on the edge of the pulpit. He sniffed the chest from afar, not being in the habit of finding it thus occupied. His wolfine form, framed by the doorway, was designed in black against the light of morning. He made up his mind, and entered. The boy, seeing the wolf in the caravan, got out of the bear-skin, and, standing up, placed himself before the little one, who was sleeping more soundly than ever.

Ursus had just hung the lantern up on a nail in the ceiling. Silently, and with mechanical deliberation, he unbuckled the belt which supported his case, and replaced it on the shelf. He looked at nothing, and seemed to see nothing. His eyes were glassy! Something deep moved his mind. His thoughts at length found breath, as usual, in a rapid outflow of words. He exclaimed,—

"Happy, without doubt! Dead! stone dead!"

He bent down, and put a shovelfull of turf mould into the stove; and as he poked the peat, he grumbled out,—

"I had a deal of trouble to find her; some unknown malice had buried her under two feet of snow. Had it not been for Homo, who sees as clearly with his nose as did Christopher Columbus with his mind, I should be still there, scratching at the avalanche, and playing hide and seek with Death. Diogenes took his lantern and sought for a man; I took my lantern and sought for a woman. He found a sarcasm, and I found mourning. How cold she was. I touched her hand—a stone! What silence in her eyes! How can any one be such a fool as to die and leave a child behind her! It will not be convenient to pack three into this box. What coil! A pretty family I have here! Boy and girl!"

Whilst Ursus was speaking, Homo sidled up close to the stove. The hand of the sleeping infant was hanging down between the stove and the chest. The wolf set to licking it. He licked it so softly that he did not awaken the little infant.

Ursus turned round.

"Well done, Homo. I shall be father, and you shall be uncle."

Then he betook himself again to his philosophical care of arranging the fire without interrupting his aside.

"Adoption! It is settled; Homo is willing."

He drew himself up.

"I should like to know who is responsible for that woman's death? Is it man?"

His eyes were upturned, but looked beyond the ceiling, and his lips murmured,—

"Is it Thou?"

Then his brow dropped, as if under a burthen, and he continued,—

"The night took the trouble to kill this woman."

Raising his eyes, they encountered those of the boy, newly awakened, who was listening. Ursus addressed him abruptly,—

"What are you laughing at?"

The boy answered,—

"I am not laughing."

Ursus felt a kind of shock, looked at him fixedly for a few minutes and said,—

"Then thou art terrible."

The interior of the cabin, on the previous night, had been so dark that Ursus had not yet seen the boy's face. The broad daylight revealed it. He placed the two palms of his hands on the two shoulders of the boy, and, considering his countenance more and more piercingly, exclaimed,—

"Do not laugh again!"

"I am not laughing," said the child.

Ursus was seized with a trembling from head to foot.

"You do laugh, I tell you."

Then, seizing the child with a grasp which would have been one of fury, had it not been one of pity, he demanded of him, violently,—

"Who did that to you?"

The child replied,—

"I know not what you mean."

"Whence did you get that laugh?"

"I have always been thus," said the child.

Ursus turned towards the chest, saying, in a low voice,—

"I thought this work had been over."

He took from the top of it, very softly, not to awaken the infant, the book which he had placed there for a pillow.

"Let us see Conquest," he murmured.

It was a bundle of papers in folio, bound in soft parchment. He

turned the pages with his thumb, stopped at a certain one, opened the book, feet on the stove, and read,—

"'*De Denasatis*,' it is here."

And he continued,—

"'*Bucca fissa usque ad aures, gensivis denudatis, nasoque murdridato, masca eris, et ridebis semper.*'

"There it is for certain."

Then he replaced the book on one of the shelves, grumbling.

"An adventure, the sounding of which would be unwholesome."

"Let us rest on the surface, laughing boy!"

At this moment the little girl awoke.

Her happiness was to cry.

"Come, nurse, give the breast," said Ursus.

The infant sat up. Ursus taking the phial from the stove, gave it to her to suck.

At this moment the sun arose. It was level with the horizon. His red rays gleamed through the glass, and struck against the face of the infant, which was turned towards him. Her eyeballs, fixed on the sun, reflected like two mirrors its purple orbit. The eyeballs were immoveable, the eyelids also.

"Hold!" said Ursus. "She is blind."

(*To be continued.*)

# Some Common Objects of the Sea-Shore.

NOW that the season has arrived when we are all thinking of trips to the health-giving shores of the sea, it may not be out of place to publish a few notes on some objects of natural history which may be said to be indigenous to the margins of the melancholy ocean. Our readers need not fear a disquisition on the proper inhabitants for an aquarium. To me there seems a certain want of good breeding in observing at close quarters the more intimate affairs even of cuttle fish, although I am aware that science is often benefited by such scrutiny. The series of phenomena I desire to record belong to another order; the testimony, in fact, to be extracted from the shingle, as well as the rocks, relates to men and women rather than to crustacea. There is no apology needed for this intention. Surely our own species ought to be more interesting to us than crabs, and its ways and means more instructive as material for reflection.

The first point to be noted is that most people, when within the influence of the marine ozone, undergo various transmutations, not alone of costume, but of sentiment and appetite. There is, I am convinced, a subtle moral connection between a man and his clothes; the effect of brass buttons and a straw hat goes deeper than the surface. Then, again, there are practices established at the water which tend to change the nature of those who are impelled to carry them out. There are the hours for feeding, the hours for bathing, the hours for doing nothing, and the hours for doing less—I mean the period set apart for reading a novel of Paul de Kock's. These things must necessarily alter the temper of the mind, though the seat of the soul may not be where Van Helmont described it,—in the pit of the stomach. We are informed, also, by those who ought to know, that the tide disposes to contemplation. It is curious, however, that it never makes a poet of a fisherman, who always seems to me the most prosaic, not to say mercenary, of human beings. However, we shall not stop to quarrel with a term: substitute mooning for *contemplation*, and the difficulty is got over. If a philo-

sophical paternity for the phrase is required, it may be found in the fact that the planet controls the current of our thoughts and of the waves at the same time. There is high tide at full-moon, and I was going to say high mooning at the same season; but the connection at one end is apparently attached to Hanwell. Yet I can venture to bring these incongruities into contact, for I remember that the Hall by the Sea at Margate was always full to overflowing when the almanac led us to look for the round face of the cold huntress in the sky.

To proceed in a more regular fashion. One of the commonest objects of the sea-shore is the cad. I mention him first, in order to get rid of him once for all. All the water in the sea fails to wash this blackamoor white. He changes not when he changes his spots, except for the worse. He is "'aving 'is 'oliday" in his own peculiar style; and I sincerely wish we had an absolute government to restrain him, to confiscate his pipe, to strip him of his abominable ties, and to take from him the glass he uses for staring at the women in the water. By this latter practice shall you surely know him. I have seen him kicked for it, and have rejoiced exceedingly; but the fellow's carcase can bear a boot well. his hide is thick. He is half bemused under the glorious sun for the greater part of the day, his nights are devoted to the pleasures which follow him here from town; for in his wake cometh the fiddlers and the comic minstrels. He continues to ruin his wretched constitution with late suppers and late hours, instead of striving to mend it. He has many warnings,—a broken voice, a hacking cough, an incompetence for healthy exercise; but it is the doom of his dulness and insensibility to neglect them all. Perhaps he has friends who expect successes from him. Successes from the poor nincompoop who staggers to his lodging bawling and drunken each night under my window! From that post I can gaze across the glittering reaches of the sea, and its grand, constant diapason partly stuns the ballad of the misguided idiot who might be better for listening to it. But no; the sea contains neither music nor poetry nor suggestive reproaches for him. He thinks of it mostly in connection with shrimps, and curses the law which deprived him of the fun of peppering the gulls with small shot.

It is pleasant to turn from this unsightly thing to the children, to the little men and women, gathering roses for their cheeks out of an apparently unpromising element. To me there is something pathetic in the very presence of these children on the shores. The sea is old and grey, full of sad memories, stern and strong in its calmest and most gentle moods. Yet the child makes a playfellow

of it, as simply as a child makes a playmate of the rough, shaggy dog whom every one else is afraid to touch. Indeed I have seen a pretty game of three, between a boy, a Newfoundland, and the tide. The Newfoundland ran and barked at a wave, the boy shouted and kicked it with his diminutive bluchers, the wave growled in a good-humoured way, and seemed to enjoy the sport thoroughly. All the time that dog, however, did not quite trust the grim humour of the sea, for he kept a knowing eye on his young charge, especially when the latter ventured to follow the wave farther than usual in its movements . . . I find some difficulty at Ramsgate in recognising my friend, little Tom Westropp, until he asks me to dig a hole for him in the sand. When I last met that young gentleman in Kensington Gardens, he was the boatswain of some unknown ship attached, perhaps, to the foreign ports of the Serpentine. He was dressed as a boatswain, with a distracting observance of nautical detail to which I think he would never have been reconciled but for the whistle. He was obliged, he then told me, to keep himself nice, which was rather hard on you, when you were afflicted with an awful tendency towards mud pies. Tom at Ramsgate had apparently been reduced to the rank of a common seaman, but he liked it better. He could wet his feet whenever he wished, and although sand was not as good stuff as mud to make pies of (not possessing what housewives term the binding quality), still there was no stint of it, and its use did not necessitate that process of scouring and scenting which a prejudiced family insisted on a boy being subjected to who had composed a work of confectionery art with the materials closest to hand. Tom introduced me to his cousins, with whom he flirted over a piece of engineering, designed, I believe, to stop the encroaches of the sea. The golden-haired young maidens, however, did not attend so regularly to the public works, and had carts in their own employment for the general removal of the beach. Tom was not puzzled with any Paul Dombey speculations. His parents have brought him here to wax fat, and nothing can be more dutiful than his compliance with their desires. He invited me recently to the funeral of a doll, which he had bought in order to commit her sawdust to a mausoleum built of oyster shells. The obsequies were momentarily interrupted when we found that the grave was too small, but the difficulty was surmounted by taking off the head of the toy, which now surmounts a walking-stick.

Flirtations by the sea-shore are common enough. Venus, as we have read, sprang from the foam-bells and continues to watch over the affairs of the happy lovers who walk by her natal-place. Nothing

is more amusing than to observe the efforts of the engaged people to appear unconscious of their pleasant relations with each other. Yet why should they care? The world is little concerned with their affections, and in due course they will come here, no longer Strephon and Chloe, but in the prosaic style of Bob and Joan, with olive branches, and nurses, and the household burdens on them which are so depressing to romantic instincts. During my matutinal and vesper cigars, I meet many cases of the tender passion. The doves delight to coo under cover, as it were, of the dash of the waves. They are fit subjects for the cynic to pelt with epigrammatic pebbles, but there is a Nemesis attendant upon scorn and mockery of this description. Many a good fellow now married and lost to his club, once sneered at the spoons of the watering-places. So, if you please, we shall be silent while that lady and gentleman are standing so close to each other, watching the final plunge of the sun, and thinking that ineffable nonsense which only perfect silence can express.

A great deal of exaggerated fun is made out of the sea-side lodging-house-keepers. My experience of them, and of another much abused race, cabmen, is that, on the whole, they are not half as bad as they are represented to be. Of course, the summer-time is their harvest, and they must make the most of the season; but I have known them to be very kind, charitable and attentive, and to meet with a sad return. Where I stopped at Hastings, our drawing-rooms were occupied by two very fashionable women. I confess, from the first moment I saw them, I was reminded of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, the persons of fashion introduced by Mr. Thornhill, into the family of the Vicar of Wakefield. The landlady, however, entertained a high respect for her visitors, in consequence of their grand airs and aristocratic tastes in eating and drinking. One of them fell seriously ill when a large score had been run up, and in a moment of abject fright, when she thought death was coming into the house, her companion blurted out—— Well, good Mrs. Locker swallowed her anger, and tended the stricken sinner with an unfailing devotion, which, I believe, restored her to life, and, let us hope, to a better one than she had been leading. I shall not soon forget the departure of these female vagabonds, crest-less and beaten from the kindness they had met with, and cowering with shame as the landlady hid them and their traps in a close barouche. I am sorry to say that the crocodiles carried off some plunder after all, and poor Mrs. Locker was in mortal fear for the credit of her house, out of which two nephews were kept at a

Hampstead boarding-school. But, fortunately, nothing came of the misadventure, and I would not mention it, but for its illustrating two phases of sea-side existence, which are within the scope of this paper. My advice to all persons lodging at watering-places is, to put complete faith in the hostess. If she is a cupboard-thief, and you find it out, take your leave of her without an hour's delay, and stop at an hotel until you have fixed on other quarters; but do not expect by any vigilance or magpie secretiveness on your part, to overcome a natural and skilled propensity for filching. The slavery that some of these women undergo is worse than the slavery of the dressmaker or the piecework tailor. And somehow, they always seem to be bread-winners for idlers.

You doubtless remember that wonderful "Shabby Genteel Story" of Thackeray's, where a lady of this calling supports, in dingy state, a ne'er-do-weel scoundrel. His descendants are still to be found at any watering place in England. They are the centres to which the led-Captain inclines in his latter days, to which the broken-down *roué* and the selfish annuitant resort to finish their barren lives. These doddering old boys, in various stages of decay, bask on the shores, or tipple at the tavern bars, endeavouring to get into conversation with the passing or the abiding stranger. Their anecdotes are neither savoury nor wise, and they present you with the pitiable spectacle of age and white hairs unworthy of respect, of friends, or of compassion. It is an achievement with them to have their grog paid for, in return for which they are ready to brag and to lie audaciously, and to laugh a laugh that seems to come from the hollow of a tomb. You see they have survived their acquaintances, and have wearied all who knew them, and are obliged to depend on the farthing consideration the mere stranger in his charity bestows on them. They sit on the benches by the beach, blinking like so many owls. They never speak, you observe, to each other. Such coin as they could exchange, would wither at once to dry leaves. Not one of them expects the end. They are craving for the excitement of youth, and their miserable souls are constantly haunting the graves of dead passions. These are the gay bachelors of sixty—these dyed, fusty, and servile bucks! When they take a turn in the tide, and come out with quivering chaps and weeping eyes, they are not nice objects, I assure you. See the contrast between the agued dotards and the supple-limbed girl, who springs from her dressing-box on the shore. She is all sparkle and freshness and innocent *espièglerie*, and does not disdain even to throw a bright morning glance at the quaking satyrs, whose tremors do not prevent their composing their features into

ugly leers. Will nobody tie some of them with a cad, a goat, and an ape, in a sack, and fling the lot into the deep waters?

I wonder is there a property—a chemical or psychological property—in the sea air favourable to artists in mesmerism and electro-biology? A great deal of virtue, no doubt, goes from these people in their operations or enchantments; and it may be that restorative agencies suited to revive them are held in suspense, or in solution, at marine districts. I have constantly observed that professors of the kind gravitate, with singular regularity, each season to the town-halls of watering places. 'Tis a mild amusement they provide, after all, even when eked out with the sensation of guessing conundrums for an electro-plated teapot. A more or less celebrated performer on human credulity was on one occasion thrown in my way. In diving from a machine he knocked his clever head against the bottom, and was lying as unconscious there as a sleeper of his own contriving, when the present writer dived and managed to haul him on shore. Brandy and towels, and passes made with the hand (though not in the biological style), restored this ingenious gentleman to animation; and we straightway became very good friends. I was interested so far in the science that I went on his platform to lose my senses and have various organs set going at his magic touch. My organs refused to play, but their obstinacy was fully compensated for by the alacrity with which those of other people burst into violent action, especially those of a youth who happened at that period to be lodging, accidentally, at the same hotel as the mystery-man. It was my friend who first conceived the idea of combining teapots and conundrums with clairvoyance. Thus he provided for the cupidity, sense of humour, and superstition to be found in human nature. But we are not at watering places altogether dependent on him for in-door recreations. What I shall venture to christen jury-rigged companies, invade us from the metropolis, companies made up of all the talents—comic, serious, and sentimental—in the musical line. It costs nothing extra to carry your high or your low with you, although I have often thought that the ladies and gentlemen of the troupes would be wiser by saving up their tenors and sopranos for more important campaigns. The concerts are exhaustive, and sparsely attended. I want to say a word, however, concerning another form of distraction sought at the sea-side—the dancing. It is a shame to transport the customs of the flaming casino to the very edge of the glorious sea. It angers a right-ordered mind

to look at the wobbling minxes of these establishments and their dull-pated partners, ricochetting in stifling rooms through the beautiful summer night. I wonder a giant wave does not leap like a lion, with a roar, on their pleasure-house some evening, and scatter it, with all its tawdry revellers and gewgaws, to the winds.

The object which I mostly affect to observe at the sea-shore, is the sea itself. It is not to be wearied of, if you love it. I envy those great artists of England to whom its face is so familiar, who can read it in shine and in shade, when the chill mists are blown away from the green fields of water at dawn, and the level sun covers them with a marigold light; when, during a blustering noon, grey curving waves rush booming on the strands; at the close of day, when the tide is purple and red and brown, and is heard to sob solemnly to itself; at the verge of the darkness, before the moon sails up. The ships are endless subjects for speculation; so, for that matter, are those peering, ghostly birds, whose big eyes stare at you like the eyes of oxen. The boatmen I avoid as a plague, and as I have dropped into a personal vein, I prefer, of my own choice, not to spoon, if possible. But the reader can do as he or she likes in this respect. I have been told the amusement is superior to croquet. For the rest, I have a profound faith that the ocean is a mighty preacher to those who hearken, that there are sermons in the stones at its feet; and that, year by year, we send to its edge samples of what is worst and best amongst us. As a picker up of unconsidered trifles, I present you with a meagre collection of marine objects and moods which may, at least, serve to indicate the direction where further discoveries may be pushed and specimens obtained.

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# The Royal Agricultural Society.

*(Concluded.)*

THERE were 1986 entries at *Battersea* in the international year (1862), of which 183 were foreign, and 238 Scottish. Scotland sent some of her best. Lord Southesk's Druid. McCombie's Pride of Aberdeen and the ancient Charlotte, and Beattie's Mosstrooper 3rd, and Bridesmaid were among "the heavy blacks" (as a Common Pleas was wont to call the Serjeants learned in the law), Duntroon among the Highlanders, and Colly Hill among the Ayrshires. The late Duke of Athole hardly ever left this cow's side, and at milking time all the fashionables drew to the spot to see the pretty dairy-maid at her task. The Duke of Hamilton's Sir Walter Scott, and Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's Nancy, were the very cream of the Clydesdales; and few will forget the delight of the handsome Duke, as he ordered his horse into the avenue, time after time, to show his pony paces. In the shorthorn classes, the Scotchmen also took two firsts, a second, and a third. Mr. Jonas Webb's four cows attracted a great deal of notice, and he reached the height of his farm-stock ambition, by beating all the bulls, for the gold medal, with his white calf, First Fruits. The same honour, on the female side of the house, was reserved for Mr. Booth's Queen of the Ocean. Lord Palmerston got off his grey horse to handle her, and Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli had her out on view. Only two prizes out of the eight Hereford firsts went back to the county; but the breed was splendidly represented, and Mr. Hill's Milton and Mr. Coates's Matchless were the gold medallists. The Prince Consort's Maximus and Adela both took Hereford firsts, and so did his Crown Prince and Prince Alfred in the Devon classes, in which Mr. Davy, of Flitton, put out his strength, and took four firsts, besides two gold medals, with Duke of Flitton and Temptress. Ellington, the Derby winner, carried off the 100*l.* prize, and The Yore her forty-seventh prize, but she was disqualified. Old Bobby—or, rather, what had been Old Bobby—was shown, ætat 22, among the pony sires; but he was so lame that he was only highly commended. The Suffolks made a very grand array, when the thirteen two-year-old fillies, or the

twenty-six sires, with only one white face amongst them, were brought out. Still there were fully three shades of chestnuts, beside the "cherry red." Mr. Sanday took the Leicester gold medal with a two shear, and Mr. Rigden that for Southdowns; and nothing was more looked at in the yard than the Throckmorton prize gimmers, those small but "enamelled beauties." In the mountain sheep classes, Mr. Peel's Mountain King held his own, with his son behind him. This was about his fiftieth victory, and his fleece was found to weigh 17 lbs. Mr. Wainman was in immense force, with five firsts and two seconds in the pig classes, and Silverwing and Missing Link amongst them. The foreign cattle classes were not very instructive, and the bone mill and the milk pail seemed much more their *forte* than the beef market. One "merry Swiss boy"—or, rather, ponderous man, in a blue blouse—played the *Ranz des Vaches* at all seasons. He lived in the receipt of boundless sixpences from visitors; and he seemed in no hurry, while coin lasted, to return to his native valley.

At *Worcester* (1863), many old names were missing from the shorthorn ranks; but Sir Antony de Rothschild with Captain Cherry, Mr. Jacob Wilson with the gay Duke of Tyne, and Mr. M'Intosh with Lady Oxford 5th, all took maiden firsts. Lady Pigot's Pride of Southwicke was the first cow; Mr. Booth's Queen of the Ocean and Soldier's Bride won as a pair, and another heifer from Warlaby cast twin heifers about the size of little rats, in the yard. We remember one of the late Lord Clifden's mares having a similar mischance at Danebury, and "the little horse" was packed in cotton in a box and sent to his lordship. Sir Benjamin's blood earned four Hereford firsts and three seconds. We saw the poor bull almost *in extremis*, at Westonbury at 4 a.m., on the morning of the show; and, when we reached "the faithful city," we had the pleasure of telegraphing (this message travelled the seven miles in just three hours!) to old Mr. Monkhouse at Malvern, to tell him that he had "polished off old Perry" with his heifer Clementine. Still the latter breeder had as splendid a winning cow in Beauty as Mr. J. A. Smith in his Devon, Rachel. Neville's action won him the blood-sire prize, and Beechwood, Brag, and Crafty were all great cards in their classes, as well as a grey cart sire, whom Tom Brooks delighted in, and over whom he differed most emphatically with the veterinary inspector. Mr. Borton with his Leicesters, Lord Walsingham with his Southdowns, and Mr. Humphry and Mr. Rawlence with their Hampshires, were all names of renown, and Messrs. Hewer and Sadler were foremost among the Berkshire exhibitors, who furnished some splendid pig classes, in one of which, for boars, there were three high commenda-

tions. Mr. Wainman "outdid his old outdoing," and won seven firsts, a second, and a third with his whites; and Mr. Crisp took four firsts for blacks and whites, small and middle.

Only twenty-seven Scottish shorthorns came to *Newcastle* (1864), and yet three firsts, four seconds, and two thirds were their spoils. *The* three were "that Fat Boy in Pickwick," Forth, the 400-guinea Royal Butterfly 11th, and the beautiful Pride of Athelstane, whose victory closed Mr. Douglas's career as a shower of shorthorns. The Angusses, Old Charlotte and Pride of Aberdeen also arrived from Tillyfour, and with them a lovely yearling, Kate of Aberdeen, whose dam had been very nearly parted with at Battersea. The Cumberland men were very successful with their horses; and their adopted Laughing Stock beat Gamester, the only St. Leger winner that ever hailed from Northumberland. His stock are good; but one of the judges reported of him, that he "could neither walk nor trot." He was, however, "a soul on highest mission bent," as his galloping had settled a great Yorkshire Stakes, an Oaks, and a Two Thousand winner on Doncaster Moor. Tyke, the first prize hunter, also fairly galloped down Voyageur, that very dubious hero of the ring. Messrs. Cresswell, Borton, and Sam Wiley (with the neatest of gimmers) were great Leicester names; Mr. George Wallis was again A 1 with Oxford Downs; and Mr. E. Thornton, a totally new exhibitor, was first with his Shropshire shearling rams, in a class which included six high commendations.

*Plymouth* (1865), which was quite expected to be a failure, proved, thanks to the Prince of Wales's visit, a great success. Mr. Sharpe's Lord Chancellor and Mr. Wood's Corinne were the Abraham and Sarah of the shorthorns; and Mr. Booth's Lady Margaret won as a two-year-old heifer. Then came the fallow year of 1866, and, after that, the half-show at *Bury St. Edmunds*, when poultry had to be substituted for cattle. There was a fine struggle in the blood-sire class between False Alarm and Scottish Chief, which was given against Mr. Merry's horse. Young Mr. Turner came out with a first for Leicester rams; and Messrs. Howard with pigs, upon which, as well as ploughs, they deservedly take their stand. Both the Pacha and Viceroy of Egypt visited the ground, and learnt from observation what a "truly British" pour-down is like.

They might have known the true nature of a drought if they had been last year at "the Midland mart of pork, and cheese, and stockings," as *Punch* terms *Leicester*. Here Her Majesty won her maiden shorthorn prize; and Mr. Thomas Booth was in his glory with Commander-in-Chief and Lady Fragrant. The big-boned

Angelus fairly crushed out everything in the blood-sire class; and although he was not mentioned behind Lady Derwent, whose dam is by a coaching sire, Mr. Tailby's Orangeman had nearly all the hunting men with him. He is as good as he looks, and worthy of the queen of hunting shires.

The implements first made themselves a name at Liverpool. Ploughs for different purposes were here first brought into classes, and the Ransomes were quite at the head of affairs. Gradually ploughs became too expensive and elaborate, and a reaction set in, as people began to call out for less length and less price, and to ask how the Scotch farmers got on with their much plainer ones without 42 bolts. For several years a 500*l*. premium was proposed for the best steam plough, but it was not awarded until 1858, when Mr. Fowler won it after a splendid trial at Chester with his balance plough. A premium of 100*l*. was then proposed for the best application of steam to the cultivation of the soil; and, after a capital trial at Warwick, Mr. Fowler again beat Mr. Smith on his own ground with an application of the balance principle to the cultivation of the soil. This cultivator went on until Bury (1867), when the firm brought out a new one, with the roundabout principle instead of the balance, which did its 5¾ acres in the hour. There were some rare steam trials at Newcastle in 1864, and Fowler's seven-horse engine Racer did great work. Common ploughs and harrows were also well tested; and Ransome's horse teams were marvellously good. Steam tackle had also a fine trial at Leeds and Leicester (where Fowler won the Viceroy's 200*l*. prize for "the best implement for the cultivation of the soil by steam power, combining strength with simplicity of construction for use in foreign countries where skilled labour is difficult to obtain"); and, at the latter place, Messrs. Howard won nearly every prize they tried for in horse ploughs and harrows, and showed how work could be done on ground "as hard as stub nails." This firm also won with their haymakers at Leeds. At Plymouth the reapers and mowers had a capital trial, and Hornsby and W. A. Wood won. They were also well put through the mill at Leeds for a week after the show. Worcester is identified with combined thrashing and dressing machines. One hatless and coatless gentleman was most especially energetic among the judges, and "*Give me the data!*" was his cry, morning, noon, and night. There was a splendid trial of stationary engines at Carlisle, as well as at Bury, and the Tuxfords were in great force at both places. No less than thirty engines (nineteen in one class) were tried in "the sweet and civil county of Suffolk."

The publicity given by the Society has gradually converted blacksmiths into engineers, and engineers at home into engineers all over the world. In this point the Society has nobly performed its mission. Still, while it has been very determined about fair shearing, and put on a third inspector when it was stoutly memorialized to abolish the other two, it has never struggled with the fat question, and hence a large number of its prizes, after conferring a spurious reputation, lapse for lack of calves to those cows or heifers which were placed third and fourth in their classes. But let that pass. Like the shorthorn females, the Jeshuruns of the implement world waxed fat and kicked. They had won their name, and a splendid business, mainly through the annual publicity which was given to their prowess. Hence they did not care to be brought up annually to fight for their own hand against "little men," who were studiously struggling along the same road, which had brought them on to the broad table land of sunshine and success, with order books from all parts of the world full for nine months at least. A strong effort was made to abolish trials and prizes; but the Society stood firm. Out of the conflict of tongue and pen, an improved state of things arose. Conferences were held between the Commons of the country and the Peers of Hanover Square, and the result was an improvement of the trials. The triennial system, which had resolved itself into preparation for, securing of, and realization of crops, was extended to a quinquennial one, which gives more latitude to the makers for improvements. For instance, locomotives have been separated from fixed engines, and steam tackle from hand ploughs. Some makers wanted a sextennial division, and one year of rest, but the great implement estate,—with its 2½ miles of stands and machinery,—and the Council seem to work very harmoniously now, and there is peace upon the hills once more.

The number of members, 5446 (of which 1417 are life members, and 17 honorary), seems remarkably small for an All England Society, and the Scots are wont to compare the roll of the Highland and Agricultural Society rather exultingly with it. There is really no point of comparison between the two. The latter Society is the great head-centre of all the other Scottish ones; they are subsidised by it on a regular system with money and medals, and are, so to speak, merely fibres thrown out from it. The local office bearers derive their commission from head quarters in Edinburgh, and as the terms of entry into the parent Society are more favourable than those of the English one, fathers put their sons into it as a matter of course if they take to agriculture on leaving school. In fact, it is almost the exception in Scotland to meet a well-to-do

farmer who has not joined the Society, and a large number make a point of never missing the annual meeting, even if they return the same day. In England, matters are quite reversed. About 350 to 400 new members are elected each year, which just suffices to supply the vacancies left by death and resignation. The great proportion of these belong to the district in which the show is to be held, and they merely join so as to have the full privileges of membership during the week. It is with these members that the Society has had most trouble, as some forget to take their names off, and run into heavy arrears. Many years ago the present Lord Chelmsford's and Mr. Warren's, Q.C., opinions were taken as to recovering the amount of subscriptions, and after much forbearance and a large waste of letter-paper, stamps, and labour, some of the leading defaulters have been county courted with success. One defendant called for the production of the Charter, but paid up with costs before the next court day. It is, however, the existence of great societies like the Bath and West of England, the Yorkshire, and other large local unions, some of which comprise several counties, that militates most against the number of the Royal members becoming very large. Farmers do not care to belong to both, on the score of expense, and landlords, unless they have an ambition to be on the Council, do not exert their influence and back the Society, except, as in Leicestershire, by treating their labourers to the yard when the show is in their neighbourhood.

Of the original trustees, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland and Colonel Challoner alone remain. According to the charter (a very wonderful document) a meeting must be held annually in the neighbourhood of London, and a new member, rigidly anxious to do what was right, went down to the *Star and Garter* at Richmond, to meet the Society, as he thought, but only found Colonel Challoner, the charter, and the secretary. Each paid his own expenses. The Society furnished red tape, but no sherry and sandwiches, and the new member, in despair of understanding the full scope of the charter, resigned for a season. The amount of its prizes at Manchester was nearly four thousand guineas. Its vested property consists of 16,027*l.* in the New Three per Cents., besides 3000*l.* on deposit; but until recently its show arrangements have been too expensive in detail, and contractors, like middlemen, got all the pull. It takes full 100,000 visitors, even under an improved system, to bring in a paying return. There were 94,000 visitors at Leicester, and the Society had only 500*l.* to the good, when everything was paid. It has become an essential that the Society should visit some large manufacturing district every third year, to make the "bulls bring their weight in bullion," and hence, in

spite of charming prospects, the Society overthrew the opinion of their own Inspection Committee when the question was put between Manchester and Preston, and the banks of the Irwell were preferred to those of the Ribble.

Leeds did remarkably well for the Society, and about 70,000 people paid in one day. Still, the 3000*l.* which they made there was all lost at Battersea, where the best day's attendance only reached 54,000. The Hyde Park Exposition, the Handel Festival, and the position of Battersea were dreadfully against them, but the penny boats from the east end of London came to the rescue on the shilling days. The expenses were above 13,000*l.*, and of this more than 900*l.* was for green fodder alone. Still, if the show had gone on for a week more, we believe that it could have counted on 30,000 a day. Some people seemed to come merely to say that they had been there. We saw one fashionable stripling pay his half crown twenty minutes before the doors closed, and ask for Queen of the Ocean, the gold medal cow. He walked up to her, found her lying down and all sheeted up, merely put his hand on her, and walked out again. He was quite happy, he had done the correct thing, he had seen that "love of a cow" after a fashion, and he could say so in all confidence if questioned during a dinner or a dance. The show ground at Battersea which this young gentleman discounted so summarily, seemed large, but this year it had swelled into 60 acres at Manchester, with a fence of 2½ miles round it, nearly 5 miles of shedding, 3 clock towers, and 16 turnstiles.

The system of open judging began at Battersea. Before that, owing to a sort of barbarous belief in secrecy, the judges were summoned to the ground at 6 A.M., to breakfast, and began their labours about 7, and worked on with closed doors till about 1. Owners, however, learnt many of the decisions, as attendants, and even stewards whispered them through the hoardings at certain trysting places, and telegrams were sent off. Still the system survived until Leeds, when the crowd grew so impatient after 2 o'clock, that the barriers were opened, and the two last classes of shorthorns were judged in public. This settled the secret system, and gradually the Smithfield Club gave way. The only remnant of the dark ages is in that club, where Smithfield drovers, a species of Yahoo, lead out the beasts instead of the regular attendants, and do their work most clumsily. Picking judges is a very delicate matter, as there is so much interest made now-a-days to get put on; and unless the Selection Committee are most determined not to put on friends and neighbours, *because* they are such, and know the calibre and the

habits of their men, whether their brains are dulled with late hours and drink, or whether they have an educated eye and sufficient taste to take style and quality as well as substance into account, or whether they will "work" for any herd or flock, they may go grievously wrong.

One of the hardest fights for the honour of being chosen as the place of meeting was between Worcester and Hereford; and bishops and divers county magnates swelled the deputations. The lord-lieutenant of Hereford did not come, so the late Sir Cornewall Lewis led for Hereford, and made his points admirably, and with very little of what may be called his "traction-engine" manner. The great "surprise" was when Bury came up on the post and beat Ipswich. Several supporters of the latter had, it was said, ordered, in the plenitude of anticipation, a fish dinner at Greenwich, and the Bury men ironically offered to take it off their hands. To Mr. Fisher Hobbs this was a staggering blow, and he only once more appeared at the Council board.

The walls of the Council room are covered with maps of England, divided into the Society's show districts. The country was once in ten divisions, whereas now it is reduced to eight. Recently the portraits which were painted for the Bristol picture of the Society, have been hung round the room. They include the Duke of Devonshire, (who succeeds H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in the presidency); but seven-and-twenty years have swept away all the rest, with the exception of Mr. Hudson, of Castle Acre, Mr. Cuthbert Johnson, Mr. Wetherell, and five or six others. Among the most striking of the series is the ever hopeful Mr. Smith, of Deanston, and the Duke of Cleveland, who thought, more than twenty years ago, that agricultural improvement had reached its limit. Still, a Duke of Bedford thought the same, as regards farming stock, in 1818, and moved to break up the Smithfield Club.

The choice of new members of Council is very much guided by what counties require representation; and, unlike the Highland and Agricultural Society, which has only just stooped, in its eighty-second year, to accept a marquis instead of a duke for its president, the English society is content with a plain esquire. Agricultural education has long been a moot point with the Council; but they seem at last to have built up their system on such a sound, working basis, that it is to be hoped that it will not be "disestablished" after the prevailing fashion. Two hundred marks are given as the top mark in agriculture, mechanics, chemistry, and book-keeping; and a hundred in surveying, veterinary science, geology, and botany. Half that number in each subject must be got for a pass. The veterinary

inspection has also been vigorously reformed. At one time a home certificate and a certificate from the Society's Veterinary Professor were requisite before a horse could compete; and there were endless heartburnings and overrulings, whereas now the professor merely attends as assessor to the judges, and is referred to or not as they choose. What to do, so as to gather audiences at the lectures has long been a difficulty. Lecturers, however fascinating their manner or their subject, will always be crying in the wilderness on a Monday afternoon. Farmers come to London on Mark Lane, or Smithfield Market, or hop business, and it is not to be expected that they will hurry to the West End in the afternoon to sit under any professor's ministrations, either on milk or manure. They want to dine, or they want to get home again. If the same lecturer were engaged to go to a Farmer's Club in the country, he would be pretty sure of an audience on a market day about half-past three o'clock, when the market ordinary was over. Those spirited members of local farmers' clubs, who have retained Professor Voelcker to come and lecture, have never had reason to complain of a small or slack audience, when they have chosen the hour well. We believe that the Society have recently sent the Professor into the country upon some such mission. Farmers in the country will listen to a lecture of this kind, and join in the discussion which follows, when they will never take the trouble to cut open a single page of the Society's Journal, much less to bind up the volumes. Prize essays and prize county reports have not done much for this publication so far; but the steam culture reports were more to readers' tastes. The committee have wisely followed them up by sending their editor to inspect crack farms in different districts, along with experienced members of the Council, and Professor Voelcker will shortly accompany him to Belgium. Still we believe that the Journal would be more effective if it appeared only once a year, at the end of October. The stock and implement reports of the July meeting would thus be written more at leisure, and the long reading evenings would have set in. If a farmer receives his Journal in the midst of his harvest, it gets tossed aside as a matter of course. Besides its scientific and practical reading, it ought to be the established record of farming transactions for the year. Great sales and lettings, remarkable events and experiments in agriculture, and deaths of leading agriculturists should all be registered as they occur, so that a farmer has nothing to do but take it down from the shelf and "enquire within."

H. H. D.

# ANGELICA.

FAIR is my love, so fair,
  I shudder with the sense
Of what a light the world would lose
  Could she go hence.

Sweet is my love, so sweet,
  The leaves that, fold on fold,
Swathe up the odours of the rose,
  Less sweetness hold.

True is my love, so true;
  Her heart is mine alone,
The music of its rhythmic beat
  Throbs through my own.

Dear is my love, so dear,
  If I but hear her name,
My eyes with tears of rapture swim,
  My cheek is flame.

Spare her, Immortals, spare,
  Till all our days are done,—
Your heaven is full of angel forms,
  Mine holds but one.

WILLIAM SAWYER

# The Poor Guest.

Yea; "for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated." I have seen many feasts of the poor. The invalids' gratuitous dinner-table; the board spread by the Little Sisters of the Poor; the beggar's crust in that sad old Mendicity House of St. Denis; the tattered guest shivering in the vestibule of the Night Refuge by Smithfield on a November night; the impatient applicants at the soup kitchen; the poor, feverishly waiting their turn by the tables whence Christmas bounties are distributed. I have, happily, watched many a poor wretch, gluttonous over scraps; the rag-picker eating contentedly from the dirty morsels of his basket; the costermonger thankful for a crust and the thinnest coffee; the Norman market-woman spooning out her sorrel soup from her brown pot; the Kentish carter outside the alehouse, cutting sections of bread and fat and talking to his horses, made restless by the flies, between the morsels. I have, I hope, something of the Primrose liking for happy human faces; it may be because it has been my fate, or mission, to see so many unhappy ones. Deathbeds, too, in strange corners have I watched: in a Liverpool workhouse; in a convict floating hospital off Woolwich; in the Home of Mercy by Soho Square; under the holy roof of my particular friends, the Little Sisters, who make age indeed "a chapel of ease" to the worn waifs and strays that are fortunate enough to cross their path; in the mad wards of that grim old fortress of Bicêtre; under the roofs of the Incurable Men and the Incurable Women; in hospital, asylum, poor-house, tramps' lodging and gaol infirmary—spread far and wide apart.

Familiar with so much misery; and the ear accustomed to plaints and sobs; the eyes sighted to sorrow and crime and vice—a wanderer in the shades which makes stretches so broad across the sunlight of that which we call civilisation—I am, perhaps, proner than the first comer to dwell delightedly upon the happy poor guest. He is, in truth, a pleasant picture; so pleasant, I wonder people do not oftener, in very selfishness, treat themselves to the sight in their dining-halls. In the ancient day, when the table for the poor was spread, roughly, but wholly in good faith, (systems of poor relief,

lying still *perdu* in the womb of time, and political science having very much less to do with a man's neighbourly acts than it has now,) Christian brotherhoods of men took, it seems, to over-feasting; giving more time than was meet to the ruby glow of the grape, and the pruning of the vineyard, and as to the exact turn of the roast; but they were mindful of the poor guest's claim, and a kindly monkish eye twinkled on the foot-sore traveller over the purple nose of the toper. We have lost very much of the old thorough kindness, with the ancient roughness, and of the former dependence in the goodness of the human heart. The groat of the poor is not given. A stern-visaged man raps at our door, and demands it in a brassy voice. We get our receipt, and the hungry man yawns at the union gate. Our responsibility, national and moral and neighbourly, is discharged. Let the beggar begone from our threshold. The starving child has a home. The hungry mother may claim acquaintance with the parish bread. Our friend, St. Pancras, sits in his snug parlour, and is at rest; for he does his Christian charity by paid deputy.

It has come to pass that the poor guest has parish or union, or *commune* or *arrondissement* for host; and that the happy face is not, as a rule, that of the famished man who is feasting. Charity, taking national forms, has become cold indeed, until there is hardly room left for a speculation as to the origin of the phrase "J.," in a number of *Notes and Queries*,* asks, "Wherefore and whence 'cold as Charity?'" Beyond all doubt, "warmth is Charity's fit attribute." We are reminded that in "The Soldier's Wife," by Southey, the friend of humanity says,—

"Cold is thy hopeless heart, even as Charity."

The phrase is not paradoxical in modern letters; since the hand of Charity is like the bosom of Mother Earth, that has chilled on her ringing travels down "the grooves of change." In simpler days than these, the relation of the host to the poor guest was personal; just as the parsonage of Dr. Primrose was a homelier place than that of to-day's village preacher, who has but small store of gooseberry wine for the traveller, and has less innocent methods of ridding himself of troublesome connections than the spiritual chief of Wakefield had. There are poor guests, however, God be thanked! still among us. We are not thankful that they are poor, but that there are men and women who take delight in their happiness when their hunger is comforted, and they are shaded from the summer sun, or folded warm when the east

* March 6, 1869.

wind blows. These poor guests, as I have said, it has been my lot to see under many circumstances; and never have I watched their happy, thankful faces without feeling sensibly the better for the sight. It is a reward for exertion—a holy amusement—the sweet passage of the day on which it happens. And so I commend it to the reader.

Be docile, who have borne with me thus far, and follow me to an invalids' dinner-table; an old haunt of mine before I had "graphic" gentlemen on my track, airing themselves as benevolent-minded discoverers; and threading their artful, worldly way to committee seats among aristocratic honorary secretaries, with shares in the chosen bank of fashionable charity. The idea—of which this long table, in a homely room, the smoking viands, the buxom presiding woman, and the sharp-set children, make up the realisation—is that of ladies who dearly loved happy human faces. The poor little guests are recovering from sickness; and those on whom, by the law of Nature they depend, cannot offer them the nutritious food, with which only they can repair the waste of sickness. They are bidden from their sad homes, wherein the cupboard is empty, to this solid roast and boiled. Their round, hollow eyes brighten. Their little limbs make impatient gestures. The mouth anticipates the movements of mastication. A prayer, a song, and then the feast! Compare this with a charity dinner; with benevolence purpling over the Burgundy; the table-tapping over the heavy cheques, and the charity children making the tour of the hall—charged with fat fumes of turtle and venison—that their benefactors may stare at them. The full-cropped philanthropist requests a peep at the orphans who are scientifically dieted on his crumbs!

Who has seen the foot-sore wretch beckoned from the high road, upon which a July sun is flaming, under the cool thatch of a liberal-hearted yeoman's wife (and fashion has left a few in our remoter vales), and has been privileged to mark him with a dish of farm-fare between his bony flanks, has revelled in the sight of the poor guest of the right sort. In the patience of the thankful face there is an eloquence which goes direct to the feeling nature. It is as irresistible as a child lisping its grief through its tears. On the other hand, there is a poor guest (I have seen many hundreds of his brethren) whose face is hard, and whose set tearful mask indicates the heart of the practised observer of gullible man. He is the rascal vagabond, by profession. He is the excuse of the close-fisted, who never give. He is the example which the cruel law-maker uses, when he casts larger stones into the stone-yard. I have fronted him in the grip of a Mendicity Society's officer. His kindred are plentiful in the workhouses. He turns up

amid the straw in the barn. He is asleep under a hedge. He is the purloiner of the crumbs of the poor. He steals compassion, and finds his way into every home of charity, putting the claim of the orphan in peril, and intercepting the hand of the Samaritan. Against him, cheated Charity may claim the fiercest vengeance. It is not that which he gets between his false lips; it is not the cloak he steals to his rounded back (lying in its curve) that moves the hot wrath of Charity. The deeper wrong is the moment of doubt his hypocritical arts create in her faith.

But the true poor guest may be distinguished from the false—nay, there should be no false ones, if only every man who gives would be true to himself in the giving. Bestow in your neighbourhood; summon your poor guest from next door. These little feeders at the invalids' dinner-table are so many hungry urchins whom earnest men and women have routed out of their cold nests. Human exertion has been given to the task, as well as money. Coin carelessly thrown into the box fosters the rascal vagabond tribe. He must be at some pains who would be usefully charitable. He must take care to know his guest before he lays the *couvert*, and calls him to break bread.

Poor guests are of many classes. Gentility can exhibit poor guests—meet creatures for the compassion of their more fortunate brothers—in divers states, and degrees of handsome dress. The richer members of the "respectable" family have opportunities of doing Christian acts, by inviting humble kindred to their show feasts. There are hardly sadder creatures in our society than the poor man with rich tastes; the proud man who is doomed to follow the habits of his inferiors; the man of slender purse whose race has fat acreage: the younger son in the land which gives all to the first-born. These have been weaned on the best; for the cadet is suckled in one nest with the heir.

> . . . . "Meats of noblest sort
> And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit or boiled,
> Gris-amber steamed,"

have been his: and presently he finds himself a guest under the roof that bore him, indebted for the knife and fork upon which his father's arms are wrought, to the good-will of his eldest brother. He is emphatically a poor guest; for whom it is the bounden duty of the Christian minister to plead. He tastes early of the bitterness of dependence. Bulwer exclaimed in his "Disowned"—"Woe to those who eat the bread of dependence: their tears are wrung from the

inmost recesses of the heart." Thrice unhappy are the luckless who cannot swallow the bread that is not thickly buttered: who have a fancy, cultivated from the cradle, for early peas, and strawberries when guineas buy ounces of them.

> "For wealthy palates there be that scout
> What is *in* season for what is *out*,
> And prefer all precocious savour;
> For instance, early green peas, of the sort
> That costs some four or five guineas a quart,
> Where the *mint* is the principal flavour."

When these wealthy palates are driven to supplicate and wheedle, and have recourse to underhand arts, to come in for a spoonful of the five guineas' worth of marrowfats; the sting of poverty shows its wasp's edge. He who passes by the fragrant beds of Mr. Dew, by Twickenham, and under the shadow of Richmond Hill, profoundly conscious that there is no hope of early strawberries for him, and that no truffle will be brought into impressive contact with a *filet de sole*, for his tooth, while the May is flowering on the hill, and the *frou-frou* of the spring fashions is music in the halls of the Star and Garter; is covered with the poet's crown of sorrows, the remembrance of happier days and things.

My father used to tell, with great unction, a little incident of his life. He knew a song writer, a favourite singer in the world's ear; but who got only a small account of rape-seed for his warbling. He had delicate tastes, or he had not sung the harmony which bewitched his hearers; and he lacked the philosophy which teaches the poet to combine plain living with high thinking. He was an epicure, with a journeyman's income: in other words, one of the unhappiest of men. It chanced that on a certain spring morning my father met him feasting, in imagination, upon the tempting stalls of the central avenue in Covent Garden Market. The poet's hand played with a void in his pocket, while his eyes dwelt rapturously upon a buxom woman, who, her bonnet ribbons thrown over her shoulders to catch the first summer breeze, was shelling peas, daintily as the jeweller drops pearls into a bowl. The two friends strolled together. Presently the poet asked his friend, protesting that the world was buffeting him unto death, for the loan of a sovereign.

"I have positively not eaten a dinner this week," said the lyric genius. The sovereign was lent; and the two strolled on. They paused before *the* vegetable show of the avenue. Three or four cucumbers lay cool, and with unbroken bloom, upon a bed of fresh leaves.

"Cucumbers! Not a slice have I tasted this season!" said the bard. "The price?"

"Half-a-guinea each, sir," said the shop-woman, gazing lovingly upon them. "And cheap they are."

"Fold me one." And the sovereign was placed in the woman's hands, as though it came from a pocket which commanded the Bank cellars.

"To-day," quoth the poet, "I shall dine."

Great men, wearily rolling to rich hosts' tables, never taste the meal which the poet ate that day with his friend's sovereign.

There is a feast, however, at which the host has a pleasure that is unknown to the wealthy, to the worldly great.

Accident makes the man of thousands a guest in a shepherd's cottage. The poor host entertaining the guest whose own home table sparkles with gold and silver, from a "beechen bowl," is the merriest hearted of men, provided always the humble man is but content with his lot. Cowley—after Martial—sings:—

> "If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
> Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
> If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
> The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee."

But, again, there are men so circumstanced that contentment with the beechen bowl and dish becomes a fault, a weakness. An unimpeachable authority has said, "The perfect host is king of men: the unworthy host, be he emperor, is but half a ruler."

One day at breakfast, when Napoleon I. had eaten the wing of a chicken *à la tartare* with his customary haste, he turned upon M. de Cussy, who attended upon him at his repasts, and this dialogue took place:—

"*Diable!* I had always considered the flesh of chicken insipid: this is excellent."

"Sire, if your majesty would permit me, I should have the honour of presenting a chicken every day, served in a new manner."

"What! M. de Cussy, you pretend to have three hundred and sixty five distinct methods of cooking a *poulet*?"

"Yes, sire; and perhaps when your majesty has tried some of them, you will discover a little interest in gastronomic science. Great men of all times have encouraged it; and, without referring to Frederick,[b] who had a special cook for each dish, I might invoke, in my favour, the most glorious names."

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[b] Frederick addressed a rhymed epistle to his *chef* Noel, thanking him for his invention of a delicious *ragout à la Sardanapale*.

"Well, well, M. de Cussy——we will try."

Napoleon tried accordingly; and under the arch-*chef* Cambacérès, the imperial table became renowned throughout Europe. And the table was in unison with the spirit and tone of the court. The rich host aping the poor one, the man sipping from a beechen bowl under crown jewels, shocks, like every sham. I am not certain that the most damaging story told against the citizen king of the French, is not that in which the meanness of his arrangements for hospitality is recounted. He ruined restaurateurs, bargaining for dainties at the lowest figure in the market. The wicked satirist conjured up the royal finger and thumb pressing the plumpness of a Houdan capon, or the royal eye watching lest the butcher should get an undue proportion of bone into the royal kitchen with the beef. Most damaging visions were these!

All men combine to resent the least meanness in hospitality. The lovers of rich fare; those who take delight in ostentation; the generous, upon whom the least calculation in giving, grates; the prudent, who know best that a sharp boundary divides the frugal from the parsimonious board, and can detect an open heart in bread and cheese; the sensual, the refined, and the virtuous, alike resent the least tinge of nearness in hospitality. But the poor guest is not so generally welcome now-a-days, as the calculating host or the careless host is generally shunned. Yet, how the poor man beams at the board, when genuine Kindness entertains him!

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

# THE WIT AND WISDOM OF BIDPAI.

## No. V.—ALLEGORIES AND MAXIMS.

THE human race is like a man who flying from a furious elephant goes into a well. He suspends himself from two branches, which are at the brink of the pit. His feet rest upon something projecting out of its sides, and this proves to be the heads of four serpents appearing out of their holes. At the bottom he discovers a dragon with its mouth open ready to swallow him if he should fall. Raising his eyes towards the two branches he sees two rats, one white and the other black, which are incessantly gnawing their stems. At the same moment his attention is arrested by the sight of a bee-hive, and beginning eagerly to taste the honey, he is so taken up with its sweetness, that he forgets that his feet are resting upon the serpents, that the rats are gnawing the branches to which he is hanging, and that the dragon is ready to devour him, and thus his inconsiderateness and folly only cease with his existence.

The well represents the world with the train of ills which belong to it. The four serpents are the four humours in the human body, which being disturbed in their mutual action become so many deadly poisons. Night and day, represented by the two rats, are continually shortening the space of man's life. The dragon is the term of being which sooner or later awaits us all; and the honey, those animal indulgences which by their delusive influence turn us away from the path of duty.

THE pleasures of life are like unto a bag of honey with poison at the bottom, whose taste while it is agreeable to the palate is insensibly producing death; or like unto a dream which delighteth a man in his sleep, but leaves no trace on his mind by which he can recall it in his waking hours.

THE king who is surrounded by unprofitable and weak ministers resembles the man who at the end of his toil in carrying a large stone of no value expires with fatigue; or like one who having occasion for the trunk of a palm tree gathers a number of reeds.

AVARICE is the parent of crime.

IN the indulgences of the table lie the seeds of disease.

DIFFICULTIES are a condition of all fortunate enterprise.

THE society of the wicked begets a bad opinion of the good.

THE outward manner is a sure key to the secrets of the heart.

THE happiest man in this world and the next is he on whom Providence has bestowed wisdom and understanding.

KNOWLEDGE is not perfect without action; knowledge is the tree, and action the fruit.

THE man of sense believes in destiny but not to the exclusion of prudence and foresight in human affairs.

HE who ventures into the river amongst crocodiles is the cause of the inevitable destruction which awaits him.

LIFE may be compared to a statue whose detached members are kept together by a single rivet, which being removed, the several parts give way and fall asunder.

THERE are three things against which every sane man will be upon his guard—the confidence of a sovereign, entrusting a woman with a secret, and drinking poison in order to try its effects.

A PERSON of little reputation sometimes by the greatness of his deeds belies his humble origin, as the tendon taken from a dead animal, when adapted into a bow becomes a formidable weapon.

KNOWLEDGE and modesty are always found together; and neither can exist without the other. They may be compared to two sincere friends, so inseparable in sentiment and affection that the interruption of their minds leaves life without a charm.

AFFLICTION is the lot of two descriptions of persons: of those who commit evil every day, and of those who never do good. Their happiness in this world is very small, and their repentance, when retribution threatens them, is long, laborious, and sometimes ineffectual.

GOD has created man in his wisdom and mercy, and has put into his power the means of happiness in this world, and of avoiding punishment in the next; but the Creator's most precious gift to man is understanding, the source of everything which is good and profitable, the key to his earthly happiness, his anchor in the stormy sea of life, his safe pilot into the haven of a blissful eternity.

WHOEVER bestows friendship on an unworthy object sows his seed in a salt soil.

IT is unwise to despise either man or beast, small or great, without being fully informed of their character.

Do not be deceived by appearances. The same gale which passes harmlessly over the tender shrub will break down the giant palm.

THE prudent and patient seldom miss their aim; but distinction and renown are as incompatible with sluggishness as a young woman is unfit for the society of an old and decrepit man.

AFFLICTION is sent for the trial of man; mutual services are the test of faithful attachment; the union of a family is best seen in poverty; and the love of brethren is proved in adversity.

NATURE in assigning to everything its proper bounds, has also limited the exertions of man; and he that giveth himself up to visionary schemes to which his faculties are inadequate, will find in the end that his labour is in vain.

RICHES are not necessary for bringing out the lustre of real worth; and, on the other hand, where character is wanting, wealth is as incapable of procuring esteem for its possessor, as the ornaments round the neck of a dog are of proving his real value.

THE sensible man, however confident of his own strength and of his high claims, should be as cautious of creating himself enemies by an unreasonable and presumptuous display of his superiority, as a person would hesitate to swallow poison, though he is in possession of its antidote.

THE most useless fortune is that of which there is no expenditure; the worst of wives is she who opposes the wishes of her husband; the most unworthy sons are the rebellious; the most faithless companions are those who forsake a brother in distress; the most pernicious kings are those whom the innocent fear, and who are unmindful of the interests of their subjects.

A MALEVOLENT disposition, when it does not betray itself by any outward and visible effects, may be compared to smothered ashes which, for want of wood, do not break out into a flame; but continually looking for a provocation, as the fire covets fuel, it no sooner finds an object on which to pour out the bitterness of its gall, than it rages with the fury of a burning flame, inaccessible to the persuasion of kind words or the language of meekness and submission, and only bent upon destruction.

FATE robs the lion of his strength and lays him in the dust; it places the weak man on the back of the elephant.

ONE good quality will efface in the memory of the noble-minded man the recollection of many that were of an opposite character.

THE best security for his kingdom and the safeguard of his power is the clemency of the king by whom it is governed; and this is the brightest gem in his crown.

IT is written in the book of Destiny that the great man shall become insolent, the fortunate become careless, the intemperate subject to disappointment, and the lover of women deceived.

VIOLENCE and haughtiness often fail where gentleness and management are effectual in getting the better of an enemy; as the wild elephant is hunted down and taken by means of one that is tame.

THE man who is praised for his understanding is he who, when misfortune comes upon him, does not abandon himself to his own resources, but has the courage to listen to those who are able to give him good advice.

IT is as impolitic for a king to court the intimacy of a servant whom he has punished as it is to discard him altogether; for a person once having been possessed of power is entitled to distant respect, even when he falls into disgrace.

THE tree which has felt the stroke of the axe will sprout again, and the cut which a sword has given will close up and heal, but the wound which the tongue inflicts is incurable; the point of the spear may be drawn out from the flesh which it has pierced, but the weapon of speech remains fixed in the heart for ever.

A GREAT evil of the body politic is the animosity of parties, which keeps up a petty warfare in the State. Another source of mischief is a profligacy of manners, when respect for decency in the prince and the higher circles has fled before the fascinating and authorised display of female attractions, and the severity of business is lulled to sleep in the lap of luxury and excess.

THE distressed man is like a tree in a salt soil, which is eaten on every side, and deprived of nourishment; and, what is a greater evil than this, poverty generally nourishes in the breast the passions of hatred and calumny, arising from the distrust. Even his virtues excite suspicion; for his courage is called rashness, his desire to be liberal is regarded as profusion, his gentleness is weakness, and his peaceful temperament is stupidity.

NEITHER fire, nor a disease, nor an enemy, nor a debt, should be despised on account of their present insignificance.

A KING is like a steep mountain, abounding with fruits, medicinal herbs, and precious stones; but at the same time the haunt of wild beasts. If the difficulty of its ascent should be overcome, this is succeeded if not by speedy destruction, at least by continual insecurity.

THERE are five things which anyone may call his friends, his protecting companions in the journey of life. The first of these is the knowledge how to guard against evil; the second, virtuous habits; the third, freedom from doubt; the fourth, generosity of character; and the fifth, good conduct.

THE inhabitants of the world might be divided into two classes, and compared, the one, on account of its malignant disposition, to the serpent, which being trod upon, and forbearing at first to sting, darts its venom into the foot which bruises it a second time; and the other, on account of its meekness, to the cold sandal-wood, which, in spite of its smooth surface and unsuspicious form, suddenly takes fire from excessive rubbing.

TWO classes of men are proper objects of aversion: those who deny the distinction between virtue and vice, dispute the certainty of rewards and punishments, and contest the force of obligations they have contracted; and those who never turn away their eyes from what it is forbidden to look upon, nor their ears from listening to what is evil, who neither check their passions nor control the inordinate and vicious propensities of the heart.

THOSE who take delight in actions which are a source of pain and injury to others, may be ranked as men whom ignorance and folly have so far led astray, that they are either incapable of discerning the relations and mutual dependence of events in this world and the next, or have no clear notion of the responsibility which their senseless conduct will infallibly draw after it; and if in some instances they escape by a premature death part of the temporal punishment which they have merited, they only pass from the chastisement which has been suspended in this life, to the inexpressible and indefinable torments which await them beyond the grave.

# The Siege of Brescia, 1239.

'TWAS in Italia's ancient days,
Before she reached her prime;
Ere Art had graced life's common ways,
Or heard was Dante's rhyme.

But Liberty cheer'd with her smile
The cities in that age—
Too great to fear the tyrant's guile,
Too strong to heed his rage.

From his Sicilian kingdom came
The Second Frederick bold,
And far and wide, with sword and flame,
His deadly presence told.

With serried ranks of hired troops,
He struck at Freedom's heart;
On many a town the vulture swoops,
Swift as the lightning's dart.

At last his mighty host appears,
Before old Brescia's walls;
Their presence wakes no coward fears,
Their force no heart appals.

Day after day his engines pour
Their charges on the town;
They hide the sun, so thick the shower
Of deadly missiles thrown.

Day after day, week after week,
The siege is still maintained;
In vain the foes for triumph seek,
No foot of ground is gained.

By fury fired, the baffled king
Devised a cruel plan;
He bade them forth his prisoners bring,
And strip them man by man.

"And thus before my rams," he cried,
"The caitiffs firmly bind;
And those who dare our power deride,
Shall friends for targets find."

The ghastly-freighted castles move
Unto the walls more near;
Oh, who dare now his valour prove?
Who rise above his fear?

And those who have their weapons raised
To hurl against the foe,
Their arms restrain, for sore amazed,
They know not where to throw.

"O heed us not, but do your best!"
The fettered Brescians cry.
"Now hurl your darts against our breast;
For Brescia let us die!"

O what a loud, responsive shout,
The glorious words receive!
The heroes through the gates rush out,
Rejoicing, though they grieve.

Then noble Losco leads the way,
Although before his eyes
His son is bound to be the prey:
By the first stroke he dies.

With arrows, and with torches bright,
With fire, and sword, and lance,
Against the tyrant's cruel might
The citizens advance.

And deadly was the conflict now;
Death garnered well his prey;
And dark was Frederick's face and brow,
As he beheld the fray.

He saw his bravest fall before
  The strong arm of the free;
In vain to front his banner bore,
  His vanquished forces flee.

Then rose the grateful shout to heaven,
  The long-borne siege is raised;
And earnest thanks to God are given,
  His boundless mercies praised.

Through all Italia's cities fair
  The glorious tidings spread;
And joyous shoutings rend the air,
  And joyous tears are shed.

And Brescia's gallant sons are blessed
  By old and young alike;
The men who scorned to be oppressed,
  Who dared the tyrant strike.

Though ages since that siege have passed,
  Undimmed is still its glory;
Still Freedom-loving hearts beat fast
  At Brescia's noble story.

J. A. Langford.

# A Capture in Canada.

I AM not Mr. Pollaky of Paddington Green, neither am I Inspector Webb, nor Detective Bull of the City force; my status in society is that of a banker's clerk. I hold an appointment in a Midland Counties firm, which I entered upon five-and-twenty years ago. I had reached what is termed the "ripe middle age," when some months since the even current of my life was interrupted by the following event.

The establishment with which I have been so long associated is well known, and has gained a reputation by the quiet, respectable character of its business transactions. It does not indulge in speculative ventures, and hence has escaped many of the misfortunes and missed no little of the agitation which some banking firms have had to encounter. Occasionally we have been startled by the presentation of a bad note, a forged cheque, and other cunningly-devised schemes of well practised swindlers to impose on our simplicity and credulity, which circumstances have forced us into the excitement of judicial investigations. Thus, from time to time, I was brought in contact with some of the most celebrated detectives of the day. I still remember the feelings of admiration with which I witnessed the skill and sagacity of such men as John Forrester, Leadbeater, the Bow Street officer, Inspector Whicher, and other police officers, in tracking and detecting a swindler. At that period I little dreamt that my quiet life would be disturbed by an eventful episode, such as I am about to relate.

On the morning of the 28th September, 186—, I was at my post as usual, when a message from the bank manager summoned me to his presence. I saw at a glance, on entering the room, that something had happened. My chief informed me that a customer of the bank, whom, for obvious reasons, I will call Mr. Hooker, had absconded. I was aware, not only that he was under an engagement to liquidate a considerable claim we had against him, but that he had recently fixed a day for the fulfilment of his promise, assuring us that he should be in the immediate receipt of a large sum of money, which would enable him to pay his debt, and leave a balance to his *credit in our hands*. The statement of his expected funds was

no fiction,—he duly received them,—but instead of appropriating his newly-acquired wealth to the honest discharge of our claim, he clandestinely left his home, and before the intelligence of his departure had reached us, he was half way to Canada. The manager's indignation at the fraudulent conduct of an individual whom he had believed to be an honourable man, and had trusted as such, did not surprise me. Neither was I astonished when he told me that he would do all in his power to punish the absconding debtor, if means could be adopted to discover and arrest him in his flight.

It was a matter for anxious deliberation. Ultimately, acting on an impulse I could not control, I proffered my services to go in pursuit of the defaulter. They were accepted. The same evening, in company with one of our directors, I left by the mail train for Liverpool reaching that place some little time after midnight. The object of this journey was to endeavour to ascertain, through the Liverpool detectives, when and by what ship Mr. Hooker had sailed, as well as his destination, in order that we might arrive at a conclusion as to the propriety of my crossing the Atlantic in pursuit.

Early the following morning we were at the head-quarters of the detective police. We related the nature of our mission, and the services of one of their most efficient officers were placed at our disposal. He was evidently well known at all the shipping offices. In something less than an hour he furnished us with every information we could obtain in Liverpool. He ascertained that Hooker had sailed for Quebec seven days previously in the Canadian mail-packet ship *Belgian*, and had booked through to Montreal; and he added the still more important facts that the delinquent had with him his wife, his sister-in-law, and two children, and, further, that he was in possession of a roll of bank-notes at the time he secured the berths.

Had he gone alone, I doubt whether I should have had the courage to proceed further; but the fact of his being encumbered with the ladies, the children, and a large quantity of baggage, was a set-off against his seven days' start, and considerably altered my views. With such a drag on his movements, I felt there was a hope of success, and at once accepted the responsibility of following him. A berth was secured on board the *China*, of the Cunard line, and on Saturday, the 30th of September, 4.30 p.m., I found myself afloat, and the docks of Liverpool becoming fainter and fainter. Fortunately the weather was extremely fine; and as we steamed down the Mersey the scene and the event was one of unusual interest to me.

The interior of a first-class mail-packet just starting on her voyage and its animated appearance have often been described. I need only

say there were over two hundred passengers on board, and that my immediate companions were a French gentleman, a Spaniard and his wife, a Scotch physician (who was in a state of complete prostration three-fourths of the voyage), a ship builder from St. John's, New Brunswick, and his two daughters, the chaplain of the ship and his wife, and Mr. Tucker, an intelligent man from Philadelphia, who, during the voyage, gave me much valuable information, and introduced me to some Canadian merchants on board. These gentlemen subsequently rendered me great assistance in the prosecution of the object I had in view.

One of the most agreeable interludes of our voyage occurred during our detention at Queenstown for the mail bags. A delay of the mail train enabled us to pay a visit to the lovely Cove of Cork. We landed at the pleasant quay, ascended Look-Out Hill, and partook of the hospitality of the Queen's Hotel. The jaunting cars, nigger minstrels, mendicants, men-of-wars' men, yachtmen, hawkers, occupied the foreground, whilst the Cove itself was studded with vessels, amongst which some of our iron-clads and gun-boats were conspicuous. The view was bounded by the islands of Spike and Haulbowline and the famous lighthouse that marks the entrance to the harbour.

It was about 4.30 a.m. on the following day week when I was aroused from sleep by the report of a cannon close to our saloon. The first idea that I had on awakening was, that we had struck upon a rock, but my neighbour informed me it was a salute we were firing on entering Halifax harbour. We had made one of the quickest passages on record; for before five o'clock a.m. on Monday, the 9th of October, we arrived at Halifax, being only seven days and twelve hours from the time of our departure from Queenstown. I proceeded to Boston, where I remained one day. I left that city for Montreal. I reached the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel in that place at ten a.m. on Thursday the 12th of October. I confess that the three hundred miles of night travelling, following so closely on the voyage out, caused me great bodily fatigue, and I suffered much from mental depression.

As I sat alone that morning, some three thousand miles away from home and as far distant from any friend, I began seriously to reflect whether I had not undertaken a task of too great magnitude; I was weak enough to regret having left the shores of England upon what now appeared so Quixotic an undertaking. It was too late for regret, and I immediately dispelled my doubts by action. My first step was to *collect my credentials and call* upon the solicitors, whose advice

was to guide my future proceedings. Messrs. Roberts & Roe are one of the most eminent firms of *avocats* in Montreal. On making the acquaintance of the senior partner, I felt that I stood in the presence of a gentleman of no ordinary ability,—one, whose verdict would go far to decide whether my mission would be stamped with "success" or endorsed with "failure." I related to him as briefly as possible the circumstances which brought me to him; I handed him the power of attorney, and, being desirous of securing his unlimited confidence, I also exhibited to him my letter of credit and introduction to the eminent Canadian house, Messrs. Gillespies', Moffatt, & Co. When I had finished my recital, Mr. Roberts took a few moments for reflection. I watched him narrowly, and I fancied I read distinctly in his countenance that his honest conviction was adverse to my cause. I found that such was the fact; for, addressing me very deliberately, he said, "I fear your case is hopeless, and that your journey will be a fruitless one." He explained to me the law of Canada in reference to such cases, and pointed out, that even if I found Hooker, which was in his opinion doubtful, I could only treat him as a debtor; I could not touch either his person or his goods; that I might bring an action against him for a common debt, with the consolatory thought that after I had spent some weeks in litigation and obtained judgment, Mr. Hooker would run across to the United States and snap his fingers at me and my judgment. Mr. Roberts was kind enough to say he could not but admire the spirit which had been evinced by our bank in taking such prompt and energetic action in the matter, and expressed a wish that other large mercantile firms in England would adopt a similar line of conduct, which would prevent Canada, and more particularly Montreal (from its proximity to the United States), becoming the resort of so many swindlers from the mother country.

Naturally I felt for the moment cast down by the revelation of the "hopelessness of my case," and for an instant I contemplated relinquishing all further proceedings; but happily, in a few minutes, this feeling vanished, and I became as it were fortified with unusual strength and energy. I was enabled calmly to reflect upon the formidable difficulty I had to encounter, and instead of abandoning my mission I resolved to prosecute it to the utmost. I told the legal adviser that my first step must be to discover the fugitive, and next to give him into "pretty safe" custody, until I could come to a satisfactory settlement with him,—disregarding for the time all the terrors of the Canadian law on the question of false imprisonment. At this period I was introduced to the junior partner of the firm, who

subsequently undertook the management of the affair, and by his advice I shut myself up in my hotel, in case Hooker should see me and abscond, whilst the *avocat* undertook to send during the day to all the hotels to examine the books of arrivals. After a wretched time of inactivity I again sought my solicitors to ascertain the result of the search. It was altogether unsuccessful. I subsequently found that had the official to whom the duty had been intrusted, exercised an ordinary amount of vigilance, he would have been able to have furnished me with most welcome intelligence. His search, however, had been a very superficial one, and I was consequently compelled to return to my hotel sadly disappointed, and wearied both in body and mind.

The following morning I was introduced to the Chief of the Montreal detective police, Mr. O'Leary, a remarkably acute and intelligent Irishman. He regretted that for a day or two he could not give me much personal assistance, as he was engaged in several important criminal cases at the assizes, which were then being held in Montreal. I briefly put him in possession of the facts of my mission, and he consoled me with the assurance that if Hooker were there or in the neighbourhood, he should have no difficulty in finding him. As I was deprived of the detective's active assistance, I resolved to take a line of action of my own. I suggested to Mr. Roe that we should make inquiries at the offices of the Canadian Mail Steam-Packet Company, in one of whose ships (the *Belgian*) Hooker and his family had sailed from England. Mr. Roe acceded to my suggestion, and accompanied me at once to the office, where I was introduced by him to Mr. Allan, the principal partner in the firm. My object was to ascertain whether, from the official list of the passengers by the *Belgian*, they could furnish me with any information as to the arrival of the fugitive either in Quebec or Montreal. Mr. Allan at once communicated with the officials at Quebec, where the passengers had landed.

I was employed during Friday in visiting my solicitors and the detective officers, as well as in making inquiries at banks, post-office, and smaller hotels; but without acquiring the least information likely to prove serviceable.

At an early hour the next morning I started out with a conviction that if Hooker were in Canada I should obtain some clue to his whereabouts before night. This presentiment did not mislead me, for before three o'clock I effected his "capture" and had him closeted in my solicitors' office in Little St. James's Street, with O'Leary and a brother-detective in close attendance.

I will record the events as they occurred that day, which was one of much anxiety and excitement.

When I reached Mr. Allan's office, I was informed by the head clerk, that a letter had been received from their establishment at Quebec in reply to their inquiries, containing some important and satisfactory information.

It is true they had lost all traces of the fugitive on his landing at Quebec, and consequently could not have rendered any assistance, but for a singular coincidence which occurred a few days previously at Toronto. The purser of the *Belgian* had occasion to visit the City of the Lakes, and whilst there he saw and had recognised Hooker as one of the passengers. The latter believed himself to be perfectly safe, and not having the slightest idea that anyone was in pursuit of him, he invited the purser to take some refreshment, and then voluntarily entered into conversation about himself and family, mentioning, among other things, that his wife, sister-in-law, and children were at the Montreal Hotel in Montreal, where he intended shortly to join them. The purser returned to Quebec, and fortunately for me, was at the office when the letter of inquiry from Montreal was opened. He immediately communicated the above facts to Mr. Allan.

I hastened with the welcome intelligence to my solicitors. It was difficult to decide upon the best course to adopt. If any direct inquiry were made, Mrs. Hooker would probably communicate with her husband, and prevent his return;—after a short consultation we decided to leave the matter in the hands of O'Leary, the detective. I went for him at once, and fortunately found him at the chief office of police. As I have previously stated, he was a sharp-witted Irishman, of gentlemanly bearing. After deliberately reading the letter which had been intrusted to me by Mr. Allan's clerk, he took my hand in his own, and grasping it warmly, he said in his native accent, "My dear sirr-h—it's all right—lave it to me."

On our way to Montreal House he informed me that he knew, and had the greatest confidence in the landlord, from whom he could obtain every information without exciting any suspicion. We entered the house by the public bar, and of course were at once the object of that curiosity which is invariably manifested when a detective officer appears in company with a stranger in a public place of that description. The character of O'Leary was too well-known for anyone to venture upon a remark beyond an inquiry as to the state of his health, and what he would drink? One cadaverous-looking Yankee put the latter question to me, but as I was a stranger to him

I politely declined to take anything. I soon discovered that I had committed rather a grave sin, for the Yankee appeared much irritated at my refusal, and advised me if I were going to New York, never to decline such an offer if it were made to me in that city, or, said he, "I guess it will be the worse for you." On turning to O'Leary, I found him carelessly glancing at the names in the arrival-book of the hotel. Suddenly he closed the book, took it in his hand, and gave me a sign to follow him into an inner office. When the door was closed he opened the book, and putting his finger on Hooker's signature, inquired if that was the man. I replied in the affirmative. The landlord was then admitted into our council, and a cautiously whispered conference took place. The landlord informed us that Hooker's wife and children were upstairs in the apartment above us, and that he had stowed large quantities of baggage in an adjoining room. At that moment Mrs. Hooker was expecting her husband by the first train from Toronto, after which they intended leaving, but where they intended to go he had no idea. O'Leary advised me to change my quarters from the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel to Montreal House, and keep a watchful eye on the movements of the family, so as to be ready to confront the husband on his arrival. I hastened to the hotel, removed all traces of my address and railway tickets from my luggage, and entered my name on the arrival-book of the Montreal Hotel as Mr. V. Robinson, from Boston. I lounged about the place with a view to picking up any stray piece of information I could. I heard amongst other things that Hooker had lodged his money in the Merchants' Bank. I thought this of sufficient importance to communicate to my solicitor at once. On my return I was somewhat startled by the announcement that Hooker, who had just arrived, was then sitting down to dinner in the public room. There was evidently no time to be lost, as he had ordered his bill, and would leave in half-an-hour. I knew my only chance consisted in playing a bold game. With the "hopelessness of my case" ringing in my ears, I had not the courage to confront him myself; and yet in half-an-hour he would be gone. It was just a question of finding O'Leary and bringing him on to the scene of action in those thirty minutes. There was no vehicle at hand. I ran hastily to the head office of the police, and found to my dismay that O'Leary was not there, nor was there anyone who knew where he could be found.

I retained the services of the chief officer present, secured a cab, and went at full gallop to O'Leary's private residence, where we were fortunate enough to find him. He immediately entered the cab, and we returned to Montreal House, whilst I related to him all that had

occurred since I last saw him. As I told him we should probably find our man quietly taking dinner, his face lighted up with pleasure, and he exclaimed, "It's one of the most beautiful little affairs I have been engaged in for some time past!" I feared that his zeal might get the better of his discretion. I again explained to him the full nature of the case—that I could not legally give him into custody, and my only chance of recovering any portion of the money with which he had absconded from England was to frighten him into some concession before he could procure legal advice; O'Leary appeared delighted with the prospect of his game,—and requesting me to "lave it entoirely in his hands," assured me that in case he were obstinate he would terrify him out of his life. Ere we reached the hotel I was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement; the time for decisive action had arrived. Preceded by the landlord, and in company with the two detectives, I ascended the principal staircase at the top of which was the entrance to the dining-saloon.

The door was open, thus affording us a view of some twenty of the guests and, among them, of the man in search of whom I had crossed the Atlantic. He was sitting with his back to us, his wife and sister-in-law being on each side of him. He appeared in high spirits, and was chatting with the various guests at table, little dreaming who was standing at the open door, prepared to denounce him, if necessary, as a fugitive swindler from England. I pointed him out to O'Leary, who calmly remarked, "That's enough;" and then as a second thought struck him, he added, with a spice of his Irish humour,—"but we'll let him finish his dinner first, for he seems to be enjoying it so much." In accordance with so odd a request, we allowed him a few minutes' grace; he was then touched on the shoulder by the head waiter, and informed that a gentleman was waiting to see him. Still unsuspecting, he arose from his seat and came towards us with a smiling countenance. O'Leary met him, and with a slight inclination of the head, said, "Mr. Hooker, from England, I believe?" "Yes," was the apparently firm reply. I thought I could discover an anxious, nervous twitching in his face, betraying an under-current of guilty consciousness, and a fear that he had not escaped pursuit, as perhaps only a few minutes previously he was flattering himself he had.

I was standing a little in the rear of O'Leary, and thus was partially hidden from observation. Stepping on one side and extending his hand towards me, O'Leary said, "Allow me, Mr. Hooker, to introduce you to a gentleman from England, with whom, I believe, you are well acquainted!"

Making an effort to appear calm and unconscious of danger, the swindler deliberately disowned all knowledge of me. Looking at me, and then turning to O'Leary, he replied, "I do not know the gentleman. He is a perfect stranger to me."

I was unprepared for such a barefaced disavowal from a man with whom I had so often and so lately transacted business. For a moment I felt staggered by this fresh evidence of guilt. At length I stepped forward, and said, "Mr. Hooker, you know the —— Bank, and you know me as the cashier of that establishment; and you know, too, perfectly well, the nature of the business which has brought me to Canada in search of you."

These words, uttered with all the menace and determination I could throw into them, had a marked and striking effect on the conscience-stricken man to whom they were addressed. His courage instantly forsook him. He trembled as if stricken with ague. Uttering all sorts of miserable excuses for his conduct, he requested that we would retire to a private room with a view to an explanation and settlement. I readily acceded to this, and now felt somewhat hopeful of bringing the business to a satisfactory conclusion. I soon discovered that in this I was fated to be disappointed; for, shortly after we were closeted, he again assumed a bold appearance, and seemed disposed to justify his conduct rather than make any reparation for what he had done. His principal anxiety appeared to be to avoid exposure before the inmates of the hotel: this afforded me an opportunity for suggesting a movement I was anxious to effect, viz., an adjournment to the office of my legal advisers. Taking his arm in mine, and requesting the detectives to follow closely, we left the hotel. After we reached Mr. Roe's office, nearly two hours were expended in vain attempts to induce the delinquent to accede to some equitable terms of settlement.

He at first appeared very penitent, and, in the midst of his tears, declared that it was his intention, as far as lay in his power, to act honourably to every one; he begged, again and again, to be allowed to return to his wife, who, being ignorant of the state of affairs, would be suffering great anxiety from his prolonged absence. He seemed so sincere in his protestations that Mr. Roe suggested that I should accede to his request. This was a moment of great difficulty to me. I did not wish to be unnecessarily severe, neither did I wish to act in opposition to the advice given me by Mr. Roe. Still, I felt sure I should be losing some of the vantage ground I had gained through the day, if I released him whilst matters were in their present position. At last I said, "I have a duty to perform, and I cannot shrink one

step therefrom. You absconded from England, and, having incurred expense in finding you, I cannot, and will not, release you until you have given me some material guarantee that the funds which you have deposited in the Merchants' Bank, in this city, shall not be touched until you have made a satisfactory settlement with me."

My determination had the effect of again making him change his tactics. He upbraided me for bringing two detectives to his hotel, threatened vengeance against me for having been given into their custody, and asked me, indignantly, what I required.

An idea flashed across my mind. I confess it was a piece of strategy, and, conceived as it was in a minute, I could hardly hope that my prisoner would fall into the trap I wished to lay for him.

I replied, "You are anxious to get back to your family, and I am equally anxious to terminate this painful interview. I will release you on the following conditions: you shall draw a cheque for the funds (with the exception of a few pounds for your immediate use) which you have placed in the Merchants' Bank, payable to your order and my order jointly, and deposit the same with my solicitor. As a man of business," I continued carelessly, "you are aware that I shall not be able to touch this money without your endorsement to the cheque."

I confess I did not draw his particular attention to the fact that he would be equally helpless, without my signature. Neither could he have given one moment's consideration to this feature in the transaction, or he certainly would not have so readily acceded to my terms. He appeared lost to every idea but that of his present escape; he immediately drew up the cheque, which he signed, and handed to Mr. Roe.

I was now as anxious to get rid of him as I had been a few hours previously to effect his capture. It was necessary to have the cheque "initialed" at the bank, which would place such an embargo on his funds as would prevent the possibility of his tampering with them by other means. It was Saturday afternoon, and a half-holiday. Hurrying away as quickly as we could, we proceeded to the Merchants' Bank. It was closed. After some little delay, we gained admission by the private door. The clerks were leaving, and informed us that no further business could be transacted until Monday. Monday would be too late; the full nature of my compromise with Hooker would be laid before him by a legal authority, and, perhaps, was at that moment being divulged to him. Steps might be taken to remove his funds from my grasp. He, too, would be told of the "hopelessness of my case," and would, doubtless, set me at defiance.

I felt that if we failed now, I should never recover one shilling of the money; that I should have to return to England beaten and disappointed, with a heavy bill of costs to add to the amount of which my firm had already been swindled. With desperation I urged my solicitor forward, and we soon found ourselves in the interior of an inner office, where one of the chief tellers and a junior still remained. Fortunately for me and those whom I represented, the principal was a friend of my solicitor. The cashier had his hat on, the junior was in the act of placing the last huge ledger in the iron safe when he was stopped by Mr. Roe. "One minute," he exclaimed to his friend the cashier; "I will not detain you long, but in that ledger you will find an account opened, within the last few days, by a Mr. Hooker from England. He has just given me a cheque for nearly the whole amount, payable to the joint order of himself and this gentleman," pointing to me. "We do not require the cash, but simply to have the cheque accepted by the bank." The cashier, anxious to oblige his friend, opened the ledger, turned to the account, attached his initials to the cheque, and returned it to us. The thanks we tendered him were neither few nor cold; and, as we hastily left the bank, Mr. Roe warmly congratulated me on the success of my plot. I was too overpowered to say much myself. Begging him to take especial care of the cheque, and under no circumstances to part with it without my authority, I left him, promising to see him on Monday morning. I wandered down Nôtre Dame Street in a state of complete abstraction and bewilderment. I was overjoyed at the result of the day's proceedings, the exciting events of which had passed so rapidly in succession, that I could scarcely realise the agreeable change which during the last few hours had taken place in the aspect of my Canadian adventure. Of one circumstance I have a vivid recollection. I sat down to dinner that evening with a heart full of thankfulness; and, for the first time since I landed in America, I really and truly enjoyed the viands which were placed before me.

Although I had virtually brought Mr. Hooker to a strait which would compel him to accede to my own terms of settlement, still he evinced, at times, more obstinacy than ever; and it was not until that day week that I finally closed with him.

It was early on the morning of Saturday, the 21st of October, that I sought an interview with Mr. South, the solicitor who had been consulted by Hooker. Fortunately for me he was a highly respectable man. He had, on one or two occasions, intimated his contempt for his client; also, that he was heartily sick of the transaction. I told him that I had *fully made up my mind* to leave Montreal that night

by the mail train for Quebec, and to take my passage in the *North American*, which would sail from the latter place on the following morning for England. "If," I said to him, "your client does not accept my terms, I will take his cheque back with me, make a bankrupt of him,—his assignees shall endorse the cheque *per procuration;* and the whole of the funds will then be sent out to England for the benefit of his estate."

His reply was satisfactory. "I admit," he said, "that the terms you propose are such as my client ought to accede to. He will be here shortly. I will inform him of your ultimatum; and, if he still remains obstinate, I shall decline to have anything further to do with him. Will you call on me again at twelve o'clock?"

I kept the appointment punctually. The guilty man was there too, and quite crestfallen. Under the heavy pressure that had been brought to bear upon him he had at length given way. He accepted my terms—endorsed the cheque; and in a few hours, with a draft for the "salvage" money, drawn by the City Bank of Montreal on Messrs. Glyn & Co., of London, safe in my possession, I was steaming rapidly towards Quebec.

I landed in England on Thursday, the 3rd of November. Notwithstanding the "hopelessness of my case," I *had* effected my "capture in Canada," and was enabled to report the same personally at head-quarters in less than five weeks from the date of my departure.

N. M.

# The Discovery of America by the Chinese.

WAS Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only rediscover that continent after it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus's time, or else the aborigines of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation, the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the world to ours, between the eastern coast of Asia and the side of America most remote from Europe; and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamt of its existence. The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or, at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quite modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The arts of paper-making and printing, amongst others, had been practised in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally,

or more, in advance of us in navigation? The stately ruins of Baalbec, with gigantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is that many of the Arabian *ulema* with whom I have conversed on this subject, are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of America, and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country to the west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, General Hussein Pasha, in a work he has just written on America, called *En-Nessr-Et-Tayir*, quotes from Djeldeki and other old writers to show this.

There is, however, amongst Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery by the Chinese long before Columbus was born.

A competent authority on such matters, J. Haulay, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers.

Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist priests repaired there, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany," after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian, Prescott, about the maquay tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for paper-making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron,

but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working in stone and metals, out of a mixture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, thought but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hundred years ago. There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Haulay, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, states, between the accent and most of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already. Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this question. It is at any rate remarkable and confirmative of the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and that Shelley was right in his bold but beautiful lines: "Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilisation did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? and, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in rolling over our present cultivation may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognisance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civilisation, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.

CHARLES WELLS

# I DRINK TO THEE.

I DRINK to thee, love, from this cup,
Of cool and blushing wine;
Whose sparks in glittering crowds rise up,
Bright as those eyes of thine.
I drink to thee as to a queen,
For thou art Beauty's own;
And every charm that e'er was seen,
Bird-like to thee has flown.

Would I could find a lily filled,
Each morn with perfumed dew,
Or fairy-like a palace build,
Where skies are ever blue:
I'd give the lily unto thee,
The palace should be thine,
If thou would'st whisper unto me
Thy gladness to be mine.

I'm waiting, love, to hear thee speak,
The wine-cup by my side;
I see a blush upon each cheek,
As though a rose had died,
And left its faded beauty there,
That I might learn thy will:
I know it! 'Tis thy love to share,
Although thy voice is still!

# YACHTING.

IT is popularly believed that Englishmen have a greater natural liking for the sea than the inhabitants of any other country; and it is generally considered a sufficient explanation in accounting for this inherent partiality to refer to the insular position of Great Britain. Yet, on reflection, this accidental feature seems unlikely to be the sole cause of such a striking national characteristic; for we find other countries, although not insular, possessed of large seaboards, whose inhabitants evince no special fondness for salt-water whatever. But, however obscure or apparent the cause, there is no denying that the Anglo-Saxon, whether he be on this side of the Atlantic or the other, manifests an interest in maritime pursuits which has no rivalry among the most enterprising of other nations. To how remote a period pre-eminence on the "vasty deep" could be justly claimed for the Anglo-Saxon, we cannot say; but there has been a very potent tradition current for some time past which no doubt authentically declares that "Britannia rules the waves." This will probably be regarded as a very debateable statement, from a certain point of view, but it is unnecessary to consume time in disputation; it is sufficient for our purpose to say, what is indubitably true, that in general extent and importance our maritime interests are much beyond those of any other nation. In combination with, and rising out of, this superiority afloat, we have a minor demonstration which is generally referred to as the "pastime of yachting," and to this branch of the subject we are about to devote some remarks. It is not incumbent to understand the present vastness of our yachting eminence that we should inquire circumstantially into its earliest promotion; it will be enough to know that half a century ago there were probably not more than fifty British yachts afloat, and they were owned by noblemen or gentlemen of independent means; at this date there are at least two thousand yachts on the different club lists, representing in the aggregate fifty thousand tons, and we find it is not at all necessary to be either a duke, a lord, or an admiral, to become a yacht owner; in fact, some of the best yachtsmen of the period are connected with the *commerce of the country*. It is unlikely that out of these two

thousand vessels more than half would be at any one time in actual commission, and during the winter months not, at the most, more than one twentieth; still there are the yachts, and they are all commissioned and fairly underway for pleasure at one season or another. When half these yachts are in commission, employment is given to at least three thousand seamen, and this fact is often rather ostentatiously alluded to as representing a nursery for the royal navy. The truth is, yachtsmen are generally made out of fishermen, coast-watermen, and the working hands of pilot vessels and coasters, a class of men who are not at all likely to be attracted by the allurements of the R. N. On the other hand, a regular man-of-war's man would be entirely out of place on board a yacht, for almost any service which a regular long-shore loafer would not perform equally well. We recollect when the *America* was matched against the *Alarm*, in 1861, some dispute arose on board the former, and most of the crew left the vessel. This was the morning before the match, and Mr. Decie was compelled to select a scratch crew from whatever material offered. One stalwart fellow presented himself on board, and for weight and strength looked a whole main-halyard purchase in himself. "What have you been used to?" asked the owner. "A man-of-war, sir," proudly answered the candidate, looking down almost contemptuously on the little deck of the *America*. "And were you an able seaman?" interrogated the owner. "Very nearly, sir," was the vague reply; and what particular degree of seamanship that represented may be guessed when we say that the crew, who amongst them numbered seven or eight navy-trained men, came on a wind with balloon jib and topsails, and when trying to get the fore-topsail in let it blow away, and eventually allowed similar freedom to the jib, and this in a fair whole-sail breeze. A yachtsman is a very smart sailor, and for consummate knowledge and expertness in handling a fore-and-aft-rigged vessel, he is without equal. He is highly combative, fights to the last, and always tries to win; in fact, a good racing crew to a gentleman fond of match-sailing is one of the principal charms of yachting. For a good crew a good skipper is required, or match-sailing will be found very unsatisfactory sport. It would be difficult to advise upon this subject, but it may be accepted as an exceptional truth, that the man is of no use as a racing skipper unless he has thorough control over the men, and he must moreover be capable of inspiring them with respect for himself and trust in his judgment to do what will best suit the vessel under existing circumstances. A great deal has been said to the effect that we require a better class of skipper altogether: but this is entirely a mistake. We

never hear of one losing a yacht, and we are quite certain the present class of skipper is as much adapted to his vessel as the master of an Australian clipper is to his ship. The latter is excellent in his way, but all his acquirements in navigation would not avail him in a yacht match; and we are afraid, if scientific attainments are sought after in yacht skippers, we shall lose the thoroughly practical seamen we now meet with in charge of yachts.

It is not at all unlikely that our habit of sojourning at the seaside of late years has had a great deal to do with the growth and prosperity of yachting; it is not too much to say that there would be very few men who would keep yachts if our coasts boasted of no livelier places than they did a few years ago,—such as Hull, Yarmouth, Portsmouth, or Sheerness. This influence of the now prevalent fashion is peculiarly apparent across the Channel. A few years ago Frenchmen never dreamt of seaside visiting; now they have their annual marine resorts as we have, and are even becoming yachtsmen. They have a yacht club and, at least, fifty yachts: most of them are of English build—old vessels—and some of them are very extraordinary things indeed. One we saw at Havre, last summer, was a kind of huge wherry of twenty-five tons, with flush deck painted white; no boom to mainsail, mizzen, foresail, and jib, and no topsail. She was nearly as broad as long, and was doubtless about as uncomfortable a thing anyone could go afloat in. She was carvel built, and looked very old, the lands being well filled with pitch and tar. No one on board knew when she was built, or what she was built for; it was enough for them to know that she was then a French yacht. Our neighbours would consider themselves badly off at a fashionable coast town if, having yachts, they had no regatta; consequently, here again they imitate the English, and, we must confess, they very successfully carry out their arrangements. They invite English yachts to compete, with a certain knowledge, if the invitation be accepted, that an English yacht must carry off the prize; but they regard the result with no jealousy, and only hope the example will rouse the nautical enterprise of the nation to furnish something that can more worthily compete with such an accomplished rival on future occasions. The regattas, although of such recent foundation, we may regard as fairly established annual events. That last season of the *Société des Régates du Havre* was very successful, both in its arrangements, which gave universal satisfaction, and in the number of yachts that competed. There were eight of our crack English cutters there—the *Fiona*, *Menai*, *Condor*, *Sphinx*, *Vindex*, *Niobe*, *Druid*, and *Phantom*; and they were certainly not bored with a long

course; and of schooners there were the *Aline*, *Cambria*, *Gloriana*, *Albertine*, and *Egeria*, and *Julia* yawl, besides many others that did not compete. The mode of starting, timing, and calculating time allowances for differences of tonnage were novel and complicated, but they were carried out with such unerring exactness that the very highest satisfaction was given; and, no doubt, Englishmen will be glad to again participate in matches so pleasantly conducted.

The Dieppe Regatta—the first, we believe, held—was not quite so successful, two causes militating against it: it was held during the regatta week of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club at Ryde, and the course chosen was a little too much, even for such prizes as 3000 f. and a gold medal. The result was that only one English yacht and one French yacht started, and the former obtained a very easy victory. Still, what the French are doing affords very apparent evidence that they are associating themselves with yachting in a thoroughly practical spirit, and in all probability we shall find them a few years hence as perfect in the nautical sport as they have rapidly become adepts on the turf. Only last summer a French nobleman who owns an English-built schooner of 120 tons was able to accept a challenge from the owner of an English yacht, to sail from Havre round Cherbourg breakwater and back. It was very bad weather, and the English yacht, through the rottenness of her gear, came to dreadful grief; but although the Frenchman won, it by no means proved his superiority, as shortly afterwards the same vessels were matched again, and then the English yacht gained a very hollow victory. The French crews seem very willing and plucky, but they take about twice as much time to do a thing as an English crew does, and we expect they must sail a great many matches before they can emulate the smartness of their rivals. Now we have the Frenchman afloat we want him to do one other thing, the better to stimulate amicable rivalry, and that is—build his own yachts. Contests then, of an international character, will be regarded with increased interest, and the results will be much more satisfactory to the competitors of both nations.

The Russians have a yacht club at St. Petersburgh, and the Swedes have one at Stockholm; but neither seem to do much in the way of match-sailing. The St. Petersburgh club numbers about a dozen large schooners of English build, and in 1852 they essayed a regatta at Cronstadt, and from the chronicles we have at hand, the two yacht matches sailed were contested with as much interest and spirit as such matches usually are on the English coast. The English cutter, *War-hawk*, 66 tons, Vice-Commander Bartlett, R.L.Y.C., won the

first match, and *Claymore*, schooner, 150 tons, M. A. Campbell, won the second: the prizes were two gold vases, value respectively, 120*l.* and 150*l.* The Crimean war interfered with the continuance of these amenities afloat, and we believe the members of the Imperial yacht club have made no attempt to re-institute a regatta since 1852, even amongst themselves. Indeed, there are, according to the yacht list of the club, only six yacht owners, beside five members of the Imperial family, and a succession of matches between these would be very dull work. Evidently Russian gentlemen, like most foreigners, discover only discomfort in yachting, and probably are insensible to the charms of keeping a yacht on purpose to be ill in. Nevertheless, we know that many Englishmen have as much natural horror of the sea-saw of the ocean as it is possible for either Russian or Turk to feel, and yet they keep yachts, and are always ill when they are under way. But an Englishman is often a martyr to an uncomfortable fashion, and it is not surprising to find some voluntarily enduring misery for the sake of enjoying the distinction such a characteristic custom as yachting gives.

Notwithstanding that match-sailing gives a certain amount of distinctiveness, vigour, and power of captivation to yachting it by no means follows that such contests are the sole aim and end of the pastime. On the contrary, yachting is loved and pursued, in some instances, to a fantastic extent, for itself alone; that is, we presume, for the advantage of enjoying the invigorating influences of cruising under a blue sky and in an uncontaminated atmosphere. The humourist's account of yachting was "living in a chest moored near Margate jetty;" now a yacht, according to the "yacht list," may range in size from 2½ to 400 tons, and to live in one of the former tonnage would certainly be living in a very confined space indeed; but a bachelor may find a great deal of comfort in living on board a vessel of 25 tons. Of course there are some owners of large vessels who never live on board, or at least for not more than a day or two at a time, and simply keep yachts because it is the fashion, and for the pleasure of enjoying a few hours' sailing in very fine weather. This can scarcely be called yachting, any more than the mere keeping of hunters by a gentleman could be called fox-hunting. Still we frequently find that the owner of a yacht, who finds it disagreeable living on board, enters with much zest into yacht matches, and he is generally very fastidious in the matter of his boats, the dress of his crew, and the gilt stripe around his vessel's sides; he is also extremely anxious to get her moored as near as possible to the public promenade or pier, and is sure to have her photographed. Certainly living

on board a yacht with half a dozen people is a dreadful trial sometimes, and going on shore is looked upon as a kind of freedom worth making the most of. It is necessarily very close quarters on board, and in such limited space there is no escaping each other; so if matters do not run smoothly, the social aspect must become very awful, and every one labours with the same kind of feeling that a man is suddenly shocked with when in a railway compartment he finds himself sitting opposite an exasperated creditor. This kind of accident ought not to occur in a well-assorted family, but whilst human imperfections endure, small surface troubles will arise in the most ably regulated fraternity. But an ordinary man is not sufficiently a philosopher to eschew living on board his yacht because he dreads the infirmities of his wife's temper, or fears his guests will quarrel over their pet idiosyncracies, which are sure to become apparent in confinement. An Englishman who keeps a yacht afloat is not quite such a squeamish animal as this, and if he does not live on board, it is probably because he prefers living on shore.

Match-sailing does not appear to have been followed very systematically until the Royal Thames Club took it in hand about the year 1823. On the Solent, from the time the Royal Yacht Squadron was established in the Waterloo year, regattas were occasionally held; but the yachts sailed without classification or time allowance, and it was soon made apparent that the advantage lay all on the side of the large cutters. Consequently owners, who were fond of being in the van, built enormous "one masters" approaching two hundred tons, such as the old *Arundel*, *Menai*, *Alarm*, *Lulworth*, and *Pearl*. Experience soon taught the owners of these vessels that racing such big craft was a very expensive game, and for some years match-sailing was indulged in with very faint zest on the Solent. However, it was pursued with an unwonted degree of liveliness on the Thames between vessels of different classes, ranging from seven to twenty-five tons. Of these, by far the most famous were the *Mystery* of Lord A. Paget and the *Phantom* of Mr. A. O. Wilkinson. The latter is afloat somewhere, and is still one of the fastest of her tonnage. Then there was an equally famous cutter, the *Thought*, which has sailed many a good match against the *Phantom*, and even to this day is famous for her speed. The matches between these vessels were generally sailed from Greenwich to the Nore lightship and back, and were confined to vessels belonging to the Thames Club; but since 1846 the matches have been thrown open to any vessels belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. This proved to be a most excellent policy, and some very smart vessels straightway went round to the Thames, such as

the *Heroine*, *Secret*, *Cynthia*, and *Cygnet*, of about 30 tons each. But these crack vessels were altogether eclipsed in 1849 by the renowned *Mosquito*, an iron vessel of 50 tons, built and owned by Mr. Mare. This yacht proved a veritable flyer, and for speed was, at that time, much superior to any other cutter afloat in fair whole-sail breezes. In 1850 she beat the resuscitated *Arrow*, then of 84 tons, and the crack cutter of the Solent; but the next year she was very unexpectedly outmatched on the Thames. In June, 1851, the *Volante*, of 50 tons, appeared, having been built, it was said, in a month; at any rate she appeared without copper, having a blackleaded bottom, and her ballast was only stowed in her hull on the morning of the match. Of course she had at that time no internal fittings; but even as she appeared, she was the most marvellous production the yachting world has ever seen. She was built for light top-sail breezes, and it was not expected she would distinguish herself in heavy weather. Her first appearance was an extraordinary success. She beat the *Mosquito* in running down from Erith to the Nore, and went away from her still more in beating back. But there was very little wind; the match lasted ten hours. However, they who were dissatisfied must have been convinced of her superiority during the next week, for she then in a fine breeze fairly beat the *Mosquito* by fifteen seconds, after being kept shaking in the wind twenty minutes whilst her crew were repairing a burst bobstay. There is no doubt these two cutters at that date (1851) represented the very highest excellence in yacht building, and nothing has been produced to surpass them in any marked degree since. It must be remembered that thirty years ago cutters were very different from what they are now; they then had very full bows and high free board forward, and their greatest beam was considerably forward of midships, tapering off towards the quarters. The mast was stepped well forward, and very large mainsails and booms were necessarily carried. The *Mosquito* and *Volante* were designed on very opposite principles to this; they had sharp runs fore and aft, no rise forward, very sharp bottoms, small beams, and a large quantity of ballast. Their masts were stepped just forward of their midship sections, and they even carried a greater spread of canvas than the vessels of larger beam. Mr. Chamberlayne was of course very dissatisfied to find the *Arrow* so easily beaten by these new cutters, and at once had her lengthened by the bow from his own designs, increasing her tonnage from 84 to 102 tons. She then appeared with, as before, a great deal of beam, small displacement, and very little ballast. Her success was decided, and she reigned the most popular cutter for many years, defying the best productions of yacht builders. Her great point was reaching,

and to this day, we believe, there is nothing afloat of her tonnage that is so fast when sailing a couple of points off the wind. But in turning close-hauled—the quality *par excellence* of a sailing-vessel—she was never so good as the sharp-lined and heavily ballasted *Mosquito*, *Volante*, and *Lulworth*, and although she is a fine sea-boat, she is dreadfully slow on a wind if there is much sea disturbance, as the shape of her bow will not allow of her being driven. Of her bad weatherly qualities we had a very striking example, so recently as last summer, during a fine breeze inside the Isle of Wight. In running from Cowes to the Warner light-vessel, she beat the *Christabel* at least a mile; but when they came on the wind the superiority of the stiff little cutter was at once apparent: she laid right through from the Warner to Cowes, whilst the *Arrow* had to make a couple of boards to fetch the same point. However, her splendid reaching powers always gave her one advantage over all other cutters after her alteration, until the advent of the *Fiona*, 78 tons, in 1865, and the *Condor*, 132 tons, and *Oimara*, 165 tons, in 1866. Still it was very gratifying to find a cutter of the old school so defiantly holding her own for so many years, and we should not be at all surprised to find her owner bring her out again, remodelled, as great a triumph as ever. The two fastest cutters of less than 100 tons afloat now, in light topsail breezes, are the *Vanguard* and *Fiona*; but it is by no means certain that either of these could invariably beat the *Mosquito* or *Volante*, with the usual time allowance for excess of tonnage. We thus fail to see that any great progress has been made in the improvement of cutters from the point attained by the two crack vessels of 1851. But although our cutters were so near their present perfection in 1851, schooners at that date had no pretensions to excellence beyond comfort on board and their fine sea-going qualities,—quite enough to recommend them, the stanch lover of cruising will say. But just about that time yacht matches were being revived with such startling vigour and interest, that they attracted the attention of the whole nation, and it was found schooners were so much inferior in weatherly qualities to cutters, that a 50-ton cutter was classed with a 130-ton schooner; and even then, unless a reaching wind happened to prevail, the cutter was the most advantageously placed.

Intelligence was probably conveyed across the Atlantic that we were a nation extravagantly fond of yachting and match-sailing, and yet were content with schooners that were extraordinary only for their slowness and indifferent weatherly qualities. There is no doubt that at this date our builders, and especially such a wonderfully shrewd and successful yachtsman as the late Mr. Joseph Weld, were

perfectly aware our large yachts were much inferior in model to the then matchless cutters *Mosquito* and *Volante*. The *Alarm*, 193 tons, was probably the best of the large cutters, and the *Titania* represented what must be considered for that date a new class of schooner. But we must admit we were far behind in excellence, in these examples of a large class of yacht, of what could have been produced. The Americans witnessed this, and availed themselves of an advantage they had obtained in devoting special attention to windward sailing, by sending over in 1851, with a great flourish of trumpets, the schooner yacht *America*, and they found us quite unprepared to compete with her. As we have before said, the *Titania*, of 100 tons, was the best schooner we had, and represented a new school; she was built of iron on the wave-line principle, with a much larger displacement than the *America*, and her rig was very different. She had two topsails, fore staysail, jib, and flying jib. The America carried no topsails, excepting a very small main-gaff jib header off a wind, and had no head sails beyond a forestaysail laced to a boom. It is true that she set an outer jib when going free, but even then that was seldom done. It will thus be seen that the *America* had practically but three sails, and they were cut and stood to perfection for windward sailing; the *Titania* had seven working sails, besides squaresails, and moreover we did not at that date properly understand cutting sails for flatness. Besides having an advantage in sails, it must be allowed the *America's* lines and sections were superior for speed to the *Titania's*, and indeed her general superiority was so apparent that no one was surprised at her unequivocal triumph when matched against our schooners. But although we so fully admit she was unequalled in this particular way we are quite satisfied our two crack cutters were more than equal to her in weatherly qualities in moderate weather. When she sailed her first match, and won the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, she beat such cutters as the *Volante*, *Wildfire*, *Arrow*, *Alarm*, and *Aurora*, and the best of the schooners were the *Titania*, *Constance*, *Beatrice*, and *Gipsy Queen*. The course was round the Isle of Wight, and the match lasted ten-and-a-half hours. Of course the wind was paltry, and in turning up the back of the island to the westward the *Arrow* got ashore, but some of the cutters weathered on the *America* whilst the wind held true; still the latter, by good management and good luck, was the first round the Needles, and then, goose winging, made off up the Solent, whilst the others were half jammed by a tide outside, with scarcely any wind. The result was, the *America* very cleverly won the Squadron Cup, and the next week she unmistakably proved her power over

our schooners by beating the *Titania* fifty-one minutes in a twenty miles' run, dead to leeward for the beat back, a fine breeze blowing true in strength and direction. After this achievement she was sold by her owner to Lord de Blaquiere for 4000*l.*, and went up the Mediterranean. The succeeding year she was beaten by the *Mosquito* and *Arrow*, after an eight hours' match round the island. Of course plenty of excuses were made for her, but we are quite content to believe the cutters were better than the schooner in turning to windward by short boards. However, we had still no schooner that could vie with her acknowledged supremacy in weatherly qualities, although our builders did their best to model one after the great example. At last the Swedes came to the rescue, and sent over the *Sverige*, and she certainly promised to beat the *America*. A match was arranged similar to that sailed by the *Titania*, and the *Sverige* beat the Yankee eight minutes in the run before the wind; but the Swede, in gybing for the beat back, carried away her main gaff, and although the spar was fished, her mainsail could not be set properly, and the *America* eventually won by twenty-five minutes. After this event, we do not recollect hearing anything of the *America* for many years.

We just now alluded to the endeavours of the builders to produce a schooner that should equal the *America*. They failed; but an English gentleman, in 1853, was more successful. Mr. Joseph Weld correctly appreciated every excellence of the famous Yankee, and quite unabashed by her prowess, set to work to produce something that would beat her. He altered his large cutter *Alarm* to a 248-tons schooner, and to this day she is one of the most beautiful and fastest yachts we have. She beat the *America* in 1861; but the latter then appeared under so many deteriorating alterations, and was so wretchedly sailed, that that victory alone would give the *Alarm* no prestige. It is a fact that cannot be disguised, that two private gentlemen, from 1852 to 1865, defied all the skill of our best builders with the *Alarm* schooner and the *Arrow* cutter; the latter, we have already stated, was successfully altered in 1852. The builders soon grew tired of attempting "*Americas*." The only two that were at all successes were the *Gloriana* and *Viking*—the latter is now owned by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh,—and gradually worked into a style of their own; seeing it so repeatedly manifested that cutters were superior to schooners, they set about making schooners as much like cutters as possible. Their first prominent success was the *Aline*, of 216 tons, built by Camper and Nicholson, in 1859: but she was beaten by the *Alarm*, after a splendid match

in half a gale of wind, in 1861. We do not think they met afterwards; but as neither vessel has been materially altered since that date, there is no reason to suppose the *Alarm* would not again be victorious in a strong wind. We have, however, seen her beaten this season by both the *Cambria*, *Egeria*, and *Guinevere*; but in very light breezes. Still, it was seen that the *Alarm* laboured under a certain disadvantage without proportionate benefit, by reason of her raking masts, when running, and Mr. Duppas has now had them stepped nearly upright, the same as the *Cambria's*, *Egeria's*, and other schooners. How far she will be benefited by this change we are unable yet to say; but there is no doubt that her shortcomings with the wind quite abaft will be quite removed. Since the *Aline* was built, many other fine and equally fast schooners have been set afloat, such as the *Egeria*, 161 tons, by Wanhill, of Poole; *Pantomime*, 140 tons, and *Cambria*, 199 tons, by Ratsey, of Cowes; *Guinevere*, 294 tons; and *Blue Belle*, 160 tons, by Camper and Nicholson, of Gosport. Now these vessels principally depend upon ballast for stiffness, and the American yachts are chiefly dependent on beam for a similar quality. We have not much hesitation in saying the English builders are right for gaining really good weatherly qualities in fair weather or foul; and we have small doubt they have at last got the weather gauge of American builders—that, however, the coming season will in all probability more satisfactorily afford evidence. In the meantime, we are of opinion that English schooners are now better rigged and canvassed, are better as sea boats, and faster sailers, on or off the wind, than any American yacht. And here we cannot help awarding our builders a word of praise for their unwavering perseverance in pursuit of success; nor must we omit to mention how ably, in many cases, the builders' skill has been assisted by the sagacity of owners. We can now fearlessly challenge the Americans for superiority; and we trust they will send us a formidable champion. We do not believe the *Sappho*, which came over last autumn, to be the best our transatlantic friends have; and we confidently expect they can send one that will, at least, fairly distinguish herself.

Thus far we have seen that the arrival of a solitary vessel in our waters in 1851 has exercised a wonderfully beneficial influence on English yacht building, so far as schooners are concerned; and, although our builders have failed as exact imitators, they have been successful out of the multitude of experiments they made. On the other hand, so far as cutters are concerned, the Americans could teach us nothing in 1851; neither can they at the present time. Per-

haps we have arrived as near perfection as possible in this line; yet it seems hard to be satisfied until we have seen a cutter display an equal superiority over all others, on all points, in every strength of wind, from half a gale to light topsail breezes. At present the two fastest cutters under 100 tons—*Fiona* and *Vanguard*—can be easily beaten by such vessels as the *Menai*, 80 tons; *Sphinx*, 47 tons; or even the old *Marina*, of 65 tons, if they are obliged to sail with a couple of reefs down. This glaring defect seems to be principally owing to their builder's carrying the narrow beam, sharp bottom, and heavy ballasting principles to just that extreme point—as in the by-gone days of shifting ballast—where each becomes a positive evil. Now the *Sphinx*—one of Hatcher's many successful cutters—has not only a remarkably powerful hull, but is very fast either on or off the wind, and has fairly beaten, receiving a time allowance, the beautiful *Fiona* in light weather. It, therefore, seems almost certain that a vessel of double tonnage built on her lines would be more than a match even for such a fleet cutter as the one we have instanced.

We have stated that there is a probability of the rival merits of British and American yachts being again tested during the summer of 1869, a challenge having been sent across the Atlantic by the owner of the *Cambria* schooner. That challenge has been accepted by Mr. Bennett, the owner of a fine schooner called the *Dauntless*; but the stipulated Atlantic course, of not less than 3000 miles, is not one that is very likely to afford a fair test of merit. Mr. Ashbury's great desire seems to be to receive the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup, won by the *America* in 1851, and now held by the New York Yacht Club as a perpetual challenge cup. The commodore of the club (Mr. Stebbing, owner of the *Phantom* schooner) is disposed to give Mr. Ashbury an opportunity of doing this in American waters; and when the *Cambria* makes the attempt we shall heartily wish her success. But this Atlantic course, excepting for the sake of adventure and possible shipwreck, is a very useless thing to attempt. It is true the Americans, who seem very proud of those very tremendous things, were pretty successful in their match from New York to Cowes in December, 1866; but, at the best, it is a very dismal thing to do; and that event, although attended with such even results, did not in any way prove the superiority of one vessel over another. Indeed, probably the worst vessel won by superior navigation, as the one which was the last to arrive at Cowes, was the first to sight the Scilly Isles, and must have won but for the stupidity of her navigator. We can only say, if such a match does take place in September between an English and an American yacht, that our hope is a whole-sail steady head

wind prevail; should they have a leading wind abaft the beam, as the *Vesta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Henrietta* had in 1866, there is not much doubt the American yacht will win on that one point of sailing; and, as the *Dauntless* is a third more tonnage than the *Cambria*, chances will be in her favour should they be troubled with a gale during the passage across. We do not await the result with any great degree of interest, as we apprehend nothing but chance in the contest, both as regards strength and direction of wind and success in navigation. It is, of course, unlikely the vessels will keep within sight of each other more than a few hours, and after the separation takes place we do not even see what interest those on board can take in the match, unless it be wondering if both vessels are blessed with the same kind of weather. We are quite satisfied to let the *Cambria* go as the representative of English yacht-building, and anticipate her triumph in American waters, if a sensible course be chosen, such as the *America* was favoured with on this side of the Atlantic in 1851.

English yacht owners have what are called "channel matches," such as from the Thames, or Isle of Wight, to the French coast; but they, as a rule, are governed by fluking, and it is quite an exception to see the merits of all the vessels engaged in such struggles fairly tested. Yet it is impossible to feel no interest or excitement over these events, as all the vessels are continually under command of the eye; and so far, in spite of the probable variableness of the motive force, even in so circumscribed a radius as half a dozen miles, it is a hand-to-hand fight. Altogether these channel matches invest the sport with a certain character, and give that bold flavour to yachting which could not be gained by "pot hunting" up rivers and creeks. But the danger of having a fluking match is not peculiar to channel courses, and it is nothing unusual to find vessels "out in a calm" on the Solent, or anywhere else on the British coast. Indeed, we frequently hear of matches at regattas having to be sailed over two or three times on account of the wind's treachery. Yet, so far as our experience and knowledge guide us, the most satisfactorily contested matches have been sailed in what Mr. Bennett calls "inland waters." Channel matches were originally promoted for the avowed purpose of giving yacht owners, who did not care for the ordinary sport afforded by regattas, an opportunity of participating in the excitement of matches with a fair chance of success; but such owners have discovered themselves even here at a disadvantage, as it is found a real racing yacht has just as much superiority over one fitted for cruising in a Channel match, as she has over one in a match sailed inside the Isle of Wight. It must be understood that a racing yacht,

although fitted up with every comfort and luxury for cruising, is much more heavily sparred, canvassed, and ballasted than one merely intended for racing. Their hulls may be equally good, and the difference only exist in the power of propulsion; still that is sufficient to give an advantage to the racing yacht, and should she be matched against the snugly rigged cruiser, the latter is only likely to distinguish herself when the racer is obliged to take down some reefs.

There is no doubt that match-sailing gives an impetus to yacht building, and we may safely attribute our present excellence in this particular line to the lively rivalry that has been maintained for the last thirty years among yacht owners. We know many would not keep yachts at all if it were not for racing them; and we have not yet met with the man who, although never racing his yacht, displayed any lack of interest in the sport. The only wonder seems to be that, seeing such a nationally important and extensive institution as yachting receives its primary force from matches, no encouragement, or very scant, should be awarded it in this respect by the State. Queen's Plates are common enough on the turf, and there now they are of little service and little appreciated in these latter days, when anything is better than a "weight for age" race for betting. A Queen's Cup at a yacht club regatta is a thing coveted and contested with zest, and the fortunate winner is sure to ornament his sideboard with the trophy. What the ultimate fate of all the Queen's Plates won on the turf is, we should not like to say; but we may express a fear that they are often only prized for their weight in silver. We should, therefore, like to see a little more Civil List liberality bestowed where it will be more honourably estimated, and be of greater practical service. It would foster no vice, for as yet yacht racing is pure and simple rivalry; and it has not been found necessary to encumber it with betting to make the sport interesting. Crews know no scheme, object, or motive, but to win; and we trust this natural combativeness will be never impaired by such a disastrous stimulant as betting.

We find by "Hunt's Yacht List" that each owner of a yacht out of the two thousand belongs to one or more yacht clubs, and in some instances to as many as nine or ten. But, in reality, many of these clubs have very little to do with yachting beyond having an annual match, and they bid for and accept members like an insurance society. Some of them are very strong in this respect, as no doubt it is considered a good thing by many to find the means of associating with men who can afford to keep yachts so easy a matter as the annual payment of two or three guineas. The oldest yacht club is

the Royal Cork, having been founded in 1720; but the club that really became a centre of yachting and gave to it a vigour and growth was the Royal Yacht Squadron, founded in 1815, at Cowes. To belong to this club it was necessary to own a yacht of not less than thirty tons, and thus it was strictly "The Yacht Club," as it was originally designated. The Prince Regent was a member of and patronised the club when yachting, and in 1820 gave it right to be termed the "Royal Yacht Club;" in 1833 its title was altered to the "Royal Yacht Squadron," we believe, at the suggestion of its Commodore, the Earl of Yarborough, who was very fond of leading a squadron of yachts in his fine brigantine, *Falcon*. He, then the Hon. Charles Pelham, was one of the forty who founded the club, and gave nearly all his time and attention to yachting. He certainly thought it the most important and serviceable recreation an English gentleman could indulge in, and his enthusiasm was imitated by the Marquis of Buckingham, the Marquis of Thomond, the Earl of Uxbridge, the Earl of Belmore, the Earl of Craven, Lord Vernon, Lord Ponsonby, Mr. J. Weld, and many other noblemen and gentlemen. He was present at the battle of Navarino in the *Falcon*, and rendered the admiral some service by the conveyance of despatches. He became quite enthusiastic about carrying despatches, and he was often humoured; upon one occasion he was directed to convey a despatch by an admiral, who might have felt himself bored, to the commander of a frigate that was cruising away from the fleet. It simply said, "Give Lord Yarborough a good dinner, and he will give you a better in return." So great was his fondness for command afloat that it was said he offered to build and man a frigate if the Admiralty would give him a commission; but, of course, such a thing could not be done. He adhered to his favourite pastime to the last and died on board his yacht, *Kestrel*, at Viga. A granite monument was afterwards erected to his memory on Bembridge Down, in the Isle of Wight. The Royal Yacht Squadron was found, perhaps, a little too exclusive to extend its benefits to all yachtsmen who seemed by general consent to make the Isle of Wight their rendezvous, and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, at Ryde, became, in consequence, established in 1845.

These two, out of no less than twenty-six clubs, at different places around the coast, are the most important, and are distinctly "yacht" clubs; the Cowes Club is a kind of House of Peers, and the Ryde may represent the House of Commons, and there is, perhaps, a similar distinction between the visitors to each town. The Royal Thames Yacht Club is regarded as a kind of earthly Paradise by the

*soi-disant* yachtsmen, and can boast of more members and a larger fleet of yachts than any other yacht club. Its liberality in giving prizes is almost the sole incentive to yachting on the Thames, and we now annually find some of the largest yachts afloat sailing matches on the river; but the club is growing into a kind of scorn for these ebb-and-flood drifting matches, and sends commissioners, two or three times a year, so far as the Nore to start matches to the French coast. Indeed, not long since, it even attempted a match to Gibraltar; but the Bay of Biscay was a little too much for its yacht-owning members. However, although the Royal Thames Club is so remote from salt water, the true element is in its combination; and its influence is felt wherever a yachting station has been established. The other principal yacht clubs are—the Royal Western, at Plymouth; the Royal Cork; the Royal Eastern, at Granton; the Royal Harwich; the Royal Irish, at Kingstown; the Royal Mersey; the Royal Northern, at Glasgow; the Royal Southern, at Southampton; the Royal St. George's, Kingstown; Royal Western, Queenstown; the Royal Yorkshire, Hull; the Prince Alfred, Dublin; the Royal Albert, Southsea; and the Royal London.

# Powers that May Be.

WHAT are we to do when our coal is all burnt out? The present generation seem to think that this is no business of theirs. We go on consuming, wasting, selling for a song, as it were, the precious commodity which nature has given us as a national bequest, without a thought of what is to become of us when we have spent our patrimony. More than a hundred million tons of coal are annually drawn from our cellars, and such is the increase of the rate of consumption that Prof. Jevons tells us, the effects of our prodigality will make themselves felt before a century has rolled away. What have I to do with a century hence? says the lavisher of to-day. To which we would reply that, to all who have riches to leave behind them, to all who would have their prosperity benefit their children and their children's children, the coal question is one of an importance that cannot be estimated. It is not only the domestic hearth that has to be considered, albeit it is popularly supposed to be there that the largest share of our coal is burnt. A small proportion only is required for household use. The devouring demons that swallow the largest part are the furnaces of our prime movers, the fires of our factories. The smelting, the melting, and the forging of metals; the manufacture of pottery, glass, and chemical substances; the production of manures, volatile oils, dyes, odours, and flavours; the generation of gas and other sources of light, not forgetting the electric light, which in future will be chiefly derived from mechanical power, of which coal is the origin; the pumping of water to our homes, and the removal of refuse from them; the transport of peoples and merchandise; the tillage of the soil by the modern system of steam cultivation; these are but a few of the outlets through which the material wealth of our country is leaking away. Heat is at the bottom of all, or well nigh all, the manufactures upon which we, as a mechanical nation, depend for our commercial greatness. And when our prime source of heat is expended, or growing low, it is evident that we must become buyers of necessaries and luxuries of which we are now producers and sellers. Prices must rise, money must become cheaper, and property must deteriorate. This is how the future concerns the pre-

sent. Then, again, the taxation in years to come, and the ultimate discharge of our enormous debt, must be formidable questions for political economists to grapple with, considering that the principal source of wealth will have been dissipated. It may be argued that in the meanwhile some new source of power will be discovered and perfected. It is the purport of this article to glance at the prospects of such a provision, but it is worth a thought, whether our country will be the one specially favoured with the material for largely producing that power. It is hardly to be expected that nature will pour upon us one blessing after another. We have, and we are enjoying, our patrimony in our enormous coal-fields; and when we have spent this legacy, it is obviously unreasonable to look for the immediate acquisition of a second.

Some of the proposals that have been offered for utilising the forces of nature appear, at first sight, very wild and impracticable. But we must not scout an idea because it is propounded before its time. The world is not always ready to ripen any good seed that may be sown broadcast upon it. Men and their thoughts may be in advance of their day; and when this is the case they are laughed at. The history of invention and discovery affords many instances of important and wonderful results developing from suggestions that were at first received with ridicule. It has been said that a philosopher of a past generation made a vow that he would eat the ship that should steam across the Atlantic. Not twenty years ago, an American telegraphist wrote that "all ideas of connecting Europe and America by lines extending directly across the Atlantic were utterly impracticable and absurd." When Nasmyth planned his steam hammer, no one could be found to make it, and for a long while it remained "a dream upon paper."

When, therefore, we read of a modest inquirer questioning advisers as to the possibility of turning to practical account the stupendous store of heat that is embowelled in the earth, it is, to say the least, unbecoming in us to laugh at the notion. As improbable schemes have been propounded, and some of them have been worked out even to perfection. We should, doubtless, think much more of the proposal if the means of making it practical had been devised; but the thought must precede the action. There is the raw material, the heat, in quantity inexhaustible. The rate at which the temperature increases, as we delve into the earth's crust, is enormous. At a mile below the surface, the thermometer would stand at about 100 degrees Fahrenheit; at two miles, water would boil and give us a supply of steam *ad libitum;* while at ten times this depth, the solid matter is

probably red hot; and a little deeper still, this solid matter dissolves with the fervent heat, and forms a fiery fluid. Here is heat surpassing all imaginable requirements; but we want the way to get at it. Our deepest mines, at present, do not reach to half a mile; but as the existing generation of engineers stick at no small obstacles, and are never at a loss for appliances to carry out the most stupendous tasks that are imposed upon them; and as it is reasonable to suppose that their descendants will supplement the experience they inherit with their own ingenuity, we cannot doubt but that, if at any future time a demand should arise for the construction of subterranean boilers heated by cosmical heat, there will be no want of engineers and mechanics to devise and manufacture them.

However, we have got some good stores of power to exhaust before we are driven to the infernal regions for a supply. All has not been done that may be in the way of utilising the mineral oils for steam generation. Much has been written and said, on both sides of the question, touching their availability as a source of heat for prime movers. Of late experiments have been made in England, and by ships on English waters, with petroleum fuel, that leave little doubt in many competent minds of its ultimate and perfect efficiency; and yet it is strange that in America, where one would expect to have found the strongest advocates of oil against coal, it is not regarded in favourable light at all. A series of elaborate experiments, authorised by the Government of the United States, and carried out regardless of expense in the navy yards of New York and Boston, resulted in a report, wherein, as a conclusion, it was stated, "that convenience, comfort, health, and safety are against the use of petroleum in steam vessels; and that the only advantage thus far shown is a not very important reduction in bulk and weight of fuel carried." One American scientific periodical strongly decried its superiority from an economical point of view, and proved that the heat from oil costs double that from coal, the quantity being measured by the work done in evaporating water; but this estimate was based upon the present relative cost of the two materials. When coal grows dear, the aspect of the comparison will be altered, especially if, as is presumable, oil should become cheaper. While there is so much confliction of opinion upon what ought to be readily proved by facts and trials, one cannot help thinking that judgments are given more in accordance with the personal interests of the reporters than with the evidence that is set before them.

Among the undeveloped sources of heat, of which greater or less reservoirs are contained within or upon the earth, natural gas suggests

itself to the mind that has been thinking of mineral oil. What are the processes at work in the subterranean laboratories, it is not our purpose to question; but it is certain that the result of one or some of them is the generation of combustible gas like that which we are burning in our streets and houses, and squandering with a recklessness fearful to contemplate, if we at all heed economy in the matter of the blessings that Nature has vouchsafed to us. It may be that this gas is distilled by the earth's internal heat from beds of coal or coal oil; and if so, we may look for the vapour where we find the substance. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the Chinese are, and doubtless were, centuries before us, great consumers of gas, if not manufacturers of it. Their borers for salt water often pierce beds of coal, and the inflammable vapour streams out in great jets that reach to a height of twenty or thirty feet. With the tact of civilised gas-fitters, the salt-makers catch the gas from these fountains, lead it by pipes to their works, and consume it in boiling down and evaporating the water for recovery of its saline constituents. Then, too, the tubes are laid through the streets and into houses and kitchens, and the gas is burnt for illuminating purposes. The excess —for more is given off than is wanted—is conducted out into the country, and burnt for the sake of getting rid of it. We are not told that the Chinese work engines with their copious fuel, but one would not be surprised to hear that they have been doing so for ages; indeed, we would not be astonished if it should turn out that they have been telegraphing since the Deluge, and have photographic portraits of their great-grandfathers.

The American oil regions furnish an abundant supply of ready-made gas, which has sometimes given gas companies cause to be apprehensive of failing profits. The town of Fredonia, in New York State, is lighted throughout by the outpourings from the terrestrial gasometer, and in many places the natural gas is extensively burnt for steam generation. A notable instance is that of a large brass factory in Erie belonging to Messrs. Jarecki & Co. For more than two years they have drawn their fire and light from an unproductive oil well, which makes up for its barrenness of fluid by an inexhaustible yield of gas. A three-inch main is constantly charged, at an uniform pressure, and conveys the gas from its source, over a distance of 1200 feet, to the factory. The gas is of good lighting quality, and when it is not wanted, as on Sundays and during the night, it is led up a high shaft and set alight *pro bono publico.* What has become of the burning wells once known in England? Have they given out? or is their gas still escaping? or is it flowing into our coal mines, to

the endangerment of our miners' lives? Supposing there is still a supply, is it worth collecting? Not now, perhaps; but if it lasts, its time may come.

A power that not only may be, but can be now, and ought to be utilised, is that which is derivable from the rise and fall of tidal waters. This is one, too, that especially concerns us, seeing the extent of our seaboard and the number of our tidal rivers. The source of motion that is here offered us is of incalculable extent; it is surprising how little has been done towards turning it to account. Not only is the rise and fall of water to be taken advantage of; there is the onward motion, the ebbing and flowing of tidal streams to be employed. Water-wheels may be turned by this means, while the head of water gained by the rising tide can, if properly harvested by ponds or reservoirs, be made to drive other wheels and machines of the turbine character—a class of movers very imperfectly known in this country. There is no reason why our seaside towns and fishing villages should not be the seats of manufacture, and the time may come when they will be so; or if the work cannot be carried to the sea-coast to be done, there is no reason why the power should not be trapped there, and conveyed wherever it is wanted. We know that electric wires are capable of carrying considerable amounts of motive force over long distances. A little battery in London *moves* a needle in Edinburgh; a weak current generated at the Greenwich Observatory traverses a telegraph line and pulls the trigger of a gun at Newcastle, while another current from the same place runs to Deal and works certain levers that let fall a time-signal ball. There does not appear to be any strong reason why the principle here involved should not be extended to the transmission of great powers from places where the force is most easily generated to others where it can be most advantageously applied to mechanical purposes. It may be asked, what a tide-mill has to do with a galvanic battery? To which we would reply that the modern doctrine of the correlation of forces shows that any one description of force can be converted into any other description. Mechanical force, like that of a water-mill, can be turned into heat, or into electricity, or first into heat and then into electricity, or *vice versa*. Leaving electricity out of the question, there are other means of transporting power from place to place. One of the most simple of these is by compressed air, a medium not yet half appreciated. There is no question but that a deal of waste is involved in the practice of making locomotors carry with them the means of generating their power, instead of carrying that power ready made—a plan that might be used in some cases,

though of course not of universal application. It has been tried, or soon is to be, in America: a locomotive car is to be driven by bottled-up air, highly compressed. The car station is to be furnished with an engine to pump the air into reservoirs, two of which are to be attached to the car for each journey of ten miles length, and the stored-up force is to be converted into wheel-driving power by a small engine fixed underneath the carriage. May success attend the trial, and induce engineers to give attention to the important problem —the storage of force! This is the one thing needful for turning to useful account more than one powerful element of nature that is at present wasting itself on nothing, or else doing fearful damage. What a grand thing it would be if the hurricane's power could be entrapped and made a slave of! and why should it not be? Look at what the wind has done for Holland, and what it is doing all the world over on small scales: it is ready for work, a willing and a powerful servant, wanting only tasks set before it. True, it is intermittent, coming in great force when it is not wanted; but this only shows the necessity for that means of bottling power, to the perfection of which our mechanics ought to be looking.

Electricity is often spoken of as a power that may be. We have alluded to it as a medium for transporting power, but we hesitate to dwell upon it as a source, because no present prospect appears of any means of generating it upon a scale of cheapness that would enable it to compete with other sources of energy. If we are to consume mechanical force to get electricity, as is done in some of the most recent electrical generators of great power, we might as well use the original force at once. Where metals have to be consumed to obtain galvanic currents the cost is high, too high for economical use while other power-producing materials can be procured at cheaper rate in proportion to the work that is to be got out of them.

Chemistry gives us better hopes. The terrible powers of explosive compounds may one day be tamed down to manageable conditions. A gunpowder engine savours of the chimerical; but we lately heard it proposed, and it is to be presumed that the projector had, in his mind's eye at least, some method of rendering violent explosions so continuous and governable as to yield a motion having some approach to uniformity. The gas engine is only a few removes from such a machine, and it answers perfectly. Here we have successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air, on alternate sides of a piston in a cylinder, converted by crank and fly-wheel into a smooth continuous movement, perfectly under control, and very economical. But if gunpowder, or nitro-glycerine, or dynamite, or

any milder source of expansive vapours, should prove in the end unfitted for direct application, why should not their energy be employed to compress air, or otherwise charge a force-reservoir that would pay out its store as leisurely as circumstances require?

But there may be powers capable of exhaustion; one of these is the power of patience. So let us play our last card, which stands for a source of energy that has been forcing itself upon us for centuries, but that we have not yet utilized to a tithe of its capabilities. We allude to the power of the sun. Upon this subject a little was said in our Notes' and Incidents' pages a few months ago, in introducing to notice Captain Ericsson's solar engines. The theoretical amount of heat that the earth receives from the sun is so enormous as to appear incredible; but setting theory aside, the actually available quantity is startling enough, seeing that every hundred square feet of sun-lit earth receives an amount equivalent to the work nominally derivable from a single horse. You may doubt the accuracy of such a deduction, from your knowledge of the comparative coolness of objects that are exposed to sunshine for hours together. But the fact is that a body subjected to ordinary insolation loses its heat by radiation and by contact with the air almost as fast as it receives it. Prevent the escape of the heat, and then see to what a height the temperature will rise. Last summer, on the tropical 22nd of July, a steak and potatoes were thoroughly cooked by the sun on the south side of Westminster Bridge. The only apparatus employed was a cigar-box blackened inside, and with a lid formed of several plates of glass. The solar beams poured into this oven, and their heat was trapped; there was no ready escape for it, and in twenty minutes from the time of their first exposure the steak and potatoes were done.

Ericsson's name alone has been cited as a solar engineer. But there has been another toiler in the same field: M. Mouchot, a French professor of natural philosophy. The principle involved in the cigar-box oven is that which he has adapted to the construction of what he calls a solar receiver. A metallic vessel, blackened outside, is mounted on a non-conducting pedestal and covered with a glass case; it is exposed to the sun, and an extra share of heat is condensed upon it by a reflector placed behind. In less than half an hour, the vessel, if empty, is raised to a temperature of 400° Fahr. The receiver may be a boiler to generate steam, or a saucepan for culinary purposes, or the evaporator of a still, or an oven for cooking steaks and potatoes. A working steam-engine was among some solar apparatus which M. Mouchot had the honour of bringing

before the Emperor, at St. Cloud, in 1866; but his majesty could not see it in action because the weather was unpropitious. However, he was so pleased with the idea, that he gave the inventor another day's trial at Biarritz, which Phœbus favoured, and all worked to satisfaction.

Inquirers of narrow mind ridicule this idea of extracting power out of sunbeams. They say the source is too intermittent—that during cloudy times and in countries not blessed with eternal sunshine it would be useless, because not constant. So they pooh-pooh the notion. But is not the wind intermittent, and water too? Are we to set fire to the windmill when it is becalmed, and chop up the water-wheel when there comes a drought? There are scores of mills in the country where wind or water furnishes the power so long as it is available, but where steam is resorted to as an auxiliary when the primary source gives out. And why should not the sun come in as an auxiliary also, to act when winds are lulled and streams are dried? Our mechanics are boastful of their prowess, and just now are complaining of the want of scope for the exercise of their ingenuity. Let them bestir themselves to get the undeveloped stores of power to work, that we may economise the resources of which we are now so reckless, and hand down to our childrens' children an equivalent—in the shape of perfected means and appliances—for the share of those resources which is their due, but which we are doing our very best to wrest from them.

J. CARPENTER.

# TALES FROM THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

## No. V.—A Duke and a Devil.

SHOWING HOW AN EVIL SPIRIT WAS AN OVERMATCH FOR AN EVIL MAN.

IT was not my intention, when selecting a series of old plays for description, to choose only masterpieces. I do not desire to convey the impression that all the old dramatists were first-rate writers, or that all their plays come up to the standard at which they tried to aim. There were bad authors in by-gone days, as there are bad authors now, though advertised criticism never allows that such is the case. Good authors, moreover, often produced indifferent works, and we need not become victims to the enthusiasm that can find no fault with a play if it were written two hundred years back. Hitherto, I have presented dramas by the great masters, and the name of one of them, though his mastership in theatrical matters is far inferior to his skill as a poet, is associated with the play now before me. But his colleague in the composition is not a man of the highest rank. He was a remarkable person, and had his inspirations; but he lacked several qualities necessary to him who would write for all time. There is a portrait of him in the unequalled theatrical gallery at the Garrick Club, but it unhappily represents him at a time when his wild wits had run into madness. That picture shows you poor Nathaniel Lee in Bedlam.

His own unaided plays I am not about to recommend to anybody. The student of the drama is familiar with them, and they may well be left to his attentions, I think. Here and there we have a powerful scene, and when the language does not become bombast, it is terribly strong. Lee's denunciations, when his characters fly into a rage, as they are always doing, exceed in intensity anything that the modern reader has learned to tolerate. Before I had read much of him, I used to think that three lines in "Philip Van Artevelde" were about

as savage as anything not in Homer. In that noble drama, a stern warrior, having to decide what shall be done with some captured criminals, says,

> "I would commend their bodies to the rack,
> But that I'm loth to keep their souls so long
> Out of hell-fire."

But this is a gentle sentence compared to many a one of Lee's, who follows the objects of his hate quite into the last suggested punishment, and devises aggravations of it. Also, he curses and swears till the welkin rings. Then his love business it is red-hot enough, certainly, when serious, yet it is not tender and true—the flames are stage fire, and when the love takes a more playful character, I believe that I must not use the phrase which can, I am sorry to say, alone describe it. He must have been always rather mad, poor fellow! Yet he furnished many a quotation for the fine gentlemen and ladies of his time, and a little later—there are many good things in the "Rival Queens." Roxana and Statira became fashionable names for young ladies of opposite natures, just as Minna and Brenda did—and some of his lines still linger in the memory of people who little know whence they quote. But I do not send anybody to the three small volumes to search for jewels—they will be much in the locality of the cock in the fable, but will have more trouble in discovering the gems. Still, I wish to give an idea of Nathaniel Lee's manner, and in the play before me he is connected with "glorious John," who could not quite restrain his friend's love of blue fire, but who has contributed so loyally himself, that he has elbowed out the preposterousnesses of Lee—the Fuseli of the drama, but without the painter's art. I do not, like the Fat Boy, want to make anybody's flesh creep, or I could easily do so—shall I just hint at Lee's pleasing way of waking the soul by tender strokes of art, and say that a horrible effect is produced in "Cæsar Borgia," by the blinding, starving, and mutilating the face of a child who staggers in to sob out his little life in his father's arms? You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the father avenges him with a dagger-stroke and a ferocious curse, which it seems hardly wrong, at the moment, to wish inclusive of the dramatist. But I have no horror worth speaking of in the play before me, or I have supped so full on them in once more looking through Lee, that an actual devil and a cruel assassination "don't count," as somebody said of something else.

The "Duke of Guise" is the tragedy, and it is stated on the title page to be "written by Mr. Lee and Mr. Dryden." They were

happy in their actors. I am sure that the critics of the day were greatly charmed with the intelligent acting of Mr. Kynaston, could not help remarking on the wonted excellence of Mr. Betterton, found it needless to say that Mr. Mountfort (murdered by Lord Mohun's friend Hill in Howard Street) left nothing to be desired, while Mrs. Barry was, as always, highly effective in her rendering of a poetical conception;—whether, having done what was just to the artists, they puffed the costumier, prompter, and call-boy, I do not guess.

The play is one of a sort that would drive a manager as mad as Lee himself, were a cognate work to be offered for performance by a writer with influence enough to compel the production. For it actually deals not only with politics, but with politics in which there was the strongest difference of opinion. It is most eminently calculated to do that awful thing, "give offence." And, notwithstanding that it was produced at a time when the stage was free, and when educated men recognised and took an interest in it, and it had not been converted into a plaything, this piece did give offence, and there was trouble in forcing it before an audience. Yet much of it was written to please the King, and these portions bear evidence of having been, for the most part, supplied by the author of "Absalom and Ahithophel." I will, of course, insult no reader by supposing him to need being "reminded"

> (Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot,)

of the political relations of King Charles II., the Duke of York, Lord Shaftesbury, the Londoners, the booksellers, and the pamphleteers, or how Dryden came to the aid of his sovereign, and crushed his enemies in verses that it is delightful to read, though we care little for their subject. The same tone which gave its poignancy to the terrible satire is heard throughout the play, and mobs and their ringleaders, high and low, hypocritical religionists, and the framers of treasons and stratagems, are scarified by the dramatist as they were scourged by the poet. But Lee and Dryden did not forget that their business was to write a play, and I hope not to scare away readers by thus mentioning that the drama had a second meaning—unacceptable as such a thing must be in times when one meaning is more than an intelligent British public holds to be absolutely essential to success on the stage.

The history of the Duke of Guise I am equally safe in assuming as known, but those who may not have it fresh in their memory will find that the play explains itself. The authors kept closely to history.

which was then so recent; but, of course, introduced passages required to increase dramatic interest. The League had divided Paris into sixteen sections, and thence came the name of the secret council called the Seize. It was devoted to the Duke, and its business was to plot and intrigue in his favour. King Henry III. was despised and detested by his people, and the Duke was their idol, especially after the defeat of the army of Henry of Navarre, who had, after his victory at Coutras, hastened away to his mistress, Corisande, Countess of Grammont, and left his Germans to be routed by the royal forces. The success of the campaign was given to the Duke of Guise, who was said, like David, to have slain his tens of thousands, while the King, like Saul, had slain only his thousands. Guise was ordered not to come to Paris; but he knew his power, and disobeyed the injunction.

The curtain rises on the chamber of the secret council, with a vacant chair for the Duke. It is in the night. Two of the Seize, Bussy and Polin, explain the situation in that obliging manner so unkindly satirised in the "Critic." It is not given to every one, as to Shakspeare, to tell you all you should know in creating a dramatic effect. However, it is ungrateful, as Mr. Puff justly says, to be angry with people for giving you information, and it is expressly ungrateful, when they do so amusingly. The two councillors (of these, please to note, the second named is a traitor to his colleagues) are joined by a third, the Curate of St. Eustace, who proceeds to talk the most unhesitating treason, and to defend it in the most unblushing way. He has some good lines. Bussy asks him whether the primitive Christians rebelled against heathen lords? To which the priest replies—

> "No, sure they did not, for they had not power.
> The Conscience of a People is their Power."

He also urges this plea: Rebellion is an insurrection against the government; but they that have the power are actually the government. Therefore, if the people have the power, it is the King that is a rebel. We may imagine how pleasant these girds must have been to any old cavaliers, if there were any in the theatre, whom their "good-natured" monarch had succoured sufficiently to enable them to enjoy a play. The Duke enters, with his brother, the Cardinal, torches being borne before them. He is hailed by all sorts of titles, and compared, as aforesaid, to David. He is willing to be anything they please, "so that it means their slave." Much more treason is talked, and the council is desirous to kill the King, a favourable opportunity being likely to be afforded, as Henry walks in proces-

sion with friars, the time being Lent. Guise, however, is only for imprisoning him, and keeping him on low diet, until he shall be starved into excluding "his brother of Navarre" from the succession. Navarre was called "brother" for the obvious reason that the second meaning of the character was York. The party disperse, and as this scene may have seemed prosy to Mr. N. Lee, he instantly takes measures to produce a sensation effect. Passes to the stage one Malicorn (M. Alexandre Dumas has used the name in the "Vicomte de Bragellonne"), who is in a wild state of apprehension and remorse. Not about treason or any trifle of that kind. He at once takes the audience into a hideous confidence. He is miserable for what may really be considered a good reason. Weak, ill-formed, unhappy, he some years before sold himself to the Devil. The conditions were in writing (that personage having, in fiction, very business habits,) and he was to have all the pleasures of life for twenty-one years. Twelve are gone, and he cannot help meditating on the horrors to which he is destined :—

> "Then to be steeped in fire,
> Dashed against rocks, or snatched from molten lead,
> Reeking and dropping, piecemeal borne by winds,
> And quenched ten thousand fathoms in the deep."

A passage with the Lee-mint mark clearly stamped upon it. It does not occur to poor M. Malicorn, as it would to a shrewder victim, to contend that he is being cheated, for that to have a thing you are entitled in law to what is needful for its enjoyment, and there are no pleasures of life without a happy mind; but he continues to groan and lament himself, until this stage direction is obeyed :—

**A Devil rises.**

Malicorn, who is as devoted to the Duke of Guise as a person in his unpleasant condition may be, is not greatly discomposed at the apparition, but demands counsel as to the course of the Duke. The devil, in some rhymed couplets, advises Guise

> "To strike deepest when he lowest bows."

Diabolus vanishes, and Guise, with the Duke of Mayenne, comes in. They have been abusing the King, and now Guise proceeds to revile the Queen Mother, whom he irreverently describes as a cormorant dowager, who will never rest till she has all their heads in her lap. After some bold declamation by the Duke, his friend objects to one thing in him. He is in love.

He is so, and admits it, and moreover does not seem to think that a fact of which we, readers of history, are aware, but which is only casually mentioned in a half-line much later, is worth consideration in the affair. He is married. But this does not prevent his being in love with Mademoiselle Marmoutier, a lovely and virtuous young lady (who knows that he is wedded), a niece of "a blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant" soldier, one M. de Grillon, a thorough and ferociously loyal old brave. The maiden, too, is loyal, and Guise has tried to keep from her the secret of his treasons, but she is too clear sighted to be deceived, and knows all. Mayenne, to whom this is told, at once believes that they are lost, but the Duke replies,—

> "Again you err.
> Chaste as she is, she would as soon give up
> Her honour, as betray me to the king.
> I tell thee, she 's the character of Heaven,
> Such an habitual, over womanly goodness,
> She dazzles, walks mere angel upon earth."

As he concludes this slight tribute (it is mere verbiage, to my ear), the praised Marmoutier enters. She demands why he leaves the court. He says the court leaves him. She opens on him with arguments and sarcasms which are very effective in themselves, but which lose their value in the scene when one hears, through the description of Guise, the description of Monmouth. But they warm into something better, and the girl's imploring that he will resume his loyalty, and throw himself at the King's feet, are more delicate. One little womanly touch is introduced. He pleads that he must join the heads of the League. She exclaims,—

> "Would all those heads were off, so yours were saved."

Then, with tears, she begs him not to join them. But, finding him firm, and knowing her power over his heart, she tries another course. She shows him a letter in which she has been apprised that the King loves her. If he withdraws, which she knows that he does in order to prepare for action against the King, she will go to court, and listen to her sovereign's love-vows. She will give him a little time to reflect, and, renewing her menace, leaves him in a tempest of rage and jealousy. The act ends with a terrible explosion of general wrath by the Duke, to which I have no doubt that Mr. Betterton gave every significance.

Queen Catherine de' Medicis—played by "Lady Slingsby"—opens the second act. The treacherous M. Polin has informed her of the

intention to massacre the King, and they lament the feebleness of Henry's character, which prevents him from treating Guise as "a reclaimless rebel." The Queen alludes to her son's natural sweetness of disposition. A mother's partiality is respectable; but the muse of history is less polite, and describes the King as frivolous, effeminate, shamelessly depraved, and bigoted, and has no particular indignation for Jacques Clement. But then the dramatists had to represent him as gifted with the amiable disposition of their royal patron, and presently bring him on in a truly mild state, and objecting to any "conjuration" against Guise and his accomplices. He even blames Brutus for having conspired against Cæsar. To the sentimental monarch enters his mother, and when he says that he is in perplexity, she replies by an illustration that may be new to most readers:—

> "Speak then, for speech is morning to the mind,
> It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
> Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul."

To do her majesty justice, she acts up to her doctrine, for scarcely allowing him to remonstrate against being embarked upon a sea of blood, she contemptuously bids him submit, then, to the common herd—

> "Let knaves in shops prescribe you how to sway,
> And when they read your acts with their vile breath
> Proclaim aloud, they like not this, or that.
> Then in a drove come *lowing* to the Louvre,
> And cry they'll have it mended."

She finally works him up to a becoming state of hatred for Guise and scorn for shopkeepers who low, and then comes the valiant Grillon, whom the King sends to the Duke, with orders to reprove the latter. He commands him on no provocation to fight Guise, but knows perfectly well that the fiery old loyalist will forget that interdiction, if Guise chafes enough, under his rough tongue, to draw upon him. So, at least, a spectator would read the matter; but, as Grillon's back turns, the Queen Mother indicates, by a sentence, that she knows where the King's thoughts are.

The fair Marmoutier keeps her word, and goes to court, and in the Louvre she meets the Duke, and at once affects the finished coquette, bent on slaughter. She torments Guise by declaring that having seen the King she thinks him the most superb of created beings, and is quite ready to say farewell to her lover as soon as it shall please him to depart for his government. Marmoutier acts her part so well that Guise, instantly flying into another of Mr. Lee's ready

rages, and using the worst of language, believes that ambition has laid hold upon her, and that she will become the King's mistress for the sake of position at court. As she leaves him, and while he is in this pleasant temper, the veteran Grillon arrives, to give him the King's message. To do the old soldier justice, he discharges his duty in the most offensive manner, first lavishing ironical compliments on the Duke, and then drawing a most unfavourable comparison between him and Henry of Navarre. Then he abuses the League, and finally calls Guise by very hard names. All this the Duke bears very well, not retorting with anything stronger than the delicate hint that Grillon is a hot, old, hairbrained fool, which suggestion Grillon is unreasonable enough to resent so much that he draws on the Duke, but the fight is prevented by the entrance of the King and Catherine. An outward reconciliation is effected by the King, and Guise is embraced by his sovereign, and vows loyalty to his person. But Henry is not deceived, intimates to his mother that he is on his guard, and departs to make love to the newly arrived beauty.

In the third act we have a very good bustling scene, with some humour in it. The populace of Paris has risen, and, headed by the sheriffs, advances upon the palace. The mob is confronted by the valiant Grillon, who terrifies the rioters with hideous threats, declaring that the King intends to make a tremendous example, unite his troops with those of Spain, fire Paris, and string up traitors by hundreds. He apprises the unfortunate sheriffs that they shall be executed at once, and affects to consider whereabouts are the two tallest trees in Arden Forest, as these are to serve as gibbets. He drives the rabble away, and then his own turn comes, for Malicorn enters with a secret which he wishes to impart. He can with difficulty get Grillon to give him a hearing, but at last manages to convey to the fiery soldier the fact that his beloved niece has come to court, and the fiction that she has yielded to the passion of the King. Mr. Smith, who played Grillon, has no reason to complain that the dramatists did not give him "a part to tear a cat in," for the fury with which he falls upon Malicorn is enormous:—

> "Again thou liest, and I will crumble thee,
> Thou bottled spider, into thy primitive earth,
> Unless thou swear thy very thought's a lie."

(I think we have heard of a bottled spider in another play). But Malicorn renews his tale, and escapes in time to avoid the menaced annihilation. Presently Marmoutier enters, in splendid dress and

with diamonds sparkling upon her, and the sight carries conviction to the old man's heart. He bitterly upbraids her, reminds her how he saved her life and honour in the massacre, and curses her for making such a return, and bringing his grey hairs to shame. He will not believe her asseverations of her innocence, but at length softening, he employs an image which I do not recollect elsewhere:—

> "I know not what to say, nor what to think;
> There's heaven still in thy voice, but that's a sign
> Virtue's departing, for the better angel
> Still makes the woman's tongue his rising ground,
> Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever."

But a scene between the girl and the King (in which the former, assured that evil is meant to the Guise, begs Henry to spare him, but rejects the King's love, and refuses him all hope) convinces Grillon, who listens unseen, of the purity of her nature, and the old man's affection, as vehement as his anger, breaks out in a rapture which we may think high-flown, but which Mr. Smith probably made more natural than it reads. Marmoutier, in a soliloquy, owns her love for the Duke, but bravely resolves to crush it out at the bidding of virtue.

Malicorn continues to pour his poison into the ear of Guise, who now declares that he will hold no terms with the King. The stormy atmosphere of the time is well preserved; another riot breaks out, and Henry takes counsel of his friends what he shall do with Guise. One of them gives it in a way which certainly cannot be objected to for want of lucidity, though the manner reminds one of Fielding's "Tom Thumb":—

> "I would advise you, sir, to call him in,
> And kill him instantly upon the spot."

However, Henry declares that he will wait a little longer, and will receive the Duke in state, but will never forgive him; and, having worked himself up into the destructive mood, he adds that sooner than allow the Parisians to have their way, arraign their sovereign, and put him to death (a pleasing remembrance of Whitehall, for the Merry Monarch's benefit), he will slaughter them in heaps, and erect his throne upon their corpses. Here handsome Mr. Kynaston had his chance of a thunderous *exit*.

The King, Queen, and Court receive the Duke of Guise at the Louvre, and Henry is very stern with him, and at first refuses to hear any excuses for his disobedience in coming to Paris contrary to

orders. But the Duke endeavours to justify himself, and avers that he came only to clear his own character. While they are in high debate, the riot is again heard roaring around the palace, and the Duke, under pretext of illness, goes out. He has once more escaped, and the King is overwhelmed with reproaches by his mother and advisers for letting him go. Some elaboration is bestowed upon Henry's vacillating character, and its alternations of firmness and irresolution, and these rare artistic touches we doubtless owe to Dryden, as Lee has long since been much too exalted to talk much except thunder and lightning. He has his innings next, and we have a grim night scene, and Malicorn and his devil, who is disguised as a preacher, and utters sentiments like those which the royalists were fond of putting into the mouths of the Puritan clergy. He gives Malicorn some tricky advice as to the course he should recommend to his master, the Duke, and then favours him with a good deal of information as to the habits and manners of evil spirits; and there is one curious passage which may be worth extracting. It is midnight, and Malicorn thinks that he hears a strange, hollow sound—

> "Like the deaf chimes of bells in steeples touched."

The demon replies—

> "'Tis truly guessed.
> But know, 'tis from no nightly sexton's hand;
> There's not a damned ghost, nor hell-born fiend,
> That can from Limbo 'scape, but hither flies.
> With leathern wings they beat the dusky skies,
> To sacred churches all in swarms repair:
> Some crowd the spires, but most the hallowed bells;
> And softly toll for souls' departing knells:
> Each chime thou hear'st, a future death foretells.
> Now there they perch, to have 'em in their eyes,
> Till all go loaded to the nether skies."

After some more revelations as to the natural history of the last mentioned regions, the communicative fiend vanishes, and as the sullen dawn breaks, Guise appears with some of his friends, bent upon a *coup*. But a lady is announced, and of course the beautiful Marmoutier comes in. Guise receives her with coarse reproach, as the King's mistress, and launches various taunts which she bears with a sweet patience, and only begs him to listen to her. She has prayed, and, as she believes, obtained his pardon from the King; but Guise shudders at the thought of the price she has paid for it. She will not contend with his frenzy, but continues to urge him to see the King once more, declare his loyalty, and then leave Paris. This the Duke

refuses to do; but, his passion for her returning, he avows it so shamelessly, that the outraged lady indignantly leaves him.

We have renewed riot, and the rabble urged on by the fiend in the preacher's habit. Here they talk prose, and it is a good deal like that with which glorious John has improved plays by Shakspeare. Grillon, ever ready and valiant, rushes on with soldiers, charges the mob, and sets them flying, pursuing them with the rudest remarks upon their pedigrees. Two of them he seizes, and orders to the gallows, but pardons one because he has a scolding wife, who is a heavier punishment. But then another of the factions surges in, and a second fight occurs, which goes against Grillon, who is about to be sent to the fate he had awarded to his prisoners, when again comes a rescue. The magnificent Guise marches on, "stints the strife," saves Grillon, who is obliged to grumble out something like recognition of his enemy's magnanimity, and then orders fifteen thousand men to surround the palace, in order to the immediate destruction of the monarchy. Ever mindful of their dramatic purpose, the authors make him declare that he will be "Lieutenant-General." Once more and for the last time in Paris, we find the King, who is about to be seized. The faithful Marmoutier, worthy of her loyal uncle, hurries in and gives her sovereign warning, and they escape together.

The final act is laid in the Castle of Blois, where, in accordance with history, Henry is seen, well protected by his guards. Marmoutier gently reminds the King that he said something was to be done for her in return for her good service. She has divined that he is now bent upon the death of the Duke of Guise, and in a scene of real art she makes Henry disclose his hate for the Duke, and leads him by womanly artifice, and half promises, to engage a full and free pardon for Guise, conditionally on his never tempting his king's revenge again. Our passions, touched by this dramatic scene, revolt against the dulness of the next, in which the King and his council discuss the question of the succession, from a Duke of York point of view; but we must remember that it was written for a time when men were hotly interested in the question, and the debate may not have bored them more than we shall be bored, if my friend Mr. Tom Taylor should introduce into his next comedy a smart quarrel between a bishop and a dissenter about the Irish Church. The scene ends, of course, by King Charles, that is King Henry, stoutly declaring that his brother shall not be set aside in the succession. Then the news reaches the King that Cromwell, or Guise, has declared himself Lieutenant-General. This last treason the King

declares to have loosed the vow that manacled his rage, and now the Duke of Guise, thrice saved, shall die the death.

King Henry is, of course, the sacred and virtuous Charles only upon occasion, and when he has kingly and anti-republican remarks to make. When he has bad work to do, of course he divests himself of the character, and resumes his own. He is now himself again, and desires Grillon to kill Guise. The old soldier is delighted at the idea of fighting the Duke, but recoils from assasination. There is a good, sound, manly bit of writing here, which I am sure is Dryden. Finally, the King, unable to overcome the veteran's scruples, professes admiration of his constancy, and only exacts a promise that he will keep the secret that Guise is to be murdered. This promise the soldier gives as a matter of course—a touch of art—it would have been false sentiment had the gallant old dare-devil turned chivalrous.

Then comes a strange scene, in singular contrast with the rest. I presume that it was devised on the principle on which the ballet is introduced into Meyerbeer's tragic operas. There is a splendid banquet, a dance, and a voluptuous love-duet. These delights are for the benefit of the evil Malicorn, who, as we said, made his having such carnal enjoyment all his life the condition of his bond to the fiend. He keeps this particular feast in pleasant commemoration of an anniversary. It is this day twelve years that he signed away his soul. He sighs to think that he has only nine years more, and is conscious to-day of a certain unusual and sudden damp in his spirits. But he appeals to wine and music, and the spells of the poetry of motion, illustrated by a band of beautiful damsels—the stage directions are bald, but the scene was no doubt effective, at a time when masques and spectacles were far better understood than now. In the midst of the revel there is loud knocking at the door.

"An ill look'd, surly man, with a hoarse voice," declares he must have speech with Malicorn. The latter refuses to see him; but the shuddering servant is afraid to carry the message, saying that the dogs are running into corners at the sight of the stranger. "Bid him enter, and begone thyself." This Don Giovanni prelude is enough to tell us who comes. The Fiend enters, with an empty hour-glass, which he holds up. Malicorn, who has nine years before him, defies the demon, and threatens to ram him in some knotted oak, or lay him at the bottom of the Red Sea. The Fiend again shows the hour-glass. "What of that? Thou hast nine years to serve." "Not nine minutes," is the answer. Malicorn appeals to the bond, which the Devil flings to him. To his horror, he reads that instead of twenty-one years, the number was twelve only. He who makes writings

with Satan must look sharply at what he signs. The Fiend had reversed the order of the figures, and cast a mist over them, when Malicorn was affixing his name. "And why was I not warned?" "What, that thou mightst repent!" Then the poor doomed wretch begs for a short reprieve; but in vain. Faithful to Guise, he asks, even in that hour, what his master should do, and is told that if he goes again to the council, he dies. He sends off this message, and in a last agony addresses himself to prayer. This the demon interrupts, and in a speech of devilish art, to which Malicorn listens, because he thinks there is hope for his soul, squanders away the few remaining minutes—then comes a flash of lightning, and the Fiend and his prey are gone.

The rest is rapidly done. Guise hesitates whether to go again to court, to which he is urged by treacherous advisers, who scoff at the message from poor Malicorn, when Marmoutier comes, and Guise suspects that she is set on by the King to sound him. He tells her that she is a traitress, which the unhappy lady denies, and asks him whether he is loyal or not. If he is conscious that he has done nought to deserve death, she will again petition the King for him. For herself, she will never see him more. She is about to take the vows. It was the only way to clear her honour from stain. At the last she owns that she believes in the love of Guise, and murmurs words which tell him that love is returned. But she conquers herself, gives him her hand to kiss—and, warming for a moment into passion, they take one last embrace, and part for ever.

That the Duke of Guise goes to the council, and by his sovereign's order is set upon suddenly by assassins, and stabbed to death, expiring with Marmoutier's name on his lips, and that Henry, who had given him treble warning, ends the play with a didactic speech against treason, need not be told.

Such is the dainty dish which those accomplished cooks, Dryden and Lee, did set before their king.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

# "THE SCHOOLS' DAY" AT LORD'S.

FIRST let me plunge at once, *in medias res*, with the confession that I am an old Harrovian. Consequently, it will readily be understood that I turned my steps to "Lord's" on Friday, the 9th of July, fully impressed with the proud conviction that dark blue was again to prove the winning colour. Whether my confidence was misplaced or not—whether the shouts of triumph that greeted the conclusion of the fray emanated from Eton or Harrow throats—whether the "sounds of revelry by night" that usually await the return of the victorious eleven, echoed through the halls of John Lyon, or "under the shade of Henry's stately pile," I shall leave to the sequel to show.

Speaking after the manner of the learned in such matters, public opinion had for some time prior to the event decided that "Eton was not in it." True, that the yeoman's school had been deprived of a tower of strength by the loss of Fryer, who proved such an invaluable aid on the preceding anniversary, and that Tabor and Pelham were two sturdy foemen whose places it would be difficult to fill. Still, though there was no sign of a coming Daniel or Buller, there was no lack of that raw material from which Harrow victors had been hewn in former years; and there was great consolation in the fact that Thornton, the sensation hitter of the Light Blues, would not again have the opportunity of riding rough shod over Harrow bowling. Everything was undeniably *couleur de rose* for the Dark Blues. Those experienced tacticians, the Hons. F. Ponsonby and R. Grimston, to both of whom Harrow cricket has been so much indebted, had been unremitting in their endeavours to form the youngsters; and Willsher, who had been specially retained for a brief period as their Mentor, was loud in sounding the praises of those under his charge. Meanwhile the Etonians had been steadily improving under the tuition of that celebrated amateur batsman, Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell; and there were not a few good judges who noticed a perceptible improvement in their form on that of previous years. Still the Harrovians remained firmly established at the head of the poll, and it was not until the faith of their supporters had been to some extent shaken by the news of an easy defeat at the hands of the Old Boys,

that the chances of an Eton victory were allowed to be "on the cards." Never, perhaps, in the memory of the oldest *habitué* of these matches had the weather been more favourable, or the arrangements incidental to a proper observance of the game so faultless. The experience of former celebrations had pointed out the necessity of an early incursion, and by the time that the first note of eleven o'clock had sounded from the neighbouring church, there was hardly a "coign of vantage" that had not already received its full complement. Deep lines of carriages formed a most substantial background, and showed out in bold relief that huge hoop of brilliant and ever-varying colours, the which has no parallel save in the gay costumes that throng the lawn at Goodwood, or decorate the Cup Day at "Royal Ascot." There was the usual profusion of pretty, graceful figures to be seen in the dingy recesses of the grand stand, with others either on horseback or bending from the boxes of every description of vehicle, from the roomy chariot to the less ostentatious waggonette, not one of whom but bore in some portion of her costume an outward and visible sign emblematic of the side to which she had pinned her faith. And it would not be the Schools' Day were the wide circle of benches not crammed to repletion, and the space under the ropes not waving with an ever-tossing sea of heads extending far beyond the verge of the prescribed bounds. But "the play's the thing." That jade—I speak from a Harrow point of view—Fortune showered her smiles upon Eton from the very start. The Harrow Captain lost the toss, and a favourable omen was deduced for the Light Blues therefrom, for practical cricketers—*crede experto*—can only estimate the full value of a first impression in a contest of this class, where so much is dependent on luck and nerve, and the result of the game often turns on the "hazard of a die." Eton commenced to bat on a faultless wicket, and it soon became evident that the Harrow bowling was of the plainest description — *sans* pitch, *sans* pace, *sans* twist, *sans* everything—though their outfielding had lost none of its wonted fire. On the other hand, there was little to be found fault with in the Eton batting; for connoisseurs were not slow to trace an entire revolution in their style, and there were many who noticed in the uniform defence and powerful exhibition of straight bats that the Etonians had at last learned the secret of the winning game. It is true that two wickets were down for only thirty-seven runs; but there was still no lack of confidence, for Ottaway, Higgins, Pickering, and Harris, who were justly regarded as the flower of Eton batsmen, were still in reserve; and while Ottaway was in possession, there was always hope for the Light Blues. Straight batting

and uniformity of forward play gradually obtained the mastery over mediocre bowling, and notwithstanding that the Harrow Captain fielded as boy never fielded before, and that every crafty wile of bowling art was brought into requisition, Ottaway still remained stern and erect, while the figures mounted on the telegraph board by tens and tens, and the hopes of Harrow steadily sank into gloomy despair. For four hours and more did the prince of Eton batsmen cling to his post, unmoved by the indiscriminate and lavish applause of partisans, and deaf to the merciless "chaff" that rained on him from the mouths of young Harrow sprigs, until he had amassed a score only eclipsed by the brilliant achievements of Bayley in 1841, and Daniel in 1860. Even then there were Higgins and Rodger to be got rid of, and this was by no means an easy task; for both were dangerous batsmen, and the former was already known to fame as a resolute hitter. It is, however, proverbially a long lane that has no turning. Eton were at last exhausted, but not until 237 runs had been recorded to their credit, and this was a score sufficient to satisfy the most enthusiastic Etonian. Difficult as was the task cut out for the Dark Blues, there were, nevertheless, many who believed in their ability to accomplish it. There were five good men and true, they argued, in Gore, Walker, Begbie, Crake, and Apcar, and Harrow prowess had in former years triumphed over greater obstacles. The fallacy of such theories was, however, speedily demonstrated. Eton bowling was obviously superior to that of their rivals, and Harrow impetuosity, aided by a slice of luck that befel the Light Blues in the summary ejection of the Harrow Captain, contributed in a great measure to hasten the defeat which care and judgment might possibly have converted into a drawn game. Walker, Crake, and Begbie alone appeared able to withstand the onslaught of the Etonians, and when the first innings had been brought to a close, and it was discovered that Harrow were in a minority of 146 runs, the chances of a hollow victory for Eton were not only freely discussed, but confidently anticipated. On the second day, Gore and Apcar, who alone showed any freedom of hitting, did much to raise the drooping spirits of the Harrow detachment; but Eton bowling and Eton fielding were alike irresistible, and shortly after one o'clock a salvo of cheering, the like of which has rarely been heard in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, proclaimed to all whom it concerned that the Etonians had gained their twentieth victory over the rival school in one innings, and nineteen runs to spare. And there were few who witnessed the plucky batting of the victors, the faultless and painstaking display of Ottaway, the effective bowling of

Maude, Butler, and Lord Clifton, and the uniform brilliance of the Eton fielding, who will cavil at the result of the contest, or detract one jot from the glory of the triumph. The truth is, that while the Etonians were slowly but surely improving under the judicious coaching of Silcock, Bennett, and Mr. Mitchell, their rivals, despite the unceasing watchfulness of their usual tutors, were steadily retrogressing. Thus it happened that the prophets who rashly ventured to predict the certain success of the Dark Blue were grievously out of their reckoning, for the style of the losing side was cramped and forced in comparison with that of the victors, and there was a conspicuous absence of those hard "drives" and clean "cuts" that had distinguished the Harrovians in the days of Daniel, Buller, I. D. Walker, Hornby, Stow, and Richardson. "Let justice be done, if the heavens fall!" That the best side won is beyond a doubt, and the vanquished eleven were the first to congratulate the Etonians on their well-earned laurels. Harrow has of late years had the lion's share of the spoil, and consequently the victory of the Light Blue was essentially a popular one. To whichever side, however, fortune leans, there is still solace, even to the losers, in the reflection that defeat is "only a little lower than the angels."

C. W. A.

# NOTES & INCIDENTS.

Few there are of the votaries of FASHION WHO bestow a thought upon the origin or the vagaries of fashion they so slavishly follow—the pedigree of the idol they worship. No sooner is a pretty costume adopted, than it becomes common. Then the fickle female mind casts it aside for any novelty, however *outré*, — strangeness, and the power of creating a sensation being great causes of recommendation. France is the country that for many centuries has been the arbitrator and creator of fashions, though now it may be said to be very difficult to devise new modes, the changes being but a series of adaptations and combinations carried out at the suggestion of mantuamakers and manufacturers. These prey upon their patron-puppets, the essayists, who promenade in society habited in garments, or more properly, fanciful forms, that meet with applause or condemnation as fancy wills; climate and the dictates of reason having little influence. "The costume of the period" is anything but of the present day. It was suggested by the fashion of the Empire on which it is founded, guided by Oriental and Japanese taste, and with a dash of the Louis XVI., some of it very pretty. Parisian patronage and *goût* being able to do what England could not, we who own the Indies, and were the first to import Oriental articles, have been the last to be influenced by their teachings.

At our International Exhibition of 1862 we were the first to display the exquisite taste of the Japanese in design, a taste that was highly appreciated by a few of the more enlightened of our artists, though disregarded by the people at large, it being reserved for our neighbours at the next Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867 to show the Japanese *chez eux;* for in an enclosure in the park they installed a Japanese house, with fittings, and native occupants, both male and female; the magnificent wardrobe of the Japanese girls affording wonderful and exciting lessons to the Parisian ladies, who were never tired of watching the movements and habiliments of the almond-eyed demoiselles of the mysterious islands of the China seas, as they sat upon their mat-covered floors, chatting, or following the ordinary occupations of their daily duty. *À la queue,* the Parisians slowly moved on, to enter and re-enter; feasting their eyes with the marvellous combinations of colour and exquisite finish, until they imbibed some of its spirit and teaching. In natural knowledge of colour, the Japanese, like the Indians, are unrivalled; as also in designing forms, by which we mean, spiritual creative drawing, apart from the study of the human form, a study that seems always to have chilled the eye, and damped the soul; Greek art may be considered the antithesis of that of Japan—cold, severe, symmetrical, and monochromatic; the Athenian taste pales before the youthful freshness and glorious daylight of Japanese art, which, whilst conventional, is never symmetrical. How at variance with the classic is the costume of Japan—the long folds of white or tinted garments finding no favour with a people who revel in design and colour, and who recline upon the floor and take their meals at tables like stools. On the carpet, all Oriental costumes are seen to advantage, and particularly that of the Japanese ladies, who strenuously avoid, even when walking, an upright carriage.

To contrast our example with the European, we have made both figures erect, to show the chignons and general contour—the apology for a bonnet, that occupies the place of a comb; the form of the sun-shade (in vogue at present); the long robe tucked up before and behind, in imitation of the broad scarf worn round the waist, a practice common with both sexes in the East, where the people lounge, and corsets could hardly be endured, the ample folds of the *ceinture* being necessary to keep the vital parts at an even temperature, whilst in no way to interfere with the organs of respiration. This part of the costume is more apparent in the second cut of the

glee-singers, whose really serviceable hats afford a contrast to the bonnets worn at present. Never having been disported at Paris, they remain unappropriated. Of course the Japanese dress, as depicted above, being a costume, exists apart from fashion, a thing formerly unknown in the territory of the Tycoon, though now being adopted with other European vices, at least by the men, who are very fond of encasing their dapper little figures in broad cloth, *bien botté et bien ganté*, boots and gloves, things formerly unknown in Japan.

Oh! that Fashion, that great spoiler of nationalities, should find such worshippers, as if variety of texture and difference of colour were not enough, that man should desire to cut stuff to ribbons at the dictates of folly. With all their wonderful feeling for art, the Japanese are apt imitators, little appreciating the natural gifts they possess in a high degree—gifts that are denied to Europeans. In Japan they sometimes produce marvellous effects, and sketch nude forms and things in action with a facility far beyond the dull comprehension of academy teaching. Endowed with fertile imaginations and creative powers of the highest order, they do not produce pictures; yet in power of pictorial art no Oriental nation comes near them; but if picture-making is to destroy "the simple native of the new-found isle," God protect us from picture-making and the art of frippery!

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HERE is a chance for anyone with a turn for epigram. We want a comprehensive definition of genius in the form of a quotable *bon mot*. At present we have only one, that of Madame de Stael, who calls genius a disease of the nerves. All the rest are simply philosophical, and to my thinking all harp too much on one idea—that of Labour. Buffon, for instance, to begin with, calls genius a long patience; Helvetius, a sustained attention; and Carlyle, an immense capacity for taking trouble in the first instance. All these are, however, simply a concise reproduction of Sir Isaac Newton's reply to the compliment on his genius for mathematics. Now genius, as it seems to us, is neither labour nor patience; and, if we were asked to draw up a list of men of genius, we should not include the names of either Buffon, or Helvetius, or Carlyle, or Newton, in the list. They are simply men of remarkable intellectual powers, and of distinguished attainments. Burns was a man of genius, so was Shelley and Byron; but neither of these can by any stretch of language be said to have been gifted with any particularly striking powers of labour or of patience. What they did was dashed off under the influence of an irresistible impulse, and it was only as they wrote under the influence of this impulse that they touched the hearts of their readers. Off the tripod, writing pleasant and chatty letters to publishers and friends about their travels, their quarrels, or their amours, you can trace no more signs of genius in these men than in the sterile and insipid verses of the Admirable Crichton. Hazlitt thought that he did hit the exact mark between wind and water in distinguishing genius as "some quality of the mind answering to and

bringing out some new and striking quality in nature;" and he has hit upon the true line of thought. That, however, is all. This is not a definition of genius that one can quote as we quote Madame de Stael's; and that is what we want.

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THE present bathing season has been more than usually disastrous. Accidents are recorded almost daily, which might have been prevented by the exercise of ordinary prudence. All danger in bathing is indeed incurred voluntarily and foolishly. They who cannot swim, are to blame for whatever may happen to them if they bathe on a shelving shore without due precaution. A man who goes a hundred yards out of his depth, no boat being within hail, does so at the peril of his life. The strongest swimmer may be attacked by cramp, or drift insensibly into a current too powerful to contend against, and be lost before assistance can reach him. In such emergencies, presence of mind seems to forsake the most daring; they exhaust their strength in making violent efforts to save themselves, and forget the golden rule concerning the necessity of being calm in the time of danger. Except in places where the arrangements for bathing from the shore are complete (as, for instance, they are at Ryde), it is safer, and certainly more luxurious for those who are able to swim, to bathe from a boat than from a bathing-machine. The fatigue of reaching deep water is thereby avoided, and the water is moreover purer, and therefore all the more invigorating, a short distance from land than it is along shore. An enterprising boat-builder might make his fortune, and confer a boon upon the swimmers generally, by building a few bathing-boats, properly constructed and fitted up for use, off Brighton, Ramsgate, and those sea-side towns where the accommodation for bathers is a disgrace to the respective municipal authorities.

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IN the yearly notification that the almanacs give us of the commencement and ending of the dog-days, we may see a discreditable instance of our tenacity to ancient superstitions. Egypt, in its Pharaohic days, started the idea that the twinkler yclept the dog-star, which looks so cold on winter nights, helped to heat the air abnormally in the height of summer, when it happens to rise with the sun, and when, by-the-bye, it is out of our sight. Greece inherited the notion, and Homer perpetuated it. The Romans sacrificed a brown dog yearly to appease the celestial *canicula*, that the wine might not be soured, nor men's bodies disordered by the sultriness. We mark the *dies caniculares* in our calendars, and when they come take active measures to prevent hydrophobia, honouring the star's influence in our practical way. The dog-star is so called from its situation in a constellation, which those remote ancients who were the "earthly godfathers of heaven's lights" imagined to resemble a dog. To suppose that this fanciful name has anything to do with sending dogs mad, is superstition of the maddest order. This is not all. The precession of the equinoxes has thrown the dog-days all out of joint. The

almanacs say that they extend from July 3 to August 11; whereas, the dog-star rises with the sun, now and in our latitudes, on the last date, and since the classical *dies* embrace the period from twenty days before to twenty days after the heliacal rising, our dog-days, if they mean anything, are those between July 22 and August 31. The calendar makers should look to this. But, after all, the dog-star has had its day, and ought to be consigned to the limbo of exploded superstitions. Only folks love the marvellous; astrologers would flourish as of old, if the law would let them.

IT is a problem in these summer weeks to keep our houses cool. Not a difficult one to solve; but it is hard to imbue some minds with the solution. The general rule is to throw doors and windows open; the right thing is to keep them closely shut. *Exclude the hot air as rigidly in summer as you do the cold air in winter.* Open all your casements early in the morning, as nearly at sunrise as your uprisings permit, for that is the coldest time of the whole day; but when the morning warms, shut them up tightly, and be as chary as possible of opening them again during the heat of the day. A house well closed will keep cool for many hours while the external heat is unbearable. The secret is, to catch the cold air when you can, and when you have got it, keep it jealously. If the outer air grows cold during the day, and your rooms are warmer at the time, open windows and get a cooling; but otherwise, keep all closed. Generally observe this maxim (a couple of common thermometers, one indoors, the other out, will help you):—Warmer out than in, keep shut: colder out than in, throw open.

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A SPECIAL and melancholy interest attaches to the articles on the Beef Steak Club, which have appeared in this Magazine. They represent the last labours of William Jerdan. He died on Sunday, July 11, full of years and honours. For half a century he had been a successful worker in the field of literature and politics. There were few men of note during that time with whom he was not personally acquainted. It was Mr. Jerdan who seized Bellingham, the assassin, in the lobby of the old House of Commons. He was at that time a parliamentary reporter, having come to London early in life to push his fortunes as a journalist. During recent years he enjoyed a literary pension of 100*l.* a-year for his long services to literature. In his eighty-eighth year, it was singular to note with what zest he applied himself to the history of the "Beef Steaks." He seemed to live again in transcribing his notes of the famous club. Nothing, he said, had given him so much pleasure for many years as the telling of this story; and it was a great satisfaction to him that the record should appear in *The Gentleman's Magazine.* It was a source of no less gratification to us when our New Series received the commendation of one whose judgment had ripened amongst the wits and scholars of a rare age. No less for his kindliness and amiability than for his literary capacity, Mr. Jerdan will be missed by a host of friends and admirers.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## AN OLD LETTER.

MR. URBAN,—The following old letter may probably amuse some of your readers. Query, was the "bodice" mentioned in the postcript intended as defensive armour, or as a truss? William Dixon was Recorder of Maidstone for many years.

"TO MY HONOURED FRIEND WILLIAM DIXON, ESQ., AT MAIDSTONE, IN KENT, THESE PRESENT.

"SR. At my coming just now to Town, out of Essex, I found your letter with ye good tidings of Mrs. Anne's loosing of her ague. I wish no greater losse ere betide her or any of you. If it happen at any time she shall be troubled with . . . . or if her finger doe but ake, I hope to find that which will please her tooth, and doubt not of getting her Business done, if she please to let me know it. But I pray be sure, let her take no physick, unlesse any thing worse happen: I have confidence she will be free from incumbrances a great while for the scouring she has had. If she was your sister or myne, I could give her no better advice than this. I know not whether Mrs. Betty be come to you againe or no, yet, but when I was last in London here, I mett her and another party (fair) lady with her in the street (near the Compter none of the best places). I hope your overthwart (crosse) neighbours (ye ladies especially) are all well, I should have been glad to have heard how things stand with them, whether any need of what I have or can doe, my service attends Mada (m) Davies, Mrs. Anne, Mrs. Betty and all about you. I beg pardon for my haste, some friends stay for me at ye Sun Taverne, therefore Hoc raptim, &c.

> "Sint Tibi tot Nummi, tot opes, Auriq. Talenta,
> Poma quot Alcinoi nobilis Hortus alit.

"These are the wishes of (Sr.) your most humble servant, most propined to love and serve you,

"THOS. BRANDON.

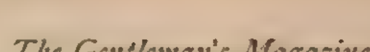
"*Inner Temple, Oct.* 16, 79."

"For newes—The Parliam$^{t}$ is prorogued till Jan. 26 next. The D. of York at White Hall. The Ld. Shaftesbury out from being President of ye Council. Things worke very well, one Mowbray that came out of the North, a great witnesse ag$^{st}$ Gascoign for a plotter was on Tuesday night stabb'd in the street by I know not whom, but by reason of his bodice w$^{h}$ he wore being crooked he was not killed, but its believed will recover. Its talked that S$^{r}$ Wm. Jones desires to surrender or will be put out, and S$^{r}$ Jo. Temple to come out of Ireland into his place and some talk of Finch ye Sollicitor's going out too. They say, that Oats' his man a great witnesse, too, is run away. I think we had all best run away."

I remain yours truly,

B. L.

*Bovinger, near Ongar.*





## THE ACADEMY.

MR. URBAN.—Art will benefit by your two thoughtful and outspoken articles on the Academy. Nothing like free and open discussion to remedy acknowledged evils. Without doubt the authorities have hung pictures which by the simplest rules of judgment ought to have been excluded. They have with equal unfairness rejected meritorious works. The suggestion made by Walter Maynard about accepting all pictures, is carried out in France. There, all pictures are received, and a room of honour is set apart for those which are approved by the jury. I do not exactly advocate the plan; but some change must, in the interest of art and of humanity, be made in the English plan. Artists of all classes will thank you for your powerful advocacy of what is right, and your condemnation of what is wrong.—Yours,

ACCEPTED.

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## MILITIA NOTE.

SIR,—Perhaps SYLVANUS URBAN, who is so well informed, can put an end to much controversy, and oblige his numerous readers in the quarter from whence I write by answering the following query:

"Are the Commissions of Adjutant, Quarter-Master, and the medical officers of Militia regiments, in the gift of the Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant, or the Lord Lieutenant of the County?"

It has been stated that it was recently decided in England in favour of the former. Some assert that the Lord Lieutenant appoints on the recommendation of the Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant, but merely as a matter of courtesy.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

MILES.

[The appointments of Adjutants, Quarter-Masters, and Medical officers of Militia Regiments, are *all* made on the recommendation and responsibility of the Lieutenant-Colonels-Commandant. The Adjutants and Quarter-Masters are *commissioned* by the Queen, and the appointments are, consequently, submitted to the Secretary of State for War for confirmation and commission. Practically, however, the Commandants' appointments are invariably confirmed, provided—in the case of Adjutants only—the officers selected have served in the regular army. The medical officers are *commissioned* by the Lords Lieutenant after recommendation by the Lieutenant-Colonels-Commandant.—S. U.]

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

# BY ORDER OF THE KING.

(*L'Homme qui Rit.*)

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART II.—BOOK THE FIRST.

**The everlasting presence of the Past. Man reflects Man.**

### CHAPTER I.

LORD CLANCHARLIE.

I.

THERE was, in those days, an old tradition.

That tradition was Linnæus Lord Clancharlie.

Linnæus Baron Clancharlie, a contemporary of Cromwell, was one of the peers of England, few in number be it said, who accepted the republic. Strictly speaking, the reason of his acceptance might have been found in the fact that for the time being, the republic was triumphant. It was a matter of course that Lord Clancharlie should adhere to the republic, as long as the republic had the upper hand; but after the close of the revolution and the fall of the parliamentary government, Lord Clancharlie had persisted in his fidelity to it. It would have been easy for the noble patrician to re-enter the reconstituted upper house, repentance being ever well received on restorations, and Charles II. a kind prince enough to those who returned to their allegiance to him; but Lord Clancharlie had failed to understand what was due to events. While the nation, overwhelmed with acclamation the king, come to re-take possession of England; while unanimity was recording its verdict, while the

people were bowing their salutation to the monarchy, while the dynasty was rising anew amidst a glorious and triumphant recantation, at the moment when the past was becoming the future, and the future becoming the past, this nobleman remained refractory. He turned his head away from all that joy; he exiled himself voluntarily. While he could have been a peer, he preferred being an outlaw. Years had passed thus. He had grown old in his fidelity to the dead republic, and therefore he was crowned with the ridicule which is the natural reward of such folly.

He had retired into Switzerland, and dwelt in a sort of lofty ruin on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. He had chosen that dwelling in the most rugged nook of the lake between Chillon, where is the dungeon of Bonnivard, and Vevay, where is Ludlow's tomb. The rugged Alps, filled with twilight, winds, and clouds, enveloped him; and there he lived hidden in the great shadows that fall from the mountains. He was rarely met by any passer-by. This man was out of his country, almost out of his century. At that time, to those who understood and were posted in the affairs of the period, no resistance to established things was justifiable. England was happy; a restoration is as the reconcilement of husband and wife; prince and nation have ceased to occupy separate beds; no state could be more gracious or more pleasant; Great Britain beamed; to have a king at all was a good deal—but furthermore, the king was a charming one. Charles II. was amiable; a man of pleasure yet able to govern, and grand after the fashion of Louis XIV. He was essentially a gentleman. Charles II. was admired by his subjects. He had made war in Hanover for reasons best known to himself; certainly no one else knew them. He had sold Dunkirk to France, a manœuvre of state policy. The Whig peers, concerning whom Chamberlain says, "The cursed republic infected with its stinking breath several of the high nobility," had had the good sense to bow to the inevitable, to conform to the times, and to resume their seats in the House of Lords. To do so it sufficed that they should take the oath of allegiance to the king. When these realities were considered, this fine reign, this excellent king, these august princes given back by divine mercy to the people's love; when it was remembered that persons of such consideration as Monk, and, later, Jefferies, had rallied round the throne; that they had been properly rewarded for their loyalty and zeal by the most splendid appointments and the most lucrative functions; that Lord Clancharlie could not be ignorant of this, and that it only depended on himself to be seated by their side, glorious in his honours; that England had, thanks to her

king, risen again to the summit of prosperity; that London was all banquets and carousals; that everybody was rich and enthusiastic, that the court was gallant, gay, and magnificent;—if by chance, far from these splendours, in some melancholy, indescribable half-light, like nightfall, that old man, clad in the same garb as the common people, was seen pale, absent minded, bent towards the grave, standing on the shore of the lake, scarce heeding the storm and the winter, walking as though at random, his eye fixed, his white hair tossed by the wind of the shadow, silent, pensive, solitary, who could forbear to smile?

It was the sketch of a madman.

Thinking of Lord Clancharlie, of what he might have been and what he was, a smile was indulgent; some laughed out loud, others could not restrain their anger. It is easy to understand that men of sense were much shocked by such insolence of isolation.

One extenuating circumstance: Lord Clancharlie had never had any brains. Everyone agreed about that.

II.

It is disagreeable to see one's fellows practise obstinacy. Imitations of Regulus are not popular, and public opinion holds them in some derision. Stubborn people resemble reproaches, and we are right to laugh at them.

Besides, to sum up, are these perversities, these rugged notches, virtues? Is there not in these excessive advertisements of self-abnegation and of honour, a good deal of ostentation? It is all parade more than anything else. Why such exaggeration of solitude and exile? to carry nothing to extremes is the wise man's maxim. Be in opposition if you choose, blame if you will, but decently, and crying all the while "Long live the King." The true virtue is common sense—what falls ought to fall, what succeeds ought to succeed. Providence acts advisedly, it crowns him who deserves the crown; do you pretend to know better?—when matters are settled—when one rule has replaced another—when success is the scale in which truth and falsehood are weighed, on this side the catastrophe, on the other the triumph; in such case doubt is no longer possible; the honest man rallies to the winning side; and although it may happen to serve his fortune and his family, he does not allow himself to be influenced by that consideration, but thinking only of the public weal, holds out his strong hand to the conqueror.

What would become of the state if no one consented to serve it? Would not everything come to a standstill? To keep his place is the

duty of a good citizen. Learn to sacrifice your secret preferences. Appointments must be filled, some one must necessarily sacrifice himfelf. To be faithful to public functions is true fidelity. The retirement of public officials would paralyse the state. What! banish yourself?—how pitiful! As an example?—what vanity! As a defiance?—what audacity! What do you set yourself up to be, I wonder? Learn that we are just as good as you. If we chose we too could be intractable and untameable, and do worse things than you; but we prefer to be sensible people. Because I am Trimalcion, you think that I could not be Cato! What nonsense!

III.

Never was a situation more clearly defined, or more decisive than that of 1660. Never had a course of conduct been more plainly indicated to a well-ordered mind. England was out of Cromwell's grasp. Under the republic many irregularities had been committed. British preponderance had been created. With the aid of the Thirty-Years' war, Germany had been overcome; with the aid of the Fronde, France had been humiliated; with the aid of the Duke of Braganza, Spain had been lessened; Cromwell had tamed Mazarin; in signing treaties the Protector of England wrote his name above that of the King of France. The United-Provinces had been put under a fine of eight millions; Algiers and Tunis had been attacked; Jamaica conquered; Lisbon humbled; French rivalry raised in Barcelona, and Masaniello in Naples; Portugal had been made fast to England; the seas had been swept of Barbary pirates from Gibraltar to Crete; maritime domination had been founded under two forms, Victory and Commerce. On the 10th of August, 1653, the man of thirty-three victories, the old Admiral who called himself the sailors' grandfather, Martin Happertz van Tromp, who had beaten the Spanish, had been destroyed by the English fleet. The Atlantic had been cleared of the Spanish navy, the Pacific of the Dutch, the Mediterranean of the Venetian, and by the patent of navigation, England had taken possession of the sea coast of the universe. By the ocean she commanded the world; at sea the Dutch flag humbly saluted the British flag. France, in the person of the Ambassador Mancini, bent the knee to Oliver Cromwell; this same Cromwell played with Calais and Dunkirk as with two shuttlecocks on a battledore. The continent had been made to tremble, peace had been dictated, war declared, the British Ensign raised on every pinnacle. By itself the Protector's regiment of Ironsides weighed in the fears of Europe against an army. Crom-

well used to say, "*I wish the Republic of England to be respected, as was respected the Republic of Rome.*" No longer were delusions held sacred; speech was free, the press was free. In the public street men said what they listed, they printed what they pleased without control or censorship. The equilibrium of thrones had been destroyed. The whole order of European monarchy, in which the Stuarts formed a link, had been overturned. But at last England had emerged from this odious order of things, and had won its pardon.

The indulgent Charles II. had granted the declaration of Breda. He had conceded to England oblivion of the period in which the son of the Huntingdon brewer placed his foot on the neck of Louis XIV. England said its mea culpa, and breathed again. The cup of joy was as we have just said, full; the gibbets of the regicides adding to the universal delight. A restoration is a smile; but a few gibbets are not out of place, and satisfaction is due to the conscience of the public. To be good subjects was thenceforth the people's sole ambition. The spirit of lawlessness had been expelled. Royalty was reconstituted. Men had recovered from the follies of politics. They mocked at revolution, they jeered at the republic, and as to those times when such strange words as *Right*, *Liberty*, *Progress*, had been in the mouth,—why they laughed at such bombast! Admirable was the return to common sense. England had been in a dream. What joy to be quit of such errors. Was ever anything so mad? Where should we be if everyone had his rights? Fancy everyone's having a hand in the government? Can you image to yourself the city ruled by its citizens? Why, the citizens are the team, and the team cannot be driver. To put to the vote is to throw to the winds. Would you have states driven like clouds? Disorder cannot build up order. With chaos for an architect the edifice would be Babel. And, besides, what tyranny is this pretended liberty! As for me, I wish to enjoy myself; not to govern. It is a bore to have to vote, I want to dance. A prince is a providence, and takes care of us all. Truly the king is generous to take so much trouble for our sakes. Besides, he is to the manner born. He knows what it is. It's his business. Peace, War, Legislation, Finance,—what have the people to do with such things? Of course the people have to pay; of course the people have to serve; but that should suffice them. They have a place in policy, from them come two essential things, the army and the budget. To be liable to contribute, and to be liable to serve; is not that enough? What more should they want? They are the military and the financial arm. A magnificent

*rôle.* The king reigns for them, and they must reward him accordingly. Taxation and the civil list are the salaries paid by peoples, and earned by princes. The people give their blood and their money, in return for which they are led. To wish to lead themselves! what an absurd idea! They require a guide; being ignorant they are blind. Has not the blind man his dog? Only the people have a lion, the king, who consents to act the dog. How kind of him. But why are the people ignorant? because it is good for them. Ignorance is the guardian of Virtue. Where there is no perspective there is no ambition.

The ignorant man is in useful darkness, which, suppressing sight, suppresses covetousness: whence innocence. He who reads, thinks; who thinks, reasons. But not to reason is duty; it is also happiness. These truths are incontestable; society is based on them. Thus were sound social doctrines re-established in England; thus had the nation been re-instated. At the same time a correct taste in literature was reviving. Shakspeare was despised, Dryden admired. "*Dryden is the greatest poet of England, and of the century,*" said Atterbury, the translator of "Achitophel." It was about the time when M. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, wrote to Saumaise, who had done the author of "Paradise Lost" the honour to refute and abuse him,—"*How can you trouble yourself about so mean a thing as that Milton!*" Everything was falling into its proper place: Dryden above, Shakspeare below; Charles II. on the throne, Cromwell on the gibbet. England was raising herself out of the shame and the excesses of the past. It is a great happiness for nations to be led back by monarchy to good order in the state, and good taste in letters.

That such benefits should be misunderstood, is difficult to believe. To turn the cold shoulder to Charles II., to reward with ingratitude the magnanimity which he displayed in ascending the throne—was not such conduct abominable? Linnæus Lord Clancharlie had inflicted this vexation upon honest men. To sulk at his country's happiness, alack, what aberration!

We know that in 1650 Parliament had drawn up this form of declaration:—"*I promise to remain faithful to the republic, without king, sovereign, or lord.*" Under pretext of having taken this monstrous oath, Lord Clancharlie was living out of the kingdom, and, in the face of the general joy, thought that he had the right to be sad. He had a morose esteem for that which was no more, and was absurdly attached to things which had been.

To excuse him was impossible. The kindest-hearted abandoned

him; his friends had long done him the honour to believe that he had entered the republican ranks, only to observe the more closely the flaws in the republican armour, and to smite it the more surely, when the day should come for the sacred cause of the king. These, lurkings in ambush for the convenient hour to strike the enemy a death blow in the back, are attributes of loyalty. Such a line of conduct had been expected of Lord Clancharlie, so strong was the wish to judge him favourably; but, in the face of his strange persistence in republicanism, people were obliged to lower their estimate. Evidently Lord Clancharlie was confirmed in his convictions—that is to say, an idiot!

The explanation given by the indulgent wavered between puerile stubbornness and senile obstinacy.

The severe and the just went further; they blighted the name of the renegade. Folly has its rights, but it has also its limits. A man may be a brute, but he has no right to be a rebel. And, after all, what was this Lord Clancharlie? A deserter. He had fled his camp, the aristocracy, for that of the enemy, the people. This faithful man was a traitor. It is true that he was a traitor to the stronger, and faithful to the weaker; it is true that the camp repudiated by him was the conquering camp; and the camp adopted by him, the conquered: it is true that by his treason he lost all—his political privileges and his domestic hearth, his title and his country. He gained nothing but ridicule, he attained no benefit but exile. But what does all that prove?—that he was a fool. Granted.

Plainly a dupe and traitor in one. Let a man be as great a fool as he likes, so that he does not set a bad example. Fools need only be civil, and in consideration thereof they may aim at being the bases of monarchies.

The narrowness of Clancharlie's mind was incomprehensible. His eyes were still dazzled by the phantasmagoria of the revolution. He had allowed himself to be taken in by the republic—yes; and cast out. He was an affront to his country. The attitude he assumed was downright felony. Absence was an insult. He held aloof from the public joy as from the plague. In his voluntary banishment he found some indescribable refuge from the national rejoicing. He treated loyalty as a contagion: over the vast gladness of revived monarchy, denounced by him as a lazaretto, he was the black flag. What! could he look thus askance at order reconstituted—a nation exalted, and a religion restored? Over such serenity why cast his shadow? Take umbrage at England's contentment! Must he be the one blot in the clear blue sky! Be as a threat! Protest

against a nation's will! refuse his Yes to the universal consent! It would be odious, if it were not foolish.

Clancharlie had not taken into account that it did not matter if one had taken the wrong turn with Cromwell, as long as one found one's way back into the right path with Monk.

Take Monk's case. He commands the republican army. Charles II., having been informed of his honesty, writes to him. Monk who combines virtue with tact, dissimulates at first, then suddenly at the head of his troops, dissolves the rebel parliament, and re-establishes the king on the throne. Monk is created Duke of Albemarle, has the honour of having saved society, becomes very rich, sheds a glory over his own time, is created Knight of the Garter, and has the prospect of being buried in Westminster Abbey. Such glory is the reward of British fidelity!

Lord Clancharlie could never rise to a sense of duty thus carried out. He had the infatuation and obstinacy of an exile. He contented himself with hollow phrases. He was tongue-tied by pride. The words conscience and dignity are but words, after all. One must penetrate to the depths. These depths Lord Clancharlie had not reached. His "eye was single," and before committing an act, he wished to observe it so closely as to be able to judge it by more senses than one. Hence arose absurd disgust to the facts examined. No man can be a statesman who gives way to such overstrained delicacy. Excess of conscientiousness degenerates into infirmity. Scruple is one-handed when a sceptre is to be seized, and an eunuch when fortune is to be wedded. Distrust scruples; they lead too far. Unreasonable fidelity is like a ladder leading into a cavern—one step down, another, still another, and there you are in the dark. The clever re-ascend; fools remain in it. Conscience must not be allowed to practise such austerity. If it be, it will fall, until from transition to transition, it at length reaches the deepest shadows of political prudery. Thus it was with Lord Clancharlie. Principles terminate in a precipice.

He was walking, his hands behind him, along the shores of the Lake of Geneva. A fine way of getting on!

In London they sometimes spoke of this exile. He was accused before the tribunal of public opinion. They pleaded for and against him. The cause having been heard, he was acquitted on the ground of stupidity.

Many zealous friends of the former republic had given their adherence to the Stuarts. For this they deserve praise. These naturally calumniated him a little. The obstinate are repulsive to the com-

pliant. Men of sense, in favour and good places at Court, weary of his disagreeable attitude, took pleasure in saying, "*If he has not rallied to the throne, it is because he has not been sufficiently paid,*" &c. "*He wanted the chancellorship which the king has given to Hyde.*" One of his old friends went so far as to whisper, "*He told me so himself.*" Remote as was the solitude of Linnæus Clancharlie, something of this talk would reach him through the outlaws he met, such as old regicides, like Andrew Broughton, who lived at Lausanne. Clancharlie confined himself to an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, a sign of profound deterioration. On one occasion he added to the shrug a few words, murmured in a low voice, "I pity those who believe such things."

IV.

Charles II., good man! despised him. The happiness of England under Charles II. was more than happiness, it was enchantment. A restoration is like an old oil painting, blackened by time, and re-varnished. All the past re-appeared, good old manners returned, beautiful women reigned and governed. Evelyn notices it. We read in his journal, "Luxury, profaneness, contempt of God. I saw the king on Sunday evening with his courtezans, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, and two or three others, all nearly naked, in the gaming room." We feel that there is ill-nature in this description, for Evelyn was a grumbling puritan, tainted with republican reveries. He did not appreciate the profitable example given by kings in those grand Babylonian gaieties, which, after all, maintain luxury. He did not understand the utility of vice. Maxim: do not extirpate vice, if you wish to have charming women; if you do, you are like the idiots, who destroy the chrysalis whilst they delight in the butterfly.

Charles II., as we have said, scarcely remembered that a rebel called Clancharlie existed; but James II. was more heedful. Charles II. governed gently, it was his way; we may add, that he did not govern the worse on that account. A sailor sometimes makes on a rope intended to baffle the wind a slack knot which he leaves to the wind to tighten. Such is the stupidity of the storm and of the people. The slack knot very soon becomes a tight one. Thus did the government of Charles II.

Under James II. the throttling began; a necessary throttling of what remained of the revolution. James II. had the laudable ambition to be an efficient king. The reign of Charles II. was, in his opinion, but a sketch of restoration. James wished for a still more complete

return to order. He had, in 1660, deplored that they had confined themselves to the hanging of ten regicides. He was a more genuine reconstructor of authority. He infused vigour into serious principles. He installed true justice, which is superior to sentimental declamations, and attends, above all things, to the interests of society.

In his protecting severities we recognise the father of the state. He entrusted the hand of justice to Jefferies, and its sword to Kirke. This useful Colonel, one day, hung and rehung the same man, a republican, asking him each time, "Will you renounce the republic?" The villain, having each time said "No," was despatched.—"*I hanged him four times*," said Kirke, with satisfaction. The renewal of executions is a great sign of power in the executive authority. Lady Lisle, who, though she had sent her son to fight against Monmouth, had concealed two rebels in her house, was executed; another rebel having been honourable enough to declare that an anabaptist female had given him shelter, was pardoned, and the woman was burned alive. Kirke, on another occasion, gave a town to understand that he knew its principles to be republican, by hanging nineteen burgesses. These reprisals were certainly legitimate, when it is remembered that, under Cromwell, they cut off the noses and ears of the stone saints in the churches. James II., who had had the sense to chose Jefferies and Kirke, was a prince imbued with true religion; he practised mortification in the ugliness of his mistresses; he listened to Father la Colombiere, a preacher almost as unctious as Father Cheminais, but with more fire, who had the glory of being, during the first part of his life, the counsellor of James II., and during the second, the inspirer of Mary Alcock. It was, thanks to this strong religious nourishment, that later on, James II. was enabled to bear exile with dignity, and to exhibit, in his retirement at Saint Germain, the spectacle of a king rising superior to adversity, calmly touching for king's evil, and conversing with Jesuits.

It will be readily understood that such a king would trouble himself to a certain extent about such a rebel as Linnæus Lord Clancharlie. Hereditary peerages have a certain hold on the future, and it was evident that if any precautions were necessary with regard to this lord, James II. was not the man to hesitate.

## CHAPTER II.

### LORD DAVID DIRRY-MOIR.

I.

Linnæus Lord Clancharlie had not always been old and proscribed; he had had his phase of youth and passion. We know from Harrison and Pride that Cromwell, when young, loved women and pleasure, a taste which, at times (another reading of the text, "Woman"), betokens a seditious man. Distrust the loosely-clasped girdle. *Male præcinctam juvenem cavete.* Lord Clancharlie, like Cromwell, had had his wild hours and his irregularities. He was known to have had a natural child, a son. This son, born into the world at the moment when the republic had died, made his entry into England as his father was going into exile. Hence he had never seen his father. This bastard of Lord Clancharlie had grown up as page at the court of Charles II. He was styled Lord David Dirry-Moir: he was a lord by courtesy, his mother being a woman of quality. That mother, while Lord Clancharlie was becoming an owl in Switzerland, made up her mind, being a beauty, to give over sulking, and was forgiven for that Goth, her first lover, by one undeniably polished and at the same time a royalist,—for it was the king.

She had been for a short time the mistress of Charles II., sufficiently long to have made his majesty—who was delighted to have won so pretty a woman from the republic—bestow on the little Lord David, the son of his conquest, the office of keeper of the stick, which made that bastard officer, boarded at the king's expense, by a natural revulsion of feeling, an ardent adherent of the Stuarts. Lord David was for some time one of the hundred and seventy wearing the great sword, while afterwards, entering the corps of pensioners, he became one of the forty who bear the gilded halberd. He had, besides being one of the noble company instituted by Henry VIII., as a body-guard, the privilege of laying the dishes on the king's table. Thus it was that whilst his father was growing grey in exile, Lord David prospered under Charles II.

After which he prospered under James II.

The king is dead. Long live the king! It is the *non deficit alter, aureus.*

It was on the accession of the Duke of York, that he obtained permission to call himself David Lord Dirry-Moir, from an estate which his mother, who had just died, had left him, in that great forest of Scotland, where is found the krag, a bird which scoops out a nest with his beak in the trunk of the oak.

II.

James II. was a king, and affected to be a general. He loved to surround himself with young officers. He showed himself frequently in public on horseback, in a helmet and cuirass, with a huge projecting wig hanging below the helmet and over the cuirass,—a sort of equestrian statue of imbecile war. He took a fancy to the graceful mien of the young Lord David. He liked this royalist for being the son of a republican. The repudiation of a father does not damage the foundation of a court fortune. The king made Lord David gentleman of the bedchamber, at a salary of a thousand a year.

It was a fine promotion. A gentleman of the bedchamber sleeps near the king every night, on a bed which is made up for him. There are twelve gentlemen, who relieve each other.

Lord David, whilst he held that post, was also head of the king's granary, giving out corn for the horses and receiving a salary of 260*l.* Under him were the five coachmen of the king, the five postilions of the king, the five grooms of the king, the twelve footmen of the king, and the four chair-bearers of the king. He had the management of the race-horses which the king kept at Newmarket, and which cost his majesty 600*l.* a year. He worked his will on the king's wardrobe, from which the knights of the garter are furnished with their robes of ceremony. He was saluted to the ground by the usher of the black rod, who belongs to the king. That usher, under James II., was the knight of Duppa. Mr. Baker, who was clerk of the crown, and Mr. Brown, who was clerk of the parliament, kotood to Lord David. The court of England, which is magnificent, is a model of hospitality. Lord David presided, as one of the twelve, at banquets and receptions. He had the glory of standing behind the king on offertory days, when the king gives to the church the golden *byzantium*; on collar-days, when the king wears the collar of his order; on communion days, when no one takes the sacrament excepting the king and the princes. It was he who, on Holy Thursday, introduced into his majesty's presence the twelve poor men to whom the king gives as many silver pence as the years of his age, and as many shillings as the years of his reign. The duty devolved on him when the king was ill, to call to the assistance of his majesty the two grooms of the almonry, who are priests, and to prevent the approach of doctors without permission from the council of state. Besides, he was lieutenant-colonel of the Scotch regiment of Guards, the one which plays the Scottish march. As such, he made several campaigns, and with glory, for he was a gallant soldier. He was a

brave lord, well-made, handsome, generous, and majestic in look and in manner. His person was like his quality. He was tall in stature, as well as high in birth.

At one time he stood a chance of being made groom of the stole, which would have given him the privilege of putting the king's shirt on his majesty; but to hold that office it was necessary to be either prince or peer. Now, to create a peer is a serious thing; it is to create a peerage, and that makes many people jealous. It is a favour; a favour which gives the king one friend and a hundred enemies, without taking into account that the one friend becomes ungrateful. James II., from policy, was indisposed to create peerages, but transferred them freely. The transfer of a peerage produces no sensation. It is simply the continuation of a name. The order is little affected by it.

The good-will of royalty had no objection to raise Lord David Dirry-Moir to the upper house so long as it could do so by means of a substituted peerage. Nothing would have pleased his majesty better than to transform Lord David Dirry-Moir, lord by courtesy, into a lord by right.

### III.

The opportunity occurred.

One day it was understood that several things had happened to the old exile, Lord Clancharlie, the most important of which was that he was dead. Death does just so much good to folks that it causes a little talk about them. People related what they knew, or what they thought they knew, of the last years of Lord Linnæus. What they said was probably legend and conjecture. If these random tales were to be credited, Lord Clancharlie, towards the end of his life, must have had his republicanism intensified to the extent of marrying (strange obstinacy of the exile) the daughter of the regicide, Ann Bradshaw (they were precise about the name). She had also died, it was said, but in giving birth to an infant—a boy. If these details should prove to be correct, he would therefore be the legitimate and rightful heir of Lord Clancharlie. These reports, extremely vague in their form, were rumours rather than facts. Circumstances which happened in Switzerland, in those days, were as remote from the England of that period as those which take place in China from the England of to-day.

Lord Clancharlie must have been fifty-nine at the time of his marriage, they said, and sixty at the birth of his son, and had died shortly after, leaving his infant orphaned both of his father and

mother. This was possible, perhaps, but improbable. They added that this child was beautiful as the day,—just as we read in all the fairy tales. King James put an end to these rumours, evidently without foundation, by declaring, one fine morning, Lord David Dirry-Moir sole and positive heir *in default of legitimate issue*, and by his royal pleasure, of Linnæus, Lord Clancharlie, his natural father, *the absence of all other issue and descent being established*, patents of which grant were registered in the House of Lords. By these patents the king substituted Lord David Dirry-Moir, to the titles, rights, and prerogatives of the late Linnæus Lord Clancharlie, on the sole condition that Lord David should wed, when she attained a marriageable age, a girl who was, at that time, a mere infant, but a few months old, whom the king had, in her cradle, created a duchess, no one knew exactly why—or rather everyone knew why. They called this little infant the Duchess Josiana.

The English fashion then ran on Spanish names. One of the bastards of Charles II. was called Carlos, Earl of Plymouth. It is likely that Josiana was a contraction for Josefa-y-ana. Josiana, however, may have been a name—the feminine of Josias. One of Henry VIII.'s gentlemen was called Josias du Passage.

It was to that little duchess that the king granted the peerage of Clancharlie. She was a peeress till there should be a peer; the peer should be her husband. The peerage was founded on a double castleward, the barony of Clancharlie and the barony of Hunkerville; besides the Barons of Clancharlie were, in recompense of an ancient feat of arms, and by royal licence, Marquises of Corleone, in Sicily.

Peers of England cannot bear foreign titles; there are, nevertheless, exceptions; thus—Henry Arundel, Baron Arundel of Wardour, was, as was also Lord Clifford, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, of which Lord Cowper is prince. The Duke of Hamilton is Duke of Chatelherault, in France; Basil Fielding, Earl of Denbigh, is Count of Hapsburg, of Lauffenburg, and of Rheinfelden, in Germany. The Duke of Marlborough was Prince of Mindelheim, in Suabia, just as the Duke of Wellington was Prince of Waterloo, in Belgium. The same Lord Wellington was a Spanish Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Portuguese Count of Vimiera.

There were in England, and there are still, lands both noble and common. The lands of the Lords of Clancharlie were all noble. Those lands, burghs, bailiwicks, fiefs, rents, freeholds, and domains, adherent to the peerage of Clancharlie-Hunkerville, belonged provisionally to Lady Josiana, and the king declared that, once married to Josiana, Lord David Dirry-Moir should be Baron Clancharlie.

Besides the Clancharlie inheritance, Lady Josiana had her personal fortune. She possessed great wealth, much of which was derived from the gifts of *Madame sans queue* to the Duke of York. Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, the lady of highest rank in France after the queen, was thus called.

## IV.

Having prospered under Charles and James, Lord David prospered under William. His Jacobite feeling did not reach to the extent of following James into exile. While he continued to love his legitimate king he had the good sense to serve the usurper; he was, moreover, although sometimes disposed to rebel against discipline, an excellent officer. He passed from the land to the sea forces, and distinguished himself in the White Squadron. He rose in it to be what was then called captain of a light frigate. He ended by making a very fine fellow, carrying to a great extent the elegancies of vice: a bit of a poet, like every one else; a good servant of the state, a good servant to the prince; assiduous at feasts, at galas, at ladies' receptions, at ceremonies, and in battle; servile in a gentlemanlike way; very haughty; with eyesight dull or keen, according to the object examined; willingly honest; obsequious or arrogant, as the occasion demanded; frank and sincere at first acquaintance, with the power of masking afterwards; very observant of the smiles and frowns of the royal humour; careless before a sword's point; always ready to risk his life on a sign from his majesty with heroism and complacency, capable of any insult but of no impoliteness; a man of courtesy and etiquette, proud of kneeling at great regal ceremonies; of a gay valour; a courtier on the surface, a paladin below; quite young at forty-five. Lord David sang French songs with an elegant gaiety which had delighted Charles II. He loved eloquence and fine language. He greatly admired those celebrated discourses which are called the funeral orations of Bossuet.

From his mother he had inherited almost enough to live on, about 10,000*l.* a year. He managed to get on with it—by running into debt. In magnificence, extravagance, and novelty he was without a rival. Directly he was copied he changed his fashion. On horseback he wore loose boots of cow-hide, which turned over, with spurs. He had hats resembling no others; unheard-of lace, and bands of which he alone had the pattern.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DUCHESS JOSIANA.

#### I.

TOWARDS 1705, although Lady Josiana was twenty-three and Lord David forty-four, the wedding had not yet taken place, and that for the best reasons in the world. Did they hate each other? Far from it; but what cannot escape from you inspires you with no haste to obtain it. Josiana wanted to remain free, David to remain young. To have no tie until as late as possible appeared to him to be a prolongation of youth. Middle-aged young men abounded in those rakish times. They grew grey as young fops. The wig was an accomplice: later on, powder became the auxiliary. At fifty-five Lord Charles Gerrard, Baron Gerrard, one of the Gerrards of Bromley, filled London with his successes. The pretty and youthful Duchess of Buckingham, Countess of Coventry, made a fool of herself for love of the sixty-seven years of the handsome Thomas Bellasys, Viscount Fauconberg. People quoted the famous verses of Corneille, the septuagenarian, to a girl of twenty years—"*Marquise, si mon visage.*" Women, too, had their successes in the autumn of their years. Witness Ninon and Marion. Such were the models of the day.

Josiana and David carried on a flirtation of a particular shade. They did not love, they pleased, each other. To be at each other's side sufficed them. Why hasten the conclusion? The novels of those days carried lovers and engaged couples to that kind of stage which was the most becoming. Besides, Josiana knowing herself to be a bastard, felt herself a princess, and carried her authority over him with a high tone in all their arrangements. She had a fancy for Lord David. Lord David was handsome, but that was over and above the bargain. She considered him to be fashionable.

To be fashionable is everything. Caliban, fashionable and magnificent, would distance Ariel, poor. Lord David was handsome; so much the better. The danger in being handsome is being insipid; and that he was not. He betted, boxed, ran into debt. Josiana thought great things of his horses, his dogs, his losses at play, his mistresses. Lord David, on his side, bowed down before the fascinations of the Duchess Josiana—a maiden without spot or scruple, haughty, inaccessible and audacious. He addressed sonnets to her, which Josiana sometimes read. In these sonnets he declared that to possess Josiana would be to rise to the stars, which did not prevent

his always putting the ascent off to the following year. He waited in the antechamber outside Josiana's heart; and this suited the convenience of both. At court all admired the good taste of this delay. Lady Josiana said, "It is a bore that I should be obliged to marry Lord David; I, who would desire nothing better than to be in love with him!"

Josiana was flesh. Nothing could be more resplendent. She was very tall—too tall. Her hair was of that tinge which might be called red gold. She was plump, fresh, strong, and rosy, with immense boldness and wit. She had eyes which were too intelligible. She possessed neither lovers nor chastity. She walled herself round with pride. Men! oh, fie! a god only would be worthy of her, or a monster. If virtue consists in the protection of an inaccessible position, Josiana possessed all possible virtue, but without any innocence. She disdained intrigues; but she would not have been displeased had she been supposed to have engaged in some, provided that the objects were uncommon, and proportioned to the merits of one so highly placed. She thought little of her reputation, but much of her glory. To appear yielding, and to be unapproachable, is perfection. Josiana felt herself to be majestic and material. Hers was a cumbrous beauty. She usurped rather than charmed. She trod on hearts. She was earthly. She would have been as much astonished at being proved to have a soul in her bosom as wings on her back. She discoursed on Locke; she was polite; she was suspected of knowing Arabic.

To be flesh and to be woman are two different things. Where a woman is vulnerable—on the side of pity, for instance, which so readily turns to love, Josiana was not. Not that she was unfeeling. The ancient comparison of flesh to marble is absolutely false. The beauty of flesh consists in not being marble: its beauty is to palpitate, to tremble, to blush, to bleed, to have firmness without hardness; to be white without being cold; to have its sensations and its infirmities: its beauty is to be life, and marble is death.

The king had made her a duchess, and Jupiter a Nereid—a double irradiation of which the strange brightness of this creature was composed. In admiring her you felt yourself becoming a pagan and a lacquey. Her origin had been bastardy and the ocean. She appeared to have emerged from the foam. From the stream had risen the first jet of her destiny; but the spring was royal. In her there was something of the wave, of chance, of the patrician, and of the tempest. She was well read and accomplished. Never had a passion approached her, yet she had sounded them all. She had a

disgust of realisations, and at the same time a taste for them. She was a possible Astarte in a real Diana. She was, in the insolence of high birth, tempting and inaccessible. Nevertheless, she might find it amusing to plan a fall for herself. She dwelt in a halo of glory, half wishing to descend from it, and perhaps feeling curious to know what a fall was like. She was a little too heavy for her cloud. To err is a diversion. Princely unconstraint privileges experiments. What is frailty in a plebeian, is only frolic in a duchess. Josiana was in everything—by birth, by beauty, by irony, by light—almost a queen. She had felt a moment's enthusiasm for Louis de Boufflers, who used to break horse shoes between his fingers. She regretted that Hercules was dead. She lived in some undefined expectation of a voluptuous and supreme ideal.

Morally, Josiana brought to one's mind the line—

> "Un beau torse de femme, en hydre se termine."

Hers was a noble bosom, a splendid breast, heaving harmoniously over a royal heart; a glance full of life and light, a countenance pure and haughty, and who knows? below the surface was there not, in a semi-transparent and misty depth, an undulating, supernatural prolongation, perchance deformed and dragon-like,—a proud virtue ending in vice in the depths of dreams.

## II.

With all that she was a prude.

It was the fashion.

Remember Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was of a type that prevailed in England for three centuries: the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth. Elizabeth was more than English. She was Anglican. Hence the deep respect of the Episcopalian Church for that queen,—a respect resented by the Church of Rome, which counterbalanced it with a dash of excommunication. In the mouth of Sixtus V., when anathematising Elizabeth, malediction turned to madrigal: "*Un gran cervello de principessa,*" he says. Mary Stuart, less concerned with the church, and more with the woman question, had little respect for her sister Elizabeth; and wrote to her as queen to queen and coquette to prude: "Your disinclination to marriage arises from your not wishing to lose the liberty of being made love to." Mary Stuart played with the fan, Elizabeth with the axe. An uneven match. They were rivals, besides, in literature. Mary Stuart composed French verses; Elizabeth translated Horace. The ugly Elizabeth decreed that she was beautiful;

liked quatrains and acrostics; had the keys of towns presented to her by cupids; bit her lips, after the Italian fashion; rolled her eyes, after the Spanish; had in her wardrobe three thousand dresses and costumes, of which several were for the character of Minerva and Amphitrite; esteemed the Irish for the width of their shoulders; covered her farthingale with braids and spangles; loved roses; cursed, swore, and stamped; struck her maids of honour with her clenched fists; used to send Dudley to the devil; beat Burleigh, the Chancellor, who used to cry—poor old fool! spat on Mathew; collared Hatton; boxed the ears of Essex; showed her legs to Bassompierre; and was a virgin.

What she did for Bassompierre the Queen of Sheba had done for Solomon,[*] consequently she was right, Holy Writ having created the precedent. That which is biblical may well be Anglican. Biblical precedent goes so far as to create a child, who was called Ebnehaquem or Melilechet, that is to say, the Wise Man's son.

Why object to such manners? Cynicism is as good as hypocrisy.

Now-a-days England, whose Loyola is named Wesley, casts down her eyes a little at the remembrance of that past age. She is vexed at the memory, yet proud of it.

Amidst such manners as these, a taste for deformity existed, especially amongst women, and singularly amongst beautiful women. Where is the use of being beautiful if one does not possess a baboon? Where is the charm of being a queen if one cannot bandy words with a dwarf? Mary Stuart had "been kind" to the bandy-legged Rizzio. Maria Theresa, of Spain, had been "somewhat familiar" with a negro. Whence the *black abbess*. In the alcoves of the great century, a hump was the fashion; witness the Marshal of Luxembourg, and before Luxembourg, Condé; "such a pretty little man!"

Beauties themselves might be ill-made without detriment; that was admitted. Anne Boleyn had one breast bigger than the other, six fingers to one hand, and a projecting tooth; Lavallière was bandy-legged: which did not hinder Henry VIII. from going mad for one, and Louis XIV. for the other.

Morals were equally awry. There was not a woman of high rank who was not teratological. Agnes possessed the principles of Messalina. They were women by day, ghouls by night. They sought the scaffold to kiss the heads of the newly-beheaded on their iron stakes. Marguerite de Valois, an ancestress of the prudes, wore,

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[*] Regina Saba coram rege crura denudavit.—*Schicklardus in Proœmio Tarich, Jersici F.* 65.

fastened to her belt, the hearts of her lovers in tin boxes, padlocked. Henry IV. had hidden himself under that farthingale.

In the 18th century the Duchess de Berry, daughter of the regent, was in herself an abstract, in an obscene and royal type, of all these creatures.

Those beautiful ladies, moreover, knew Latin. Since the 16th century this had been accounted a feminine grace. Lady Jane Grey had carried elegance to the point of knowing Hebrew. The Duchess Josiana latinised. Then (another fine thing) she was secretly a Catholic; after the manner of her uncle, Charles II., rather than her father, James II. James II. had lost his crown for his Catholicism, and Josiana did not care to risk her peerage. Thus it was, that while a Catholic amongst her intimate friends and the refined of both sexes, she was outwardly a Protestant for the benefit of the riff-raff.

This is the pleasant view to take of religion. You enjoy all the good things belonging to the official Episcopalian church, and later on you die, like Grotius, in the odour of Catholicity, and having the glory of a mass said for you by Father Petau.

Although plump and healthy, Josiana was, we repeat, a perfect prude.

At times, her sleepy and voluptuous way of dragging out the end of her phrases, was like the creeping of a tiger's paws in the jungle.

The advantage of prudes is that they disorganise the human race. They deprive it of the honour of their adherence. Beyond all, keep the human species at a distance. This is a point of the greatest importance.

When one has not got Olympus, one takes the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Juno resolves herself into Araminta. A pretension to divinity not admitted, creates affectation. In default of thunder-claps there is impertinence. The temple shrivels into the boudoir. Not having the power to be a goddess, she is an idol.

There is besides in prudery a certain pedantry which is pleasing to women. The coquette and the pedant are neighbours. Their kinship is visible in the fop. The subtile is derived from the sensual. Gluttony affects delicacy, a grimace of disgust conceals cupidity. And then woman feels her weak point guarded by all that casuistry of gallantry which takes the place of scruples in prudes. It is a line of circumvallation with a ditch. Every prude puts on an air of repugnance. It is a protection. She will consent, but she disdains —for the present!

Josiana had a disquieting conscience. She felt such a leaning

towards immodesty that she was a prude. The recoils of pride in an opposite direction to our vices lead us to those of a contrary nature. It was the excess of effort to be chaste, which made her a prude. To be too much on the defensive points to a secret desire for attack. The shy woman is not straitlaced. She shut herself up in the arrogance of the exceptional circumstances of her rank, meditating, perhaps, all the while, some sudden lapse from it.

It was the dawn of the 18th century. England was a sketch of what France had been during the regency. Walpole and Dubois are not unlike. Marlborough was fighting against his former king, James II., to whom it was said he had sold his sister, Miss Churchill. Bolingbroke was in his meridian, and Richelieu in his dawn. Gallantry found its convenience in a certain medley of ranks. Men were equalised by the same vices later on, perhaps, by the same ideas. Degradation of rank, an aristocratic prelude, began what the revolution was to complete. It was not very far off the time when Jelyotte was seen publicly sitting, in broad daylight, on the bed of the Marchioness d'Epinay. It is true (for manners re-echo each other) that in the 16th century Smeton's nightcap had been found under Anne Boleyn's pillow.

If the word woman signifies fault, as I forget what Council decided, never was woman so womanlike as then. Never, covering her frailty by her charms, and her weakness by her omnipotence, has she claimed absolution more imperiously. In making the forbidden the permitted fruit, Eve fell; in making the permitted the forbidden fruit, she triumphs. That is the climax. In the 18th century the wife bolts out her husband. She shuts herself up in Eden with Satan. Adam is left outside.

### III.

All Josiana's instincts impelled her to yield herself gallantly, rather than to give herself legally. To surrender on the score of gallantry implies learning, recals Menalcas and Amaryllis, and is almost a literary act. Mademoiselle de Scudéry, putting aside the attraction of ugliness for ugliness' sake, had no other motive for yielding to Pélisson.

The maiden a sovereign, the matron a subject, such was the old English notion. Josiana was deferring the hour of this subjection as long as she could. She must eventually marry Lord David, since such was the royal pleasure. It was a necessity, doubtless; but what a pity! Josiana appreciated Lord David, and showed him off. There was between them a tacit agreement, neither to conclude nor to break off the engagement. They eluded each other. This

method of making love, one step in advance, and two back, is expressed in the dances of the period, the minuet and the gavotte.

It is unbecoming to be married—fades one's ribbons, and makes one look old. An espousal is a dreary absorption of brilliancy. A woman handed over to you by a notary,—how commonplace! The brutality of marriage creates definite situations; suppresses the will; kills choice; has a syntax, like grammar; replaces inspiration by orthography; makes a dictation of love; disperses all Life's mysteries; diminishes the rights both of sovereign and subject; by a turn of the scale destroys the charming equilibrium of the sexes, the one robust in bodily strength, the other all-powerful in feminine weakness; strength on one side, beauty on the other; makes one a master and the other a slave, while without marriage one is a slave, the other a queen.

To make Love prosaically decent, how vulgar! to deprive it of all impropriety, how dull!

Lord David was ripening. Forty; 'tis a marked period. He did not perceive it, and in truth he looked no more than thirty. He considered it more amusing to desire Josiana than to possess her. He possessed others. He had mistresses.

The Duchess Josiana had a peculiarity, less rare than it is supposed. One of her eyes was blue and the other black. Her pupils were made for love and hate, for happiness and misery. Night and day were mingled in her look.

Her ambition was this; to show herself capable of impossibilities. One day she said to Swift, "You people fancy that you scorn us." "You people" meant the human race.

She was a skin deep Papist. Her Catholicism did not exceed the amount necessary for fashion. She would have been a Puseyite in the present day. She wore large dresses of velvet, satin, or moire, some composed of fifteen or sixteen yards of material, with embroideries of gold and silver; and round her waist great knots of pearls, alternating with other precious stones. She was extravagant in gold lace. Sometimes she wore a cloth jacket like a bachelor. She rode on a man's saddle, notwithstanding the invention of side-saddles, introduced into England in the fourteenth century by Anne, wife of Richard II. She washed her face, arms, shoulders, and neck, in sugar-candy, diluted in white of egg, after the fashion of Castile. There came over her face, after any one had spoken wittily in her presence, a reflective smile of singular grace. She was free from malice, and rather good-natured than otherwise.

(*To be continued.*)

# KATE.

AIR of auburn, peachen cheek,
  Voice that tinkled silv'ry laughter,
Lips of coral, eyes that speak,
  Big and glorious with hereafter.

Merry footstep, pawkie way,
  Tongue that owned the gift of healing,
Heart that held the tenderest sway,
  Conquering by its kindly dealing.

Grown to girlhood, passing years
  Yield a beauty more than human;
Summer blossoms, winter seres,
  Girlhood opens into woman.

Spring was blowing in the fens,
  Lilies stirred beside the sedges;
Sprites of sun from sylvan dens,
  Heaped the leaves upon the hedges.

But a foot came in with spring's,—
  Still a dread unwelcome comer—
Brought our darling angel wings,
  Though it darkened all our summer.

HENRY JOHNSTON.

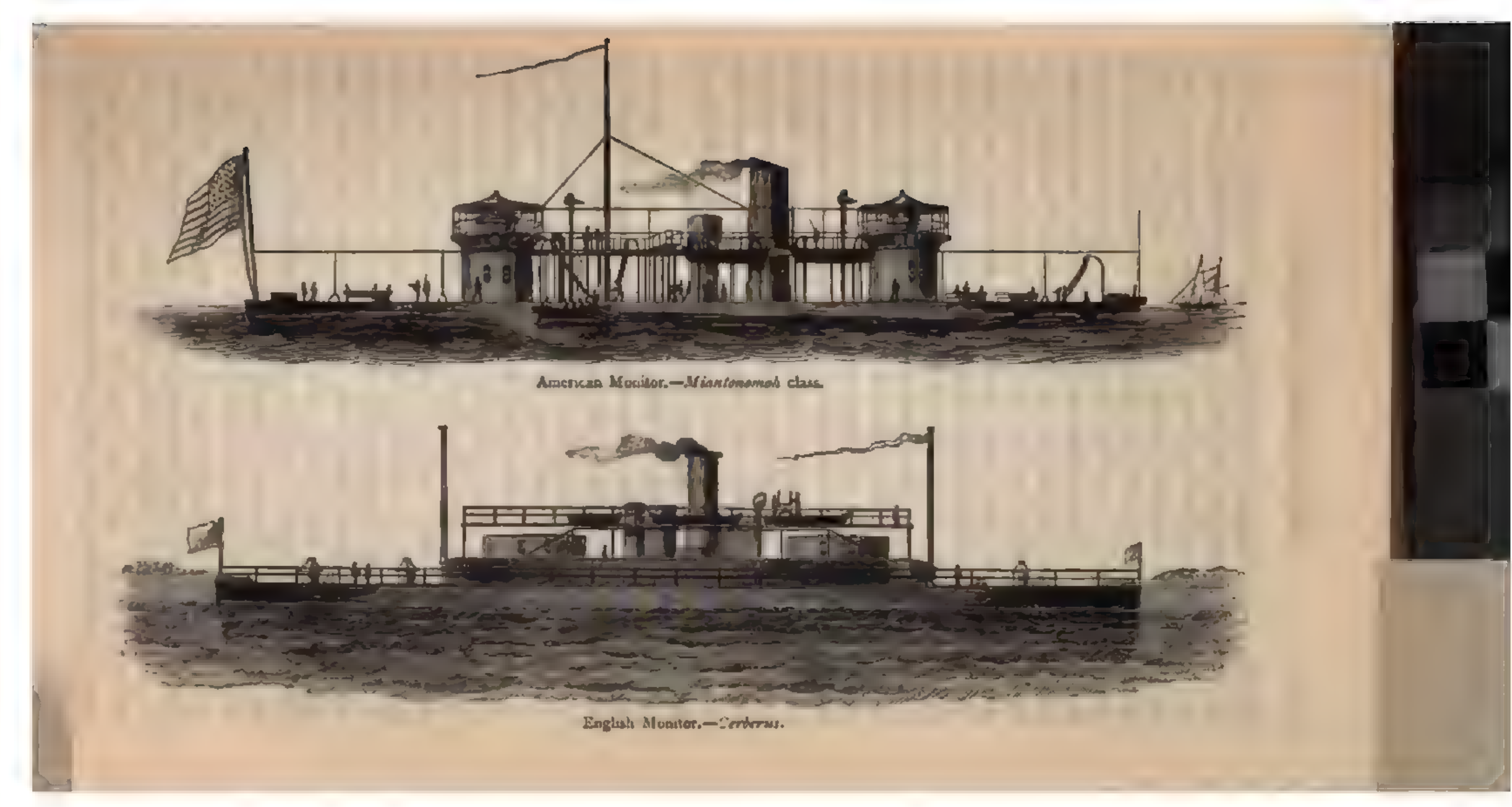
# English and American Monitors.

IT is only a little more than seven years ago that the first American *Monitor* was built, and became famous by her fight with the Confederate iron-clad *Merrimac;* yet within that brief period the novel type of war-ship thus inaugurated has been adopted in most iron-clad navies, and now threatens to replace, to a large extent, other classes of armoured ships. The American iron-clad fleet, we need hardly say, consists almost exclusively of monitors; the Russians also possess a considerable number which are in service on the Baltic; Prussia, Holland, and other European nations have some ships of the class, and so have the South American powers. The French have not, however, built any such vessels as yet, although they have purchased one from America, the *Onondaga;* and it is only within the last two or three years that we have begun the construction of these vessels, of which we now have six built and building. This delay on the part of our Admiralty, in view of the proven usefulness of the American monitors, seems at first sight very strange, and it has been made the subject of severe censures in the press and elsewhere. A review of the circumstances of the case, however, shows that there were good reasons for some delay in following the lead of the Americans; but it cannot be denied that the interval which actually elapsed before any action was taken, was most improper and unnecessary. In the course of this article we shall again refer to this point, and shall attempt to set forth briefly, but clearly, the principal differences between our own and the American monitors; for although the Americans supplied us with the model of this class of ship, it can, with perfect truth, be asserted that our designers have improved upon it considerably. In order to assist our description, we have given the accompanying engravings of an American monitor of the *Miantonomoh* class, and of the first of our monitors, the *Cerberus*, now fitting out at Chatham, for her voyage to Melbourne, where she is to be stationed.

Giving precedence, as is but right, to the American ship, it may be well to sketch briefly her principal features. The first thing that

strikes one on looking at the engraving, is, that she resembles a raft rather than an ordinary ship. Her upper deck is only two feet above water, and above this the turrets, funnel, air-shaft, and hurricane deck between the turrets, form the only projections. There are no masts or sails, and the engines constitute the sole propelling power. In each turret, it will be observed, there are two guns, and between the turrets are placed the funnel for conveying away the smoke from the boilers, and the air-shaft which supplies fresh air to the interior of the ship. The latter is placed on the after side of the funnel in the ship we have taken as our example, and it will be noticed that it is carried up to such a height above the deck as to render it very improbable that waves can break over it, and pour down through it into the ship. There are a few openings or hatchways in the upper deck by which access is gained to the interior of the ship in fine weather; but in rough water these openings have to be closed and are provided with thick armour covers for that purpose. In weather when small boats could live the upper decks of the monitors employed at Charleston and Mobile were often partially under water; and in order to give greater safety under such circumstances, the Americans have from the first protected the lower parts of the funnel and air-shaft by means of armour plating. Had not this arrangement been made, the penetration of these parts might, and probably would, have caused the loss of many monitors, since water would thus have found access into the interior of the ship. We need hardly say that the upper decks of all monitors are covered with protective plating, since they are very liable to injury from depressed fire, as was again and again proved in the attacks on Charleston and other places. Penetration of the deck, when fighting in rough water, would almost certainly cause the loss of an American monitor; and all our recent broadside ships carry on their lofty upper decks guns intended to be used for this purpose. By means of thicker deck plating, the danger can, of course, be reduced greatly, but few of the American ships have sufficient protection on their decks.

The name of Captain Ericsson will always stand connected with the introduction of the monitor type; and he certainly deserves the highest praise for the daring, and, as it proved, successful innovation. It should never be forgotten that he undertook the contract for the first ship of the class under very discouraging circumstances, the board of officers appointed to examine the various schemes for ironclads having recommended that she should be built "as an experiment . . . . . with a guaranty and forfeiture in case of failure." The



American Monitor.—*Miantonomoh* class.

English Monitor.—*Cerberus.*

principal novel features of the *Monitor* were, we think, the following:—(1.) The very small height of upper deck above water, or "free-board." (2.) The cylindrical form of turret, and the method of supporting it upon a central spindle that revolves with it. (3.) The system of artificial ventilation, which was, of course, necessitated by the low free-board. (4.) The entire absence of masts and rigging. Our countryman, Captain Coles, undoubtedly should have the honour attaching to the introduction of the principle of mounting guns in revolving shields; but, up to the time that Ericsson built the *Monitor*, Captain Coles had favoured cupola-shaped, or conical shields. The system on which Captain Coles mounted and worked his turrets was also different from that employed by Ericsson; and it is still in use in our ships, being identical in principle with the arrangements of a railway turn-table, and having, in our opinion, many advantages over Ericsson's plan. Then, again, Captain Coles had proposed to reduce the height of free-board considerably in his turret ships; but we believe he had not then gone below a height of six or seven feet, which is that adopted in the *Royal Sovereign* and *Prince Albert*, turret ships on Captain Coles' plan produced about this time. In Captain Coles' ships, also, a more or less efficient rig had always formed a prominent feature.

Without referring at greater length to these facts, we will next pass on to notice some of the advantages and disadvantages attaching to the *Monitor* type introduced by Ericsson; for, though its strongest advocates think it faultless, there are some weighty drawbacks to its undoubted excellences. First, as to the advantages. The turrets, turned as they are by small auxiliary engines, can be made to revolve rapidly and to bring their guns to bear on almost any point, since there are so few projections above the deck, and no rigging to interfere with the fire. The small height of free-board, also, leads to a very great reduction in the surface of the side that has to be armoured, and in the weight of armour that has to be carried; while it renders the target presented by the ship to an enemy's aim very much smaller and less easy to hit. These are undoubtedly very desirable features in an iron-clad; but they are accompanied by some serious disadvantages. We have already referred to one of these,—the liability to penetration of the low upper deck. Others result from the small amount of buoyancy given by the low free-board. A moderate leak sufficed to sink the *Monitor* herself; and the *Weehawken* is stated in official American reports to have been lost by a wave having washed over the deck and down the hatchway near the bow, the cover to which was not in place, as the weather was moderately fine.

It is also a well-known fact, that of the monitors struck by torpedoes several disappeared within two or three minutes after the explosion. Had the free-board been greater, such rapid foundering would obviously have been impossible; but the quantity of water required to sink a monitor two feet is not at all large, so that she soon goes down. The designers of the monitors have had this last-mentioned fact brought before them most forcibly on one or two occasions,—ships which should have floated with their upper decks two feet above water having had a much less height of free-board. No better example of this kind of failure can be given than that afforded by the so-called light-draught monitors, of which a considerable number were built. An American author,[a] alluding to this circumstance, says,—"From an error in calculation (these vessels) instead of floating at their proper height were, when launched, so low in the water as to be unserviceable." The confession is ingenuous; but we fear the British public would fail to bear with equanimity the discovery that "an error of calculation" had rendered, say, a score of ships "unserviceable." Care in designing, of course, removes this danger; but we mention the facts simply as an illustration of the necessity for such care when the estimated free-board is so small. A more serious disadvantage in these monitors is, however, that connected with the small height of the turret ports above water,—not greater, in most cases, than five or six feet. In moderately rough weather, therefore, waves would wash into the ports if it were attempted to fight the guns; and Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in his report on the Trans-Atlantic voyage of the *Miantonomoh*, says most distinctly that this is the case. Even if the ports were higher up, however, the turrets could not be lifted nor turned under such circumstances, since the junction of their bases with the deck can only be made watertight by allowing the turrets to rest upon the deck. The original *Monitor* was lost because this junction was not thus made watertight; and in the cases of the *Miantonomoh* and *Monadnock* special precautions were taken to prevent leaks beneath the turrets when the ships were at sea, the means adopted answering this purpose, no doubt, but preventing the working of the turrets. It thus appears that in even a moderate sea-way American monitors have little or no fighting capability.

These considerations have, probably, had much to do with the delay, previously referred to, which took place before the Admiralty

[a] Dr. Boynton, in his "History of the Navy during the Rebellion."

authorised the construction of any monitors, and have certainly had much to do with the alterations made in the type of our ships. The British navy, it was felt, must have monitors capable of keeping the Channel, and fighting in most weathers, and this the American ships certainly could not do. In addition, there was the struggle against our long-continued custom and traditional policy, that had to be conquered before sail-power was given up. At length, after considerable agitation of the subject, the Admiralty produced their improved monitor type,—for, though so long delayed, it really is an admirable solution of the difficult problem, how best to combine low free-board with fighting efficiency in a sea-way. The engraving of the *Cerberus* will help us greatly in our remarks on this class, as she fully represents the characteristics of all the other vessels. Before commencing our description, we would remark that American experience has undoubtedly proved very valuable to our designers, and that this obligation should be fully acknowledged.

On referring to the engravings, the reader will see that the *Cerberus* has several features resembling those of her American rival. For example, she has two turrets, a funnel, and an air-shaft, for supplying fresh air to the interior. The arrangements for ventilation and propulsion, which are not indicated in the engravings, are also similar in the two ships. Here, however, resemblance ceases. Instead of having the separate protection given to the bases of the turrets, funnel, and air-shaft in the American ship, the *Cerberus* has all those parts protected by an armoured breastwork, or wall, rising from the upper deck to a height of about seven feet. The space on the upper deck thus enclosed is about one-half the whole length, and its breadth is such as to allow space for passing forward and aft outside the breastwork. In this space the turret-beds are built and the turret engines are placed, being protected by a deck, covered with iron plating, built across the top of the breastwork. This most valuable device we owe to the Chief Constructor of the Navy, Mr. Reed; and it has given a name to our vessels, which are generally known as "breastwork-monitors." Our principal interest obviously centres in the examination of the fighting capability of our monitors in a sea-way, and their general safety, as compared with their American competitors. Now, as nearly all the openings into the interior of the *Cerberus* are on the breastwork deck, and as the turret-junctions are at the same height above water—viz., nine or ten feet—it is obvious that she could not be lost, either like the *Weehawken* or the original *Monitor*. Then, again, the turret ports of the *Cerberus* are quite five feet higher out of the water than those of American vessels; so

that, apart from the impossibility of the latter working the turrets in a sea-way, it will be obvious that the *Cerberus* possesses an immense advantage. In fact, although she has such a low upper-deck, the *Cerberus* would probably be able to fight her turret-guns in as heavy weather as one of our broadside iron-clads—say, the *Hercules*—could fight in.

So far, then, the change of type is most satisfactory; but it possesses other advantages. The breastwork-decks of our monitors are seven or eight feet higher above water than the upper decks of American monitors, and would consequently be quite dry in weather when the latter would be swept by waves. Hence it would be possible to obtain some natural ventilation through the hatchways in the breastwork deck, which could be kept open, when American monitors would be altogether dependent on their ventilating or "blowing" engines; and it would only be in very heavy weather, or in action, that these hatchways need be closed. Perhaps this may at first sight seem but a minor point; but anyone who has read the reports of American officers on the exhaustion produced by the crews being cooped up between decks in the monitors, will know that it is not so. One other point must be noticed. Mr. Reed has publicly stated that the breastwork system entails the necessity for using very little more weight of protective material on the hull, breastwork, and decks, than would be required if the American type were followed. This is most important, as it removes the only possible ground for preferring the American style of monitor, even for service in inland waters.

A few remarks will suffice with respect to the mode of working, or navigating, these monitors. Under ordinary circumstances the officer in charge would, in both English and American monitors, be stationed on the flying deck, from whence he could obtain a good out-look; and in the *Cerberus* the unprotected steering wheel, shown in the engraving, would then be used. When fighting an action both commander and steersmen, must, however, be protected behind armour, and this is accomplished very differently in our own and in American ships. Above the turrets of the latter, armoured cylindrical pilot-houses are built, in which the steering wheels are placed and the commanding officer stands, holes being cut in the sides of the pilot-house to enable him to observe the enemy's movements. Although built above the turrets, the pilot-houses are not intended to turn with them; but in many cases, when they have been struck by shot and damaged, they have so turned, and in consequence all the steering apparatus has been rendered useless. In the *Cerberus* no such accidents are possible; for, instead of pilot-houses, there is a fixed

pilot-tower, strongly armoured, built immediately abaft the funnel, and while the commanding officer stands in it and directs the movements of the ship, she is steered by means of a wheel placed directly below the tower and within the breastwork. Even if the flying deck and all its fittings were shot away, therefore, the steering power of the *Cerberus*, and her real fighting capability, would not be in the least affected.

The limits of this article preclude our dealing more fully with this interesting subject. We must add, however, before concluding, that, in armour and armament, our monitors are, as a whole, superior to the American. Our ships have *solid* armour, the American vessels have *laminated* armour, made up of several layers of plates, about one inch thick, riveted together—an arrangement which trials at Shoeburyness have shown to be much weaker than our solid plates, when the total thicknesses are equal. Besides this, our ships are structurally stronger and safer than the American vessels. Some of the latter have been so weakly built as to suffer severely from the strains caused by a mere coasting voyage. Our monitors, on the contrary, are built on the cellular system carried out in the *Great Eastern*, and are therefore exceptionally strong; while the "double bottoms" given to them prevent the possibility of the sudden flow of water into the hold which takes place if the outside plating of the American monitors is penetrated, and which has caused the loss of many of them. In conclusion, we may state that two of the five monitors now building in this country are intended for the defence of Bombay, and are very similar to the *Cerberus;* while the other three are to be added to our own Navy, and in both offensive and defensive power constitute by far the most formidable war-vessels ever built. One of these, the *Glatton*, is to serve in the Channel or the Mediterranean; the other two are the sea-going monitors of which the design was so much debated in Parliament and elsewhere a few months ago.

H.

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# The Salmon Question.

## HOW OUR FOREFATHERS TREATED IT.

IT has been generally supposed that, until a comparatively recent period, little, if anything, was known about the natural history of the salmon, and it has, perhaps, almost as generally been thought that the legislation which Parliament was chronically invited to sanction on the salmon subject, was, until the last few years, illconsidered, immature, and incomplete.

That the present generation of salmon conservators owe a deep debt to such men as Young and Shaw; that by the patient and observant labours of these men, and their fellow workers, facts, about which our ancestors were uncertain, have been established; that availing themselves of the information which has thus been acquired, Government has been able to frame laws which, on the whole, are wise and salutary—these are facts, the truth of which everyone with the slightest acquaintance with the history of our salmon rivers must be prepared to admit. But the historical view of the subject, the aspect which the salmon question wore hundreds of years ago, is a very different one; a question, indeed, which our practical conservators have not, perhaps, had the opportunity of investigating. They have heard their fathers say that before such a weir was built, or such a mine was opened, salmon were plentiful; but the real root of the question, the cause why salmon were plentiful in their fathers' time, the mighty battle which our forefathers raged in the olden time for the salmon's sake, lies buried amidst a hecatomb of old acts of Parliament dishonoured, and, if it were not for a famous judgment, it might be added, forgotten. Yet anyone who will disinter these acts from the grave in which they have so long lain hidden, and will pursue the train of thought, and follow the course of reading to which they naturally lead, will find much that is worthy of consideration in the course of his investigations. He will find that our ancestors had a more intimate knowledge of the natural history of the salmon than has usually been supposed, and a far keener sense of the importance of preserving the fish than has been generally imagined. Investigations of this sort cannot be entirely useless; at a time when there is some prospect of amended salmon legislation, they have a double

interest; they may teach us some lessons which it may be wise for us to remember; they may point out some mistakes, which it may be desirable to avoid.

The salmon question, which has dwindled into such comparative unimportance, was originally what Mr. Hepworth Dixon has called it "Our chief domestic topic." All over England,—for there are few rivers in England which are not naturally suited to salmon,—the salmon harvest was a harvest on which the population was in a great measure dependent. Its importance may be measured from the fact that one of the provisions which the barons inserted in the Great Charter was, that from henceforth the Crown should not grant away to any one individual the right which was common to all its subjects, of fishing for salmon in the tidal navigable rivers; and so rigidly has this provision been kept to the present day, that no individual can restrain the public from exercising this common right of fishing who cannot show a grant made by the Crown to his ancestors of the particular fishery of an older date than Magna Charta. Whether the provision was a wise one, or whether it has proved to be salutary to our salmon fisheries, is another question, but it bears ample testimony to the importance of our salmon fisheries 650 years ago, and consequently deserves every consideration in this article.

But the barons were not content with simply imposing this restraint upon the Crown. They inserted a provision in the Charter that all kidels—a kidel was a weir fitted with nets for the capture of fish—"shall be utterly put down by Thames and Medway, and throughout all England, except by the sea coast." The provision, no doubt, had a double object, the welfare of the fishery, and the safety of the navigation. On the shores of the broad sea the weir, comparatively speaking, inflicted but little injury on either the navigation or the fish. The rivers were the places where it was most necessary to preserve the fish. They were the great highways which it was essential should remain unobstructed.

The provision, however, was clearly directed to the double object. Edward the First, the English Justinian, was the first distinctly to provide for the preservation of the fish. In the thirteenth year of his reign an act was passed applicable to the "Humber, Ouse, Trent, Done, Aire, Derwent, Wherfe, Nid, Yore, Swale, Tese, and all other waters (wherein salmons be taken)." The special favour shown to the Yorkshire rivers is curious. They are instanced by name. But the provisions of the act are still more remarkable. It provides a close time, as it would now be called, from the Nativity of Our Lady (8th September), to St. Martin's day (11th November), and thus affirms

the sound principle of a close time for salmon. But singularly enough, it makes this close time end at the very time when, according to modern experience, the fish are most valuable, when they are, in fact, actually engaged in spawning. Is it possible that our ancestors, though willing to give the fish free access to the spawning beds, were unwilling to deny themselves the pleasures of the old English sport of leistering; and so deliberately fixed the commencement of the fishing season at the moment when leistering could be most successfully carried on? That the anomaly did not arise from any ignorance of the natural history of the fish the next provision will sufficiently prove. This provision forbids the taking of young salmons from the midst (medio) of April to the Nativity of St. John the Baptist (24th June), by nets or other engines at millpools: and consequently, clearly proves that our ancestors had established the identity of the smolt with the young of salmon, as no other reason could have justified such a provision before the grilse were in the rivers, and during the migration of the smolts to the sea. The act goes on to appoint overseers to see that its provisions were observed.

Sixty-five years passed without any other statute, to which reference need be made. The object of the 25th Edw. III. c. 4, was, if we take the words in the schedule of the Salmon Fishery Act, 1861, by which it was repealed, that "new weirs shall be pulled down and not repaired." But these words convey only an imperfect apprehension of the meaning of the act. "Whereas," it runs, "the passage of boats in the great rivers of England be oftentimes annoyed by the enhansing of gorces, mills, wears, &c. . . . it is accorded and established that all such gorces, &c., raised and set up in the time of King Edward, the King's grandfather, . . . be out and utterly put down." The application, therefore, of the statute, is confined, first, to navigable rivers; and second, to weirs in those rivers, which obstruct the navigation. Twenty years later, another statute, the 45th Edw. III. c. 2, imposed a penalty of 100 marks on any one "who shall repair the same annoyance," or in simpler language rebuild the weir. But the object of these two statutes was a navigable object, and though they affected, they only incidentally affected, the preservation of fish.

Two very interesting acts were passed in the comparatively short reign of Richard II. The first passed in 1389, extends the provisions of the act of Edward I., which prohibited the capture of the young of salmon from the middle of April to the 24th of June in mill pools, and enacts that they shall not be taken during the same time

"elsewhere." So jealously did our ancestors preserve the fry of fish, that they went on to enact that no fisher nor garthman shall use, during this time or in any other time of the year, any nets or engines whatever, "by the which the fry of salmons or any other fish may be taken." Those who wish to see a garth, may see one still if, on their next holiday at the lakes, they stay for a few hours at low water at the little station of Seascales, close to which the Ehen runs into the sea, and they will probably then understand why our ancestors so carefully prohibited the erection of such formidable barriers to both boats and fish. But another provision of the act still remains for consideration. After reciting the close time which the act of Edward I. had enjoined, it "ordained and assented that the waters of Lone, Wyre, Mersee, Rybbyl, and all other waters in the county of Lancaster be put in defence from Michaelmas-day (25th September) to the Purification of our Lady (2nd February)." Why the rivers in Lancashire should have been placed in a different category to those in the rest of the country, it is difficult to understand; but it is curious to see the necessity for a variable close time recognised so long ago; and it is melancholy when we reflect on the state of things now, to find that there was a time when the salmon of the Mersey should have been of such importance as to earn for that river a special mention in an act of Parliament. The wisdom of the Lancashire close season, and the near relation which it bears to our own, will strike every one immediately; and it is due to the old worthies of Lancashire, to add the cause which they assigned for the variation, "because that salmons be not seasonable in the said waters in the time aforesaid." Whatever may be thought of the rest of England, the men of Lancashire, at any rate, would not consent to sacrifice their real interests for the excitement which the sport of "burning the waters" annually afforded.

The second act of this reign, passed in 1393, is chiefly interesting because it involves a nice question of translation of the old Norman-French in which it is written. After reciting two of the preceding acts, it takes advantage of the recent institution of justices of the peace, and makes them conservators to "survey the offences and defaults attempted against the statutes aforesaid," and they "also shall survey . . . all the wears in such rivers, that they shall not be very strait for the destruction of such fry and brood, but of reasonable wideness after the old assize," or as the old Norman-French puts it—"auxint surveient, touz les gors en tielx rivers qils ne soient trop estreitz pur destruction de tiel frie and brood mes de resonable ouverture solonc launcien assize." It has been recently contended

that the words, "de resonable ouverture," ought to be rendered "with a reasonable opening," and not as they have usually been translated, "of reasonable wideness." If the contention be correct, it follows that the words have reference to the gap, or fishway, which it is thus enacted there must be in every weir, and not to the distance between the bars of the fish-trap, which probably always existed in, if it was not the actual object of, the old "gorce." But it is, to say the least, doubtful whether the words will bear the meaning which it is thus endeavoured to attach to them; for the clear, express object of the enactment was the protection of the fry of fish—"they shall not be very strait for the destruction of such fry." Surely if these words mean anything, they mean that the fry shall be able to pass through the weir; and that the hecks or bars of the weir shall be "de resonable ouverture," of a reasonable wideness, or of a reasonable distance from each other to enable them to do so. Our ancestors knew their natural history too well to say that the object of a gap in a weir was the protection of fry. If they had intended to provide the formation of a gap in each weir, they would have given the reason which made the gap desirable,—the passage of mature fish.

Weirs formed the subject of fresh legislation early in the following reign. The 1st Henry IV. c. 12, assigns a new ground for their removal. Not only did they disturb the common passage of ships and boats in the great rivers of England, but "also meadows and pastures and lands sowed adjoining to the said rivers be greatly disturbed, drowned, wasted, and destroyed by outrageous enhansing and straiting of wears .... in old time made and levied before the time of the said King Edward (the 1st), whereof great damage and loss hath come to the people of the realm, and daily will come if remedy be not thereof provided;" and so "it was accorded and established that commissions shall be made in due form to sufficient persons to be justices in every county of England, to survey and keep the waters and great rivers there .... and moreover to survey the wears .... made before the said time of King Edward, and them that they shall find too much enhansed or straited to correct, pull down, and amend in the manner and form aforesaid, saving always a reasonable substance of wears, &c., in old time made and levied."

The growth of legislation is worth observing. The first act of Edward III. had ordered the removal of all weirs built from the reign of Edward I. downwards; the later statute had provided machinery for enforcing their removal. The act of Richard II. had legislated on the straitness of legal weirs, or, in other words, on the hecks or

bars of fishing weirs. The statute of Henry IV. ordered the restoration of the weirs made before the time of Edward I., but since raised and heightened, to their original form: "they shall be amended in the manner and form aforesaid, saving always a reasonable height." These four acts of Parliament are not, therefore, merely repetitions of the same law, but different laws clearly framed to meet different circumstances as they occurred. But the act of Henry IV. is noteworthy from another point of view. A new reason, and a very important reason, is for the first time stated against the outrageous enhansing of weirs. All the former statutes had recognised the hindrance they occasioned to navigation. The statute of Henry IV. recognised the damage they did to land. "Meadows, pastures, and lands adjoining the said rivers be greatly disturbed, drowned, wasted, and destroyed." So that in 1399 an evil was clearly recognised, which is not thoroughly understood in the present day. The only other point in connection with this act which is worth noticing is the alteration in the manner in which conservators are to be appointed. The justices had apparently neglected their duty of appointing under-conservators. In the good old days the remedy was very clear. The local authorities would not do their duty: the central authority did it for them. Our ancestors found time amidst all their domestic troubles, within a year of a revolution, to ride out their hobby about salmon to the very end.

But the law does not seem to have been observed; for only three years later we meet with another statute, from which it seems that not only was the nuisance occasioned by these weirs still unabated, but that the difficulties which they occasioned to navigation had resulted in the loss of many lives. It is amusing to see so long ago the same complaint which was made in 1861, that the young fry of fish is "destroyed, and against reason wasted and given to swine to eat, contrary to the pleasure of God, and to the great damage of the King and his people." The rest of the statute is supplementary to the previous legislation. In 1285, overseers had been appointed. In 1389 we find these overseers again appointed under the name, which has lasted to the present day, of conservators. In 1393, justices of the peace were formally made conservators, and empowered to appoint under-conservators. In 1399 the Government, finding the duty neglected, undertook the appointment of conservators itself; and in the present statute, because the duty was still neglected, we find provision made for paying the conservators for each day's work which they performed.

The use of stalkers and of "any other nets" or "engines whatever

by which the fry or brood of salmons may in any wise be taken or destroyed," had been prohibited in 1389. An act passed in 1423 contains a kindred provision, "that the standing of nets and engines called trinks, and all other nets which be . . . fastened . . . continually day and night by a certain time in the year, to great posts, boats, and anchors overthwait the river of Thames and other rivers . . . be wholly defended for ever." The possessors of the said trinks, "if they be of assize," were, however, allowed "to fish with them at all seasonable times, drawing and pulling them by hand as other fishers do." It had been the object of the previous statutes to abate the nuisance of weirs; it was the object of the present act to do away with fixed nets. The provision that they may be used as drag nets is very curious, since it contains the first mention of a legal mesh for a net—"if they be of assize"—just as the act of 1393 had recognised the fact that the law required a certain space between the bars of a fishing weir.

The next act, passed in the twelfth year of the reign of Edward IV., deserves especial attention. It commences by reciting the provisions of the Great Charter, and of the act passed "in the first year of the usurped reign of King Henry IV."; "contrary to which charter and all the statutes aforesaid in divers parts of this realm of England in destruction of the fish, and in disturbance of the passages of ships, &c., divers and many wears, fish-garths, and other disturbances be daily made, raised, enhansed, and enlarged;" and concludes by enacting that these old statutes shall be rigidly observed. The act has an especial interest from the doubt which has arisen whether it be applicable to non-navigable rivers or no; a doubt which, although it has been determined in the Court of Queen's Bench, will probably be referred to another of the superior courts for consideration; but, till this reference has been made, it is fair to assume that Lord Chief Justice Cockburn is right in saying that this act, as well as all the preceding statutes, were applicable to navigable rivers only.*

The only act passed on the salmon subject in the reign of

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* The Act of 1705 distinctly confirms the Lord Chief Justice's view. As will be seen below, this act "extended" the act of 17 Edward I., to the rivers of Hampshire and Wiltshire. The words of the 17 Edward I. are at least as general in their application as those of any of the old statutes that we have been considering; but it seems quite clear that our ancestors did not consider it applicable to the Hampshire and Wiltshire rivers, or they would never have written that it "shall extend and be in full force" in those rivers; but they would have been contented with reciting the statute, and ordering that it should "be strictly enforced."

Henry VII. is described in the schedule of the Salmon Fishery Act. as an act allowing "every man to pull down the wears and engines in the haven of Southampton." The 23rd Henry VIII. c. 18, is also local in its reference; but it refers to a very important group of rivers, the tributaries of the Ouse. It seems that "the mayor, sheriff, and commonalty of the city of York" had complained that some persons, "studying only for their own private lucre," maintained in the Humber and Ouse "certain engines for the taking of fish, commonly called fish-garths, by reason whereof ships . . . . and other vessels are daily in jeopardy, and men, children, goods, and merchandises in the same of late have been . . . . drowned, slain, and destroyed; also the brood and fry of fish . . . . . . be commonly thereby destroyed and putrified;" and so it was enacted, according to the short, sharp practice of our ancestors, that "these garths be pulled down."

The act of 1558 (1 Eliz. c. 17) was an elaborate attempt for insuring the preservation of the spawn, fry, and young brood of eels, salmons, pikes, and all other fish. It declares that "no person shall by any means take and kill any young spawn or fry" of fish "in any straits, streams, brooks, rivers, fresh or salt, within the realm of England;" nor "kill any salmons or trouts not being in season, being kepper salmons or kepper trouts, shedder salmons or shedder trouts." No pike were to be killed less than ten inches; no salmon less than sixteen inches; no trout less than eight inches; and no barbel less than twelve inches long; and no net was to be used "whereof every mesh or mask" shall not "be two inches and a half broad." The only fish exempted from the statute are smelts, loches, minnies, gudgeons, and eels. The statute was, in the first instance, temporary in its duration; but it was perpetuated by the 3 Car. I. c. 4. Probably no act, either before or since, ever went so far as this old act of Elizabeth towards the preservation of fish; and, unquestionably, if they were still in force, some of its provisions would be useful in the present day. There may be difficulties in the practical working of an act which prescribes that no fish of less than a certain number of inches in length shall be killed; but there can be no difficulty in stipulating that no net of less than a certain mesh shall be used. It has been usually assumed that the words "two inches and a half broad" were intended to mean "two inches and a half from knot to knot, or ten inches round;" and if this interpretation be correct, the Legislature took a retrogade step in 1861, in fixing the salmon mesh at two inches from knot to knot, or eight inches round. But it seems probable that the words did not really refer to the distance from knot

to knot, but to the breadth of the mesh, or the distance of each knot from the opposite knot, the prescribed mesh being consequently five inches, and not ten inches, round. And this view is confirmed by a clause in the very next act, which it will be found necessary to consider (3 Jas. I. c. 12), which, after prescribing that no one should fish with a drag net with less than a three-inch mesh, adds the explanatory words, "Vizt. one inch and a half from knot to knot."

The act of Elizabeth was repealed in 1861, only so far as it affected salmon; and to this extent it was probably intended to limit its repeal. But Parliament appears to have overlooked the fact that its existence depended on the act of Charles I., by which it was made perpetual; and this act—or, to speak more strictly, the portion of this act by which the act of Elizabeth was continued—it unconditionally repealed.

The next statute, passed in 1606, is extremely curious, as it commences by stating, as an admitted fact, what is now a hotly contested point in natural history: "*It is certainly known by daily experience* that the brood of sea fish is *spawned* and lieth in still waters where" —and here lies the naturalist's reason for the statement—"it may have rest, to receive nourishment and grow to perfection." But, even in those days, little rest had the poor young fish. "It is there destroyed by wears, draw nets, and nets with canvas, or like engines in the middle or bosom of them, in harbours, havens, and creeks within this realm." And great was the destruction which this very curious act sets forth: "Every wear near the main sea taketh, in twelve hours, sometimes the quantity of five bushels, sometimes ten, sometimes twenty or thirty bushels of the brood of sea fish." Had such a state of things occurred in our own day, there would have been, no doubt, a commission, a bulky volume of evidence, and a very exhaustive report. But our ancestors managed these matters differently, for they settled the whole question in a short act of four sections. New wears were forbidden on the sea coast, or within five miles of any basin or creek. No one was to "take, destroy, or spoil the spawn, fry, or brood of any sea-fish;" or to "fish with any drag-net or draw-net under three inches meash, vizt. one inch and a half from knot to knot." The act is so interesting that, although it does not directly deal with salmon, the temptation to allude to it in an article of this description is irresistible.

No further act on the salmon subject was passed during the seventeenth century; but the commencement of the eighteenth century saw a new act on the statute books, which, though only local in its application, is quite as interesting as any of those which had

preceded it. The act had reference only to Southampton and the southern portions of Wiltshire, and began by referring to the means by which the salmon fisheries of these counties had been destroyed. The same language would be almost equally applicable to the Test, the Itchen, and the Avon to-day. There are "divers engines and other devices in and upon the main rivers, and in the new channels, dykes, and cuts out of the same rivers, by means whereof the salmon stripes or kippers, as well as the young fry or smelts, be taken and destroyed, and prevented from returning to the sea in season. And" —so selfish in those days were salmon fishery proprietors—"the owners and occupiers of the salmon fisheries within the said counties, regarding only their private and greedy profit, do destroy the stock of the said fisheries by preventing the breed of good fish to pass in season through their fishing wyres and fishing hatchways to spawn; and by killing such as are under size, and by fishing continually out of season." Nor were these selfish proprietors the only enemies the salmon had. "Divers sturdy and disorderly persons . . . . do poach with nets and angles, guns, and other unlawful engines." The remedy was very simple. Certain acts, notably the 13th Edward I., with its close time for salmon and salmon fry, were extended to those southern rivers; and though the provision looks very like a prohibition of the sale of clean fish, no person shall "take, kill, or destroy any salmon, salmon peale, or salmon kind . . . . until after the 11th day of November in any year, or"—and the advance in legislation is remarkable—"offer to sale any of the said fish so taken." Our ancestors had learned that the best way of stopping the illegal capture of fish was to throw difficulties in the way of its sale.

The rest of this remarkable act contains provisions for effecting the passage of fish over obstacles, and saving them from artificial channels. "If any . . . salmon kind shall go into any of the dykes, cuts or water-carriages"—the water meadows of Hampshire existed in 1705—"the owners and occupiers of meadow grounds . . . shall permit the said fish to pass or go out of the said cuts . . . into the main river;" "and all owners and occupiers of corn, fulling, and paper mills, and other mills . . . shall constantly keep open one scuttle or small hatch of a foot square in the waste hatch or watercourse wherein no water-wheel standeth, sufficient for the salmon to pass and repass freely up and down the said rivers in the said counties, from the 11th day of November to the 31st day of May in every year, during which season the old salmon and the young fry of the preceding year retire to the sea, . . . and the breeding salmon come from the sea to spawn, . . . and in case they shall

lay any pots or nets to catch eels after the 1st day of January to the 10th day of March in every year (which they may do), they shall set racks before them, to keep out of the said pots or nets the old salmon or kippers, which, during that season, are out of kind, and returning to the sea; and after the 10th day of May to the 31st of May in every year, they shall lay no pots, net, or engine, but what shall be wide enough for the fry of salmon to pass through to the sea. Nor shall take or keep, or offer to sale, any of the young fry, that, during the season aforesaid, are returning from the said rivers to the sea." The act abounds in curious proofs of the knowledge which our forefathers possessed of the natural history of the salmon.

Another curious act, though also only local in its application, was passed in the reign of Anne. The 9 Anne, c. 26, forbids any person to wilfully kill in the Thames, "any spawn, fry, or brood of fish, or spatt of oysters, or any unsizeable small or unwholesome fish," or to sell or to "use as food for hogs" any such fish; but its description of the salmon fisheries of the Thames is the most curious part of this act. "Salmon fish," it seems, had "become very scarce by destroying great quantities of salmon, and salmon kind fish, betwixt the 24th day of August and the 11th day of November in every year, when they are out of season or spawning." And so it was enacted, that the old close time should be rigidly kept, in order that they "may become very plentiful in the said fishery as they were formerly." A very different remedy would, it is feared, be necessary to day, to make "salmon kind fish" "very plentiful" in the Thames, "as they were formerly."

But fresh legislation became necessary only four years afterwards; for, "notwithstanding the many good laws made for the preservation and improvement of the fishery in that part of this kingdom called England," "the fraudulent practices of divers persons" had counteracted their useful design. It seems that, in direct contravention of an act of Charles II., some foreigners had actually presumed to import fish into "that part of this kingdom called England" "to the great discouragement and impoverishment of his Majesty's subjects, and manifest detriment of the fishery and navigation;" and so our good sturdy ancestors enacted, that "no cod, herring, pilchards, salmon, or ling, fresh or salted, dried or bloated, . . . nor any other sort of fresh fish whatsoever," shall be sold in England which shall be bought of "foreigners or out of any stranger or stranger's bottom," except, and the exception is too amusing to miss, "Protestant strangers inhabiting within this kingdom." It is marvellous that the intolerance of the eighteenth century should have carried protection

so far. It is still more marvellous as the experiment had previously been tried and failed. An act passed in the reign of William III., under the very curious title of "An act for making Billingsgate a free market for the sale of fish," had prohibited the importation of lobsters and turbots in foreign vessels. The natural results had followed, "the said prohibition has made lobsters and turbots much dearer," and so, in this most intolerant of acts, absolutely excluding foreign vessels from our markets, the act of William III. was repealed, and turbots and lobsters were allowed to be imported, as they had been before, by any one.

The rest of the act has reference to the more immediate subject of this article. The act of 1705 had applied, as has been seen, the close time of Edward I. to the Hampshire and Wiltshire rivers; the present act changed the close time for those rivers from the 30th of June to the 12th November, to from the 1st of August till the 12th of November.

The Lancashire rivers had never tolerated the close time for the rest of the country. From the earliest days they had always fixed their close season on the principles which are in favour to-day; and the proprietors of the Ribble took advantage of an act passed in 1750 (23 Geo. II. c. 26), to change their close time again, fixing it from the 14th of September to the 2nd of January. "It would be more advantageous to the salmon fisheries of the Ribble," so our ancestors expressed themselves, if persons were restrained from taking salmon between the 14th day of September and the 2nd day of January.

An act of 1774, dealing solely with the Severn and its tributary the Verniew, and which repeals, so far as those rivers are concerned, the old act of Elizabeth, and an act passed in Charles II.'s reign, for the regulation of the fisheries of those rivers, does not require any protracted mention in this article. It fixes the mesh of all nets at one inch and three-eighths from knot to knot, or five inches and a half round, except in the months of "November, December, January, June, or July," when it increases the size of the mesh to "two inches and a half" from knot to knot, "or ten inches round." No one is to "put or throw out . . . any net or nets while another net shall be drawing;" and in March and April "the inside wheel or diddle" of putts is to be taken out "in such a manner as to permit the spawn and fry of fish to go and pass through such putts without being stopped or taken." Except on Sundays anglers are to be allowed to take samlets, but they are not to be allowed to offer them for sale.

An act of 1796 is also local in its application. It has reference

to our old friends, the Hampshire and Wiltshire rivers; and wisely alters the injudicious close season which the act of Anne had fixed for those rivers to the more suitable season—September the 12th to January the 1st—which the Ribble had already adopted.

Three important acts, passed in the present century, two of which have been passed in the present reign, will conclude this historical sketch of salmon legislation. The first of these, which was passed in 1818, refers in the preamble to the advantage of extending the protection, which had been accorded to some rivers, to all; and proceeds to enjoin the appointment at quarter sessions of conservators for each county, and to empower these conservators "to fix certain days, not exceeding one hundred and fifty days in each year, to be fence days for the several rivers respectively," for which no close time had been fixed.

The other provisions of the act may be very briefly stated. It prohibits the use of any lime, or water impregnated with any drug, &c., for the purpose of capturing fish. It prohibits the use of any fire, light, or white object for fishing purposes; it prohibits the capture, except by angling, of the brood spawn or small fry of salmon; it prohibits the placing of any obstruction to hinder the passage of the "young salmon" to the sea; and it prohibits the sale of any spawn, fry, or brood of fish, or any unsizeable fish, or any kepper or shedder salmon, "or any salmon caught in the close time."

The first act passed in the present reign, may be very briefly mentioned, as it did practically little more than extend the provisions of the act of 1818, so far as close time is concerned, to all the rivers of the country; and the second and only other act which it is necessary to notice in this article, directed that the term river should include the tributaries of the river.

With this act the history of the past closes. The next salmon act would introduce us to the present state of the law.

To that consideration it is not the purpose of this article to refer. It is sufficient to have traced in its various stages the great salmon controversy from the days of King John to our own time; and possibly the reflection may teach us what it is good to adopt, and what it is good to avoid; may throw a new light—it is to be hoped an instructive light—on salmon legislation.

S. WALPOLE.

# THE AURORA POLARIS.

A PITY it was that the skies of England were generally clouded on the night of the fifteenth of April last, for on that date there was a display of the aurora borealis so beautiful that by all accounts it must have equalled if not excelled some of the brilliant manifestations of which we are told by polar voyagers. On several of the earlier days or rather nights of the same month, assiduous watchers had caught sight of the polar luminosity showing itself diffidently and blushingly, but on the evening in question it came forth with a splendour seldom witnessed in these comparatively low latitudes. I saw its last beams at three in the morning of the sixteenth, and then it was fighting for supremacy with the morning twilight: the true aurora lit up the eastern sky, and spreading northward met the fickle rival that has borrowed its name, so that there was seeming day-break around half the horizon. Beautiful streamers were shooting towards the zenith even then; but they must have been but a weak remnant of what were beheld by an observing friend at Tuam in Ireland. At midnight he saw the bright shafts dart from all quarters, even from the south, and meet nearly overhead, giving the spectator the idea that he was standing beneath a vast ribbed dome where a trembling play of light appeared to give motion to its features. From all parts of France observant people sent accounts full of expressions of wonder and admiration to their Academy of Sciences; and Belgian physicists graphically described the changeful phases of the exhibition. Throughout the northern States of America the display was most brilliant. From the hour of darkness till dawn, said one reporter, the heavens were suffused with tremulous tints of rose and violet, and a little before midnight the phenomenon assumed overhead the appearance of a great spectral tent, the curtains of which, looped to the four quarters of the sky, were stirred by a mighty wind. The Transatlantic observers declare that nothing of like splendour has been witnessed since the great exhibition of 1859. This was an aurora indeed; one of the grandest ever seen, and certainly the most notable and best watched. Extending in time over several days—from the 28th of August to the 4th of September—and in space over well-nigh the whole globe; intense in

its light, vivid in its colour, incessant in its changes, and powerful in its electrical influence, it afforded scope for observation and speculation wider than any similar event before or since.

On the 13th of May this year we had another display which promised to vie in every particular with its April rival; it equalled it in brilliance and in the intensity of its coloured coruscations, but its duration was short, and it was far less extensively observed than the former exhibition, at least in Europe, and in countries that have as yet published scientific intelligence up to its date.

The northern light of April was first discovered soon after sunset on the 15th; but it seems probable that the phenomenon had commenced during the day before, only the sunlight prevented our seeing the best part of it. There are records of auroræ having been seen in full daylight, notwithstanding the generally accepted belief that they never begin to be developed till after sunset. One was observed at Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, on the 10th of February, 1799, when the sun was a full hour from setting; and another on the 25th of May, 1788. This last commenced the night before and, as usual, it gave rise to considerable unsteadiness in the images of stars seen in a telescope. The next day, at near noon, the observer, Dr. Usher, noticed that stars again fluttered in his glass—bear in mind the larger stars can well be seen in the day time with even a small telescope—and he suspected an aurora to be the cause. The sky was scanned, and whitish rays were seen to be ascending from all parts of the horizon, and meeting near the zenith, forming such a canopy as he had seen the night before.

But there is a sense not human which discerns an aurora whether it occur by day or night, be it visible or invisible to mortal eye. I allude to that perception which dwells in the magnetic needle. The loadstone has been and is, in more languages than one, called the *lover:* if mythological relations were permissible now-a-days, the aurora should be called its mistress, for the appearance of the one exerts a most powerful influence upon the behaviour of the other. More than a century has elapsed since this interdependence presented itself to the perception of some Swedish observers, and, as may be imagined, it has been a matter of intense interest to all magneticians since the epoch of its discovery. It was remarked that the culminating point of the arch of light that commonly shows itself in considerable displays is situated in what is known as the magnetic meridian, and that the point of convergence of the luminous shafts which are called streamers is always in that part of the sky to which the south pole of a dipping needle points. As a dipping needle does

not come before every eye, it may be needful to state that it is a magnetised bar turning freely upon a horizontal axis, instead of upon a vertical one, like an ordinary compass, and that a needle so mounted *dips* its north end downwards as if it were attracted by something deep in the earth. The angle at which it inclines is different for different points on the globe: in London it is about 69 degrees: over the north or south magnetic pole the needle would stand vertically; and there is an irregular line around the world at all points along which the magnet remains horizontal, and which has, therefore, been called the magnetic equator.

In a magnetic observatory there are employed three needles for the purpose of ascertaining the varying magnitude of the terrestrial magnetic forces in all directions. Although called needles these instruments are really steel bars, some two feet, more or less, in length, and thick and broad. One is suspended by a silken skein in the magnetic meridian, and shows by its gentle oscillations the changes in the *declination*, or compass bearing. Another is partially restrained by two silken suspending cords in a position at right angles to the former, and its movements, in opposition to its ties, show the continual changes in the earth's *horizontal* magnetic force. A third is nicely balanced on knife edges, like a scale beam: its stately vibrations exhibit the varying intensity of the earth's force in a *vertical* direction. Now usually, these needles, although in constant motion, do not twist more than about half a degree from their normal position in the course of a day. Thunders may roll over them and lightnings flash in their vicinity, yet do they take no heed: the tempest is not their master; but gently, almost imperceptibly, they swerve and bow, in obedience to powers whose seat is in the bosom of the earth beneath them.

But let an auroral glimmer show itself; let the "merry maidens," as the polar lights are somewhere called, disport themselves even out of sight of the magnet watcher, and then will the needles run wild. Like a frightened thing of life they quiver and shake, and wander fitfully and far beyond their wonted bounds of oscillation. As the luminosity overhead intensifies, they increase the amplitude of their movements: as it alters its phase, they change their direction. When the aurora is at its height, they are in the greatest consternation; when it dies away, their agitation subsides. There was a time when the observation of these magnetic disturbances was a tediously laborious task. The magnets carried small mirrors attached to their suspension-fibres, and graduated scales were fixed at a distance and observed in the mirrors by the aid of telescopes. The swinging of

the mirror brought to view different parts of the scale, and thus the magnet's movements were read and measured. Hour after hour the eye was enslaved, alternately reading the scale indications of the three needles. It was hard work—all watching is; but this was severer than any other vigil keeping, because there was no expectancy to leaven it. The patience of the spell-bound alchemist has been praised; the lonely vigilance of pilot and sentinel have been sung; but the true picture of solitary, hopeless watching would be that of an observer counting clock-beats through a night, and minute by minute peering at and jotting down the reflected oscillations of a compass needle.

*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Photography is now the constant and untiring observer. One of the prettiest, perhaps the prettiest of all, of the applications of the light-drawing process, is that to the automatic registration of the movements of delicate instruments such as magnets and galvanometer needles. Well-nigh all meteorological instruments are now made to record their own actions; but some of these are moved by forces so strong that they can mark their course mechanically, by pencil upon paper. For instance, the gyrations of a wind-vane are forcible enough to rub a marking-point upon a traversing card: the pressure of wind upon a plate, and the weight of a column of mercury in a barometer tube are sufficient to move pencils and make them score their variations. The friction of the marker is not felt in these cases. But when we come to magnets whose movements can be arrested by a cobweb, mechanical tracing is out of the question. Here photography steps in. By fixing a concave mirror to the magnet, a spot of light from a neighbouring gas-flame is formed at a short distance from the reflector; and every tiny twist of the bar is rendered visible by a displacement of the light-spot. If, then, a sheet of sensitive paper be placed to receive the spot, and made by clock-work to travel slowly in a direction transverse to that of the magnet's swing, it will be impressed at every instant with the shifting beam, and there will be produced a wavy or zig-zag line, which will be, in effect, the *trail* of the magnet.

Thus do the three needles of a modern magnetic observatory perpetually observe themselves. Every day sheets of paper are set before them, and removed on the morrow, bearing the unerring record of their twenty-four hours' watch. And when a great aurora has shown itself, the traces are very beautiful. Now, the line will bend into a gentle curve; then it will be jagged like a saw; anon, it will fly away to right or to left for a few minutes, forming the outline of a graceful spire; presently, it will make an excursion beyond

the limits of the sheet, not to return for an hour or more. The larger fluctuations are common to all the traces; for the needles, in their wanderings, keep step to some extent one with the other, one force, variable in intensity, acting upon them all alike, and each showing what is the action in that particular direction in which it is constrained to move.

The disturbance of April last was a very extraordinary one: it began at about noon on the 15th and ended at about three o'clock on the following morning. It seems tolerably certain, therefore, that the aurora, although not visible—from daylight on the one hand, and cloudy weather on the other—during the whole interval, commenced and ended at those times. As yet comparison has not been made between the magnetic movements and the changes in the auroral display; if this is done, no doubt it will be found, as it has been in other cases, that the flashings, the tremors, and varying intensities of the polar-light are all identifiable with marked deflections of the magnetised bars, which will doubtless be found to have exhibited themselves wherever on the earth registers have been secured.

So it has come to be proved that there is an intimate relation between auroræ and the earth's magnetism. But this is not the only curious relation. In the early days of electric telegraphs it was found that upon occasions the wires became the media of mysterious currents that traversed them in various directions, sometimes opposing and sometimes augmenting the currents from the batteries by which the lines were worked, and sometimes putting a stop to telegraphic operations altogether. As these currents were obviously generated in the earth, they came to be called "earth currents." In course of time, when electric communications extended far and wide, and anomalous behaviours of the speaking instruments were carefully chronicled, it was recognised that these capricious earth currents showed themselves simultaneously with the magnetic disturbances I have been alluding to. By degrees the matter forced itself into importance; and at length the Astronomer Royal, who had been for some fifteen years registering magnet movements by photography, determined to apply the same system of record to two delicate galvanometers placed in the circuit of a pair of telegraph wires specially erected for the purpose in two directions a right angle apart; one line having earth connections at Croydon and Greenwich, the other at Dartford and Greenwich. By this arrangement electric currents coursing the earth's crust from north to south and from east to west were captured and caused to deflect the galvanometer needles, and

by this deflection to register their varying strength upon a photographic sheet, just as the great magnets recorded the changing magnetic forces which acted upon them.

For four years this registration has now been incessantly maintained at Greenwich; it has as yet no rival in the world; and it has been found that every remarkable magnetic storm is accompanied by a violent disturbance of these galvanometers; and, moreover, that each change of direction of the magnets is marked by a corresponding change in the swing of these needles: the movements are synchronous and similar as regards the direction in which the disturbing force acts. The great magnets have certain small movements which are diurnal, that is to say, recurring every day, and so also have the earth current needles. These have not yet been sufficiently examined to establish a similarity; but it is determined, beyond doubt, that the great magnetic disturbances are either caused by, or as it were by a strange marriage related to, the spontaneous galvanic currents generated in or traversing through the earth's crust.

Thus is the aurora affiliated to another phenomenon—these telegraph currents: and they who love curious facts may be amused at hearing that the auroral currents have actually been used for sending telegrams. It matters not to the operator where his electricity comes from; so that his line is charged he cares not whether the earth or a pile of metal plates supplies the current. When, therefore, an aurora shows itself and its electricity, he disconnects his ordinary battery, and *sends his messages by the aurora borealis.* This has been repeatedly done; it was during the late display. As a rule, however, these currents do more harm than good. Many a telegraphist has received a severe shock from them, and they have more than once set fire to combustible matters that have interrupted their course. It was conjectured that they caused the loss of the 1865 Atlantic cable, by interrupting the test currents: it is certain that the strongest of them that ever made their marks on the Greenwich registers were those of August 2 in that year—the day the cable was believed to have parted.

If we look for other coincidences with auroral displays, we shall find them in meteorological conditions. All observers of atmospheric phenomena have noted that when the northern lights appear there is a change of weather, generally from fair to stormy. But this is not established so definitely as the magnetic connection: it rests rather upon popular opinion than recorded and collated facts. One famous meteorologist, Kæmtz, regarded the relation as problematical: but then he confessed ignorance upon the point: there were not sufficient

facts to satisfy him. About equally doubtful is the connection between auroræ and solar-spots. At one time a ten or eleven-year period of recurring magnetic variations was believed in, and thought to be coincident with a similar period of solar-spot frequency. This coincidence, had it been real, would have favoured the hypothesis of a relation between auroræ and solar activity. But since a great authority has thrown doubts upon the existence of a decennial magnetic period, we must give up all its supposed relations.

And now we will leave connections to glance at one or two outstanding matters that require a word before we can put the question, What is an aurora? And first upon the height of the luminosity above the earth's surface. Upon this point estimates are very conflicting. From 50 to 500 miles has been quoted for the interval pervaded by the light-giving matter. These were limits actually observed during the display of 1859. But the shepherd observer, Farquharson, to whom we are indebted for a long series of auroral observations, fixed the elevation much lower. Once he saw the rays stream out of a low cloud, and at another time he and a distant spectator so observed a very brilliant aurora as to admit of a determination of its distance by triangulation, and the height came out less than a mile. Captain Parry, in the Arctic regions, even saw a streamer dart towards the earth at a little distance from him. Doubtless all the observed heights are correct, and the aurora is of all altitudes, from near the ground to the outermost confines of our atmosphere. Professor Loomis, who collected and discussed the observations of the 1859 display, considers that the colour of the light is an index of its altitude. He starts with the reasonable assumption that the light is analogous to that of ordinary electricity passing through rarefied air. It is known that through a tube of air of ordinary density, the fluid passes with a white light; if the air is partly rarefied it becomes rose-coloured, and if the rarefaction is increased it deepens to red or purple. So he would say that white auroral beams are low, and red or purple lights high.

Upon the nature of the light, prismatic analysis will doubtless some day inform us. At present two observations only of the spectrum of the auroral rays have been secured. These agree in proving the light to be mono-chromatic, that is, to consist of rays of only one refrangibility and colour. The singular point is that the one bright line of which the spectrum consists is not known to belong to any chemical element, nor to electricity under any condition of passage through the recognized constituents of the atmosphere.

So far the prism has bewildered the theorists, but it will help them presently.

At length we are brought to the question, What is the cause of auroral displays? This is a riddle that many philosophers have guessed at, but that no one has satisfactorily solved. We have seen how several phenomena—magnetic disturbances, terrestrial galvanic currents, auroræ, and possibly atmospheric convulsions—are linked together; it remains to be proved whether any one of these is the cause of the rest, or whether they are all consequences of some action yet to be recognized. Without a doubt the aurora is an electrical phenomenon, or it would not be so intimately connected with magnetic and electric perturbations; and yet it is a strange fact that when it shows itself there is no very abundant manifestation of atmospheric electricity near the earth's surface. The difficulty of accounting for *visible* electricity high up in air has been variously met by the savants. Biot held the luminosity to be real clouds of metallic matter lit up by electricity and arranging themselves, like magnets in the air, parallel to the dipping needle. He derived his supposed clouds from dusty matter ejected from the volcanoes known to be in action near the magnetic poles—for the south has its auroræ like the north, only they do not get so often observed. No one has supported this idea. De la Rive, the most learned electrician of our day, supposed the light to be the luminous effect of the interchange of positive and negative currents between the colder and warmer regions of the atmosphere. The Rev. George Fisher, a polar observer, considers that ice particles, condensed from the humid vapours on the margins of our polar ice-caps, play an important part in the development of visible auroræ; that electricity is produced by the coagulation; that the particles aforesaid are illuminated by the transmission of the fluid through them, and that the streamers are columns of such brightened particles ascending from lower to higher and electrically opposed strata of the atmosphere. Evidently ice grains have something to do with the matter, for it has repeatedly been noticed that frozen spiculæ descend from the sky during auroral displays: a French draughtsman while sketching the recent exhibition felt them falling upon his hands. The latest theory is that propounded by Professor Loomis, the historian of the 1859 aurora: it bears resemblance to De la Rive's. The abundant vapours ascending from the equatorial seas are held to carry up into the higher regions of the atmosphere quantities of positive electricity, whilst the earth's electricity remains negative. The former is conveyed by upper currents of the air towards the pole, and there earth and

higher air form, so to speak, the two plates of a condenser, between which an interchange of electricities takes place so soon as a certain tension is reached. This interchange is effected through spaces of least resistance, and the streaming electricity being luminous, the familiar auroral beams are manifested. The currents returning through the earth are held to be the cause of the magnetic perturbations and the disturbances in telegraphic wires. This hypothesis in its completeness is plausible; I have merely outlined it: it does not, however, nor do any of its predecessors, account for the accumulation or the sudden generation of the vast quantities of electricity necessary for an auroral display. But we may know this when we have discovered the ultimate source or the storehouse of the thunderstorm's activity. Auroræ may, after all, be the slow and silent lightnings of the poles.

# GUSTAVE DORÉ AT HOME.

M. TAINE said of Alfred de Musset—"He had the most precious of gifts for captivating an aged civilisation—youth." In Doré, also, this is the captivating quality. He is of his time, and in the van of the time. A strong, valiant, independent, alert mind; sharp in resolution, intensely clear and bright in vision, and wide in range. The appearance of the man is in complete harmony with his function and his force. He has the boyish brightness of face which is so often found to be the glowing mask of genius. The quick and subtly-searching eye; the proud, handsome lip; the upward throw of the massive head; and the atmosphere encompassing all—an atmosphere that vibrates abnormally—proclaim an uncommon presence. The value of his work apart, he is a remarkable figure of his time. He has that universality of desire, in intellectual matters, which is the distinguishing character of present mental activity. No man can have a moderately just idea of Gustave Doré, who estimates him only for his executive art skill. The range of his subjects, and the speculative audacity of treatment which he shows in fervid searches after true interpretation, announce a mind that probes before it expresses itself. A critic, who visited the exhibition of his pictures in Bond Street, and, pausing before his head of his beloved friend Rossini, in death, observed that "one doesn't bewail the loss of a friend, and then turn a shilling by the exhibition of his death mask," showed in his few coarse lines that he was incapable of understanding the master whose years of labour he described collectively as—trash. Such a writer is of too coarse a grain to feel the fine vibrations of a nature like that which responds generously to every enthusiasm, and glows when a new fact in science is reached, as brightly as when a Rossini creates, and a poet wakes his lyre. The reverence of Gustave Doré for the memory of the illustrious maestro can be understood in its entirety and thorough genuineness, only by those who have heard him play as well as seen him paint, and been with him at a table in a mixed society of his celebrated contemporaries. If ever a man obeyed the laureate's lesson to the author of the "New Timon," by resting heart and soul in art, and all that pertains to art in its highest

and widest province; that glory belongs to the greatly gifted boy who, in his teens, took up the page of Rabelais, and showed a pictorial genius with grasp and variety enough even in its young day, to apprehend every grief, and turn, and subtlety, and humour of his glorious countryman. The outside world has been busy—zealously misinformed by critics of the grain and knowledge of the writer I have quoted—with gossip on Doré's fecundity. The secret of the produce, is the prodigious strength for work of the cultivator. Sovereigns, and princes, and statesmen, making a turn in Europe, take Doré's studio, in the Rue Bayard, as one of the places of interest which the cultivated man must visit. And it is, indeed, a noble temple, lifted out of the earth by the prodigious labour of the patient and passionate lover and priest of art, who toils the day through, under its massive beams and broad-spreading top-lights.

But I can go back many years, hand in hand with the architect; and respect him the more for the travel. *Chez Doré*, we are now in the splendid comfort for work, which the successful man who remains a true man, loves to put about his labour. But suppose we turn back the records of fifteen years, and light upon the young artist who has just finished his Wandering Jew! I may observe, by the way, that a popular publishing firm have, with much ado, proclaimed themselves as the first introducers of Doré to the English public; the fact being that, fifteen years ago, when I was in the habit of seeing the artist at work upon the great blocks of the Wandering Jew, I suggested that it should be published by an English firm as well as by Michel Levy Frères; and it was accordingly issued by Messrs. Addey & Co. as a Christmas book, the plates being carefully printed in Paris. The rich imagination which conceived the visions, and the cunning hand that wrought them and fixed them upon paper, awoke that interest in the young illustrator of Rabelais, which has increased among unprejudiced English connoisseurs year by year, and which gave that solid basis of popularity by which Doré's enterprising English publishers of late years have profited.

When the Wandering Jew went forth to the world from the Rue Vivienne, the artist was struggling against enemies in the Academy and elsewhere, who would not rest in their malignity, and derided the genius that was not cut to their ancient pattern, as the romantic school were mocked and refused honours when Hugo, Lamartine, De Musset, and Theophile Gautier, and the rest, alive to the warmth as well as the light of the sun (just the distinction, it occurs to me, between the so-called romantic and classical schools), were threatened with intellectual death under the lash of Viennet, and other contem-

porary wearers of classical stays. In the young artist, whose work for the publishers was the solid fulcrum by which the painter was to raise himself presently, there was the lion heart, the confidence which is inseparable from real power, and the broad intellectual range. The nature of the gifted man was liberal in its proneness to absorb knowledge, and to profit by every aptitude for gathering that which is beautiful in life and nature. The eye was ever gipsying on the mountain or in the valley; the ear was absorbed by the witcheries and grandeur of music; and the speculative mind was hastening always from point to point of the glittering intellectual horizon. The general man must be understood, before the special form in which he is impelled to express himself to the world can be wholly comprehended and accounted for. In Doré, that which is most respectable, I will even say venerable, is the quality for which no credit has been given to him. The world has been taught to accept for sleight of hand, that exquisite easy skill which is the growth of laborious hours passed in the earliest grey lights of mornings; when holiday, and much of working, Paris, was still under the *édredon!* It was in the early working days I first knew him, when he was drawing hard in the morning, at home, and spending his afternoons in his studio in the Latin quarter—painting against the unfriendly present, for the future. The delightful pictures of the field flowers and grasses which are among the gems Doré has brought to London this summer, are but perfect presentments of patient and familiar interviews with nature held fifteen years ago. The foolish, ill-directed spectator sees the labour of a few hours consummated by a swift hand; whereas he should recognise the fruit, slowly-ripened, of a noble life passed in art. The artist is still the student, taking the pleasures of the world soberly, and pushing them sternly away when they threaten to infringe on the holy part of life,—that in which every good man works.

I met Doré at an Embassy ball last autumn, gay in the midst of the soft light and softer laughter; and full of ceaseless talk. He broke away suddenly, seeing the early morning hour, saying, "I must to bed. Three hours are barely rest enough for a worker!" The time was something under 3 A.M.

There is work in the pleasure, there is study in the street. We were driving through Windsor park last summer, and Doré's eyes covered the landscapes as they were unfolded before us, but he made no note, great as his delight was in the grandest of parks. A lady asked whether he would not like to stop at some of the points, and make some sketches.

"No, no," he said, never taking his eyes off the scenery; "I've a fair quantity of collodion in my head."

When we were at Boulogne together in 1855, to see the disembarkation of the queen, Doré intently watched the leading points of the great ceremonial, and by way of fixing a few matters of detail in his memory, made some hasty pencil marks in a tiny book he carried in his waistcoat pocket. This power of fixing a scene in the memory correctly belongs to the student who has been true and constant to nature. Just as Houdin so educated his son's observation as to impress every article in a toyshop window upon his memory at a glance; so the student whose training has the grandest object, that of giving enduring forms to beauty, acquires the power of eliminating his material from a confused scene, through which he is fleetly travelling. But only the artist who honestly lives in art obtains complete power over art material, and thorough command of beauty hidden to the common world, in all kinds of out-of-the-way places. I have often heard sympathetic students of Doré's genius notice the head and tail pieces of his Don Quixote, as exquisite bits of observation rendered in masterly sketches. The village scraps are racy stories told with a stroke or two of the pencil. A touch of the brush plumps you in Seville. Let those conscientious dwellers on an artist's work, who love to get on terms of familiarity with his genius, and to mark all the richness of its bye-play, turn from Don Quixote to a less known series of illustrations by the same thinker and observer with his pencil.

I remember running through some twenty numbers of the *Tour du Monde*, one morning in the Rue Bayard, having found them lying about the studio. Doré's Spanish pencillings by the way, were scattered through the pages. The variety of interest in the subjects was the most striking characteristic of the series. The artist had caught every phase of life—from the palace, in the fierce light and heat, to the dusky poor-house gate, and the beggars' haunts by the church doors. He touched upon each incident and peculiarity of interest, as he carelessly turned the pages with the paper-knife, cutting as he went. The man had been thinking, while the artist had been taking in local form and colour. Here was the work of the artist of broad sympathies, of constant speculation, the beloved of men of all the arts. For that which distinguishes Doré, *chez lui*, is the art atmosphere in which his pleasures take their rise. In the spacious *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain, covered with his work, is a little world of art. The professor of science, the man of letters, the gifted songstress, the physician, the composer, the actor, make up

the throng; and the amusements are music and discourse of things which are animating the centres of intellect. A happier and nobler picture than this handsome square *salon*, alive with the artist's friends, each one specially gifted, and with the painter-musician in the centre, dreamily talking of some passing incident of scientific interest, with his fingers wandering listlessly over the strings of his violin, could not be—of success turned to worthy ends. The painter has been through a very hard day's toil. You have only to open a door beyond the *salle-à-manger* to light upon a work room packed with blocks and proofs, pencils and tints and sketches. A long morning here, followed by a laborious afternoon in the Rue Bayard, have earned the learned leisure among intellectual kindred upon this common ground of art, where all bring something to the pic-nic. Frolic fancy is plentiful. Old friends are greeted with a warmth we formal people cannot understand. The world-famous man is *mon cher Gustave*, with proud motherly eyes beaming upon him, and crowds of the old familiars of childhood with affectionate hands upon his shoulders. Dinner is accompanied by bright, wise, unconstrained talk; coffee and cigars in the lofty saloon; and music and laughter, the professor parleying with the poet, the song-bird with the man of science!

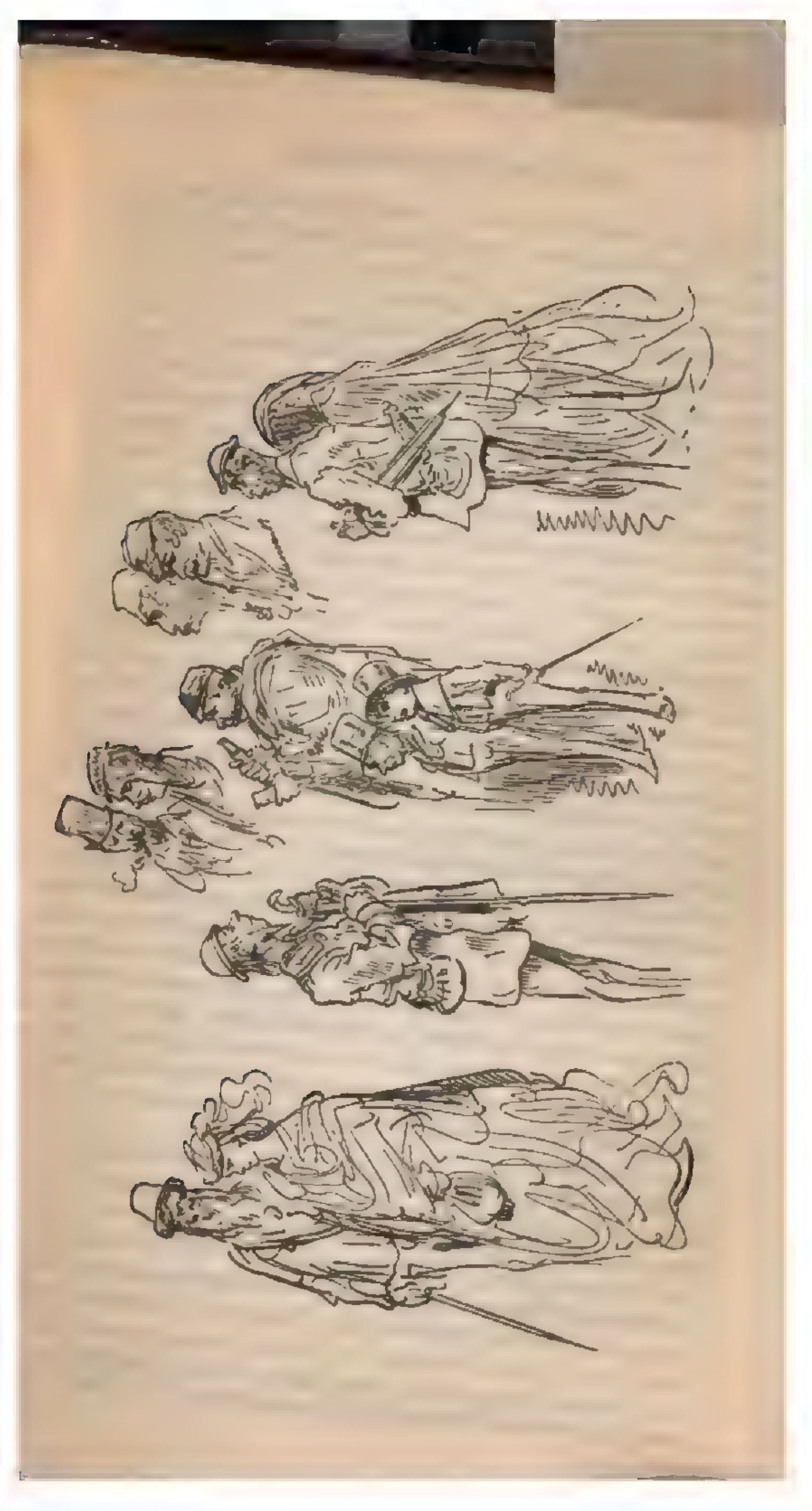
I make no vulgar intrusion upon Gustave Doré, gentleman. I but pursue my theme from its starting-point, insisting that the artist is astonishingly various in subject, because his mind sweeps greedily through the various spheres of intellect of his day, and he is active over a broad surface. Also, that he has much work to show, because he is an insatiable worker, and cannot get out of his art. Such art-atmosphere as that in which Doré passes his life, is not in England; for the sufficient reason that the standard of the admirable is, with us, falsified, and people, become great, affect fashion with the idle and the wealthy. In France, men of letters, professors of science, physicians, composers, make together an aristocracy that is as exclusive as birth and fashion are in London. The duke goes to Doré, and is proud and privileged to go! Crowns and coronets jostled upon Rossini's staircase in the Chaussée d'Antin, and in no sense to patronise the maestro's maccaroni. The corps diplomatique is proud to repair to the *salons* of the popular author in the Champs Elysées. I was reading a few days ago that the Emperor added some of his illustrious subjects to the banquet he gave his new deputies; among these, Gustave Doré.

I doubt whether our narrow circle could produce a Gustave Doré. Certainly there is no want of jealousies and heart-burnings in the

literary *salons* and the *ateliers* of Paris; but there is in them an art-atmosphere which we have not got in London. In Paris there are crowds of authors and artists who live wholly in their vocation, who delight in it and want nothing out of it, and to whom it brings glory in the shape of respect from all classes of their countrymen. The very servant who dusts the scholar's books, reverences the learning of his master. The artist's servant, waiting upon him, is happy in the light of his genius, and associates his humble self with the splendour which shines from the easel. This intelligence, beaming around, above, and below him, is favourable to the full and happy development of the creative powers. The artist knows that all he can produce will be understood and loved. Take the difference of direction by which the English critic and the French approach to judge.

The English critic has a few favourites, and many aversions. Mr. Ruskin is intensely English. Vain of his intellect and flash, he endeavours to force his opinion upon his readers by the brilliancy of the clothing in which he presents it. He will not see beauty many ways, and in many things. His imagination is obstinate. Beyond a sharply marked circle it never travels. He has dull imitators by the score, who dwell in coteries, and adopt a little school, and put a single painter of their acquaintance under the wing of their goose-quills. He, and he alone, is to fall under the beaming eyes of posterity. All else, in the way of contemporary art, is trash. This narrowness and false-sight may be safely said to be the effect of the art-life of England, which is split up, devoid of broad sympathies, in spirit mean and vain.

Such an atmosphere is too thin for the robust lungs of the painter, and pictorial poet who can, in his light moments, throw off amusing caricatures (I take a page from my portfolio, caught when we were at Boulogne, over an after-dinner conversation and a cigar); who could plan a noble art-life from his first difficult moments in obscurity, and keep steady on the giddy way through the flaming passages which lead to the temple. He must be nurtured in a whole race of artists, of all conceivable developments; in the country which shows lovers of art in blouses; that casts its *salon* gates wide open—free and genial as the south wind; and that can strew through a Palais de L'Industrie, such industrial learning and taste and skill as may now be seen in the Champs Elysées. In France, the servant who sweeps the atelier floor, I repeat, reverences the man who works upon it. The respect to the artist is not grudging, nor confined to a coterie. The vocation is respectable. We could have



rages, and using the worst of language, believes that ambition has laid hold upon her, and that she will become the King's mistress for the sake of position at court. As she leaves him, and while he is in this pleasant temper, the veteran Grillon arrives, to give him the King's message. To do the old soldier justice, he discharges his duty in the most offensive manner, first lavishing ironical compliments on the Duke, and then drawing a most unfavourable comparison between him and Henry of Navarre. Then he abuses the League, and finally calls Guise by very hard names. All this the Duke bears very well, not retorting with anything stronger than the delicate hint that Grillon is a hot, old, hairbrained fool, which suggestion Grillon is unreasonable enough to resent so much that he draws on the Duke, but the fight is prevented by the entrance of the King and Catherine. An outward reconciliation is effected by the King, and Guise is embraced by his sovereign, and vows loyalty to his person. But Henry is not deceived, intimates to his mother that he is on his guard, and departs to make love to the newly arrived beauty.

In the third act we have a very good bustling scene, with some humour in it. The populace of Paris has risen, and, headed by the sheriffs, advances upon the palace. The mob is confronted by the valiant Grillon, who terrifies the rioters with hideous threats, declaring that the King intends to make a tremendous example, unite his troops with those of Spain, fire Paris, and string up traitors by hundreds. He apprises the unfortunate sheriffs that they shall be executed at once, and affects to consider whereabouts are the two tallest trees in Arden Forest, as these are to serve as gibbets. He drives the rabble away, and then his own turn comes, for Malicorn enters with a secret which he wishes to impart. He can with difficulty get Grillon to give him a hearing, but at last manages to convey to the fiery soldier the fact that his beloved niece has come to court, and the fiction that she has yielded to the passion of the King. Mr. Smith, who played Grillon, has no reason to complain that the dramatists did not give him "a part to tear a cat in," for the fury with which he falls upon Malicorn is enormous:—

> "Again thou liest, and I will crumble thee,
> Thou bottled spider, into thy primitive earth,
> Unless thou swear thy very thought's a lie."

(I think we have heard of a bottled spider in another play). But Malicorn renews his tale, and escapes in time to avoid the menaced annihilation. Presently Marmoutier enters, in splendid dress and

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nothing in England, unfortunately, equivalent to the Quartier Latin of Paris; because we have not the general art-spirit which creates a youth full of lofty enterprise in intellectual spheres, and that will see the admirable only in the gifts of Nature.

It is the fashion—in which there is something of wicked design, I am inclined to think—to dwell on the fertility of Gustave Doré. I return to this point. His art-inferiors would fain have the public believe that the power, which comes of patience, is the slap-dash work of a gifted, uncultivated, careless, and greedy man, with an eye fixed on the market for his works. The truth lies in an opposite direction, as I have already observed; but this I should add—the pictorial-poet (for Doré *adds* to those poets at whose fires he lights his imagination) and the painter, who illustrates at the call of publishers that he may be able to paint according to the free bent of his ambition, is a prolific illustrator, but a slow and conscientious artist.* Observe the care with which he prepared himself for the glory that is only now coming to him. For two years he pursued the anatomical courses at a Paris hospital, and dissected with the rest of the students; until he knew every muscle and articulation of the human frame, and could see, in his mind's eye, all the harmonies of motion in distant points of the frame which follow the movement of a limb. Similarly, he lay in the long grasses, on summer days, and marked the intimacies of the great nature which he loved. He has travelled far and wide—always, as he happily expressed it, on our Windsor expedition —with plenty of collodion in his head. On the bridle-roads of Spain he has gathered rich stores of the picturesque. And, lately, in the highways and byeways of London he has been an intrepid wanderer, as the world will know shortly. He can tell you scores of anecdotes of his travels up mountains, and of hair-breadth escapes. He is familiar with the old dens of the Montagne St. Geneviève; and we have been together among the opium-eaters of Whitechapel, in the penny gaff, and in the thieves' kitchens and bedrooms of the East End of London.

How many artists prospect so far as this, and with courage, and all-encompassing liberality, see art everywhere, and express it by any known vehicle? The men who narrow their realm to the pigstye and the poultry-yard, resent the universality of their brother as an invasion of a series of specialities. The flower-painter is in high dudgeon because the creator of the "Neophyte" presumes to repro-

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* At this date Gustave Doré has painted only sixty-two pictures, great and small; not one-tenth the number some of his contemporaries can count.

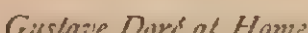
duce the glories of a hedge-row. He is denounced as an *accapareur*; the fact being, that he is much *plus* the artist, as ordinary men understand the painter of pictures. A man may have fine executive skill, be unsurpassed at the lights and shades of a satin dress, and, within his range, a faithful lens, casting a scrap of nature, a corner, upon a panel. And yet he shall not be an artist, in the highest sense and power of the vocation. The special men are the sworn enemies of the Dorés, as the trader in a single article is of the general dealer. It is the very width of his range which has raised the host of the artist's enemies. He has travelled over a continent, and has stirred a score of hostile tribes—who, individually, are to him what the tinker is to the architect. The sharpness of the hostility proclaims the doughty force of the knight who is in the field. I have not the slightest doubt that when, in the flush of his youth, Doré climbed to the cock crowning the steeple of St. Ouen, at Rouen, and descended by the lightning conductor, he moved the wrath of the professional steeple-climber, who said, "This is an invasion of my special territory."

In a society like ours, it is almost impossible for the universal observer to escape the condemnation of the special man. It is freely conceded that Doré is a remarkable illustrator, on the condition that he is admitted to be no painter; as though the hand that wrought the terrors of Dante and the beauties of Elaine, could be other than that of a painter of the highest order. Doré has made mistakes with his brush (his Baden picture was one of them, albeit there were splendid passages in it), and his colour is open, on many occasions, to fair condemnation; but it is only the pettiness of jealousy, born of knowledge as limited as that purveyed at a dame's village school, which can collect these errors, and be unrighteous enough to put them before the beauty of such a picture as the "Neophyte" or the "Francesca de Rimini." Critics of this mind, meeting an antagonist after the fight, would befriend him by covering up his uninjured eye, and leaving the blackened one exposed. Severe men may be just occasionally; but the rule is otherwise. When a critic surveys the works of a man of the calibre of Gustave Doré, and after singling out one picture, tells his readers that the rest are "trash," he proves that the journal through which he speaks to the outside world, in search of an anatomist has found a slaughterman.

French art-criticism is open to censure on more than one ground, and none of our time have suffered under its tyranny more than the subject of this paper. It has a vicious tendency to be, in a literary sense, brilliant at the cost of truth. This vice was conspicuous

throughout the sprightly volume in which M. Edmond About reviewed modern art, in 1855. Among the lesser critics who are employed to make the *salon* the basis of an amusing series of articles—"point" is the sole aim; the writer has not the qualities necessary to the judge. He is not wanted for his judgment, but for his *mechanceté*. His criticism is not worth that comprehended in the series of *charges* which Cham is wont to publish. The caricaturist gets his effects by exaggerating defects or weaknesses or peculiarities which are neither; but the sportive writer on art fetches blood, and the applause which he gets is bestowed in the spirit which raises the bravoes of the matador's admirers. But we show ill-nature equal to any sarcasm—without the point. Our instrument is blunt, and depends, for wounding, on its weight. When an artist comes under it, pretending to do more than one thing, to make a fine appearance in more than one field of art, it bruises him with its heaviest blows. It having become settled in the common mind that a man can be only one-sided, he who advances showing two sides is set upon, as an intolerably vain man, who must be belaboured until he elects the one side he will show henceforth. Thus Doré is a fine illustrator, and, no painter, albeit the producer of the "Neophyte," a dozen Spanish pieces equal in glow and depth and truth to Phillip, and a score of noble landscapes—the finest, the latest, exhibited in the Saloon of Honour of this year's National Exhibition! The passing critic, with his settled idea (a false one) and his own pet painter under his wing, refuses to hear anything about the new painter's purpose, and the method of his life. This unfairness appears most monstrous to those who have the closest knowledge of the victim of it.

I resume my starting-point, to conclude. Gustave Doré remains to be studied by his contemporaries in his intellectual entirety. His range of travel in art is wide, because his sympathies are generous beyond artificial political frontiers; and he passes from scene to scene, from race to race, from realm to realm, storing his treasure as he goes. No man could have a more abiding reverence for every form of progress. He will pass an evening discussing anatomy and physiology with doctors. Recreation takes always, with him, Mr. Gladstone's splendid definition of it. He rests from art, in the domains of harmony and melody. He takes the lower, or less ambitious, walks of his profession, that he may get the strength and means to climb to the highest range; so that the snow shall fall upon him as upon the mountains he has hugged so often, at his highest. It has been with an impatience difficult to master that the com-





panions of an art-life of this chivalrous quality, have read the unhandsome and incompetent criticism to which Doré has been subjected, in one or two directions, in this country. If this criticism have wounded, it is because the highest intellectual aptitudes abide only with the most sensitive natures. The delights of the imagination are paid for by nervous pangs, which the mass can never understand.

The man of genius who has submitted to the lesser forms of his art, that he may gain the power to climb to its empyrean, has that intrepid patience by which,—to quote the Persian proverb,—the mulberry leaf is wrought into satin.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

## Love and Innocence.

(AN ITALIAN CONCEIT.)

SAID Love to Innocence one day,
Give me your little bird, I pray,
To be my dear delight.

So Innocence gave up her Dove,
To please that little rascal, Love,
She was a kindly spright.

He, as he took it, snapped the string
Which held it captive by the wing,
And it forthwith took flight!

Sweet Innocence thereat, they say,
Felt a sharp pang, and since that day
Has been Love's foe, and here below,
Has done him sore despite.

T. Herbert Noyes, Jun.

# The Monster Stud Farm.

THE June and July days of Middle Park have been no fallow ground for writers. We have read about them ever since '56,* when, with some fifty or sixty others, we lunched in the long parlour, and, after duly conning the prize picture of "The Dog and Stoat," adjourned to the yard behind to look at Kingston, and feel thankful if the average was over a hundred. A "br. f., by Bay Middleton, out of Defenceless" (390 gs.) was the *prima donna* of thirteen that day. Mr. Blenkiron has "made stud history" since then as no breeder ever made it before him. The number of his mares has risen by at least a dozen per annum; and the very sale pulpit has thrown out wings in the shape of boxes for the press and the owner. Mr. Edmund Tattersall's Derby foreshadowings for a clever yearling have twice had fulfilment. "The plungers" have fought and bled in many a 50-guinea fray on that green. Mr. Harry Hill's dry sayings upon blood and biddings during those afternoons might fill a small ledger; and, while—

"Men may come, and men may go,"

the Lord High Admiral still sits aloft on a drag, watching the fortunes of something out of Pastry Cook.

Glance by Venison out of Eyebrow by Whisker, one of Lord George Bentinck's breeding, was the first brood mare that Mr. Blenkiron owned. He got her, with two defeats on her head, from Mr. Sait the steeple-chase rider, and sent her to John Osborne's to be trained, at a time when there were scarcely half-a-dozen horses in the Ashgill stable, and "Johnny" was just beginning to ride. She ran three seasons, but did not win, at Newmarket, Chesterfield, Richmond, and Durham. At Richmond she was one of the seven whose owners persisted in having the three heats out with Ennui (the dam of Saunterer); and at the sixth time of asking she retired a maiden. This was the Flying Dutchman's year. Mr. Blenkiron then lived at Dalston, and, instead of considering his four-year old ex-plater a bur-

* There had been a small sale of Middle Park yearlings at Tattersall's the year before.

den, he was, on the contrary, highly delighted with her; and being fond of the Venison blood, he determined to keep her as a brood mare, and send her at once to Beverlac. As the time of her foaling drew nigh, the little community at Dalston was in quite a flutter of excitement. A man was hired to sit up with her during her last month; and when a youthful courier arrived one Sunday afternoon with the news that she had foaled, Mr. Blenkiron, who had some friends to dinner, deserted his wine and walnuts in a trice, and ran the quarter of a mile to the shed at a pace truly surprising. He never showed such form either before or since, and finished some lengths in front of his party, who had to "suffer" to get along at all. It is a mercy that they did not all turn roarers. When their leader reached the shed "Young Beverlac" was on his legs, "blowing his nose, and sucking his mother," as Rataplan did that spring on the other side of the Thames; and when, in process of time, the little brown was weaned and removed to the five-acre close and the brick box which was built for him at the bottom of the garden, Mr. Blenkiron might well say that he "had far more fun with him than I've had with all of them here."

The Stebbingses and B. Green and many others had an audience of foal and dam that summer; in fact, "there never was such a foal," and Mr. Charley Liley's offer of two hundred wasn't entertained for an instant. "Two thousand wouldn't have bought it." When it was weaned, Mr. Blenkiron would lead it about for hours in the paddock; and if City business pressed, he did not care how early he rose, summer or winter, for that cherished task. Of course, it was quite natural that he should "get a match on;" and, with Alfred Day up, the colt was only beaten a head by Mr. Clark's Mr. Sykes in a 200 h. ft. one at the Newmarket July. The Prince of Wales Stakes, at York, was his next engagement, and Mr. Blenkiron went there to show fight again, carrying a bran-new velvet cap, with silver tassel, and a purple satin jacket, with gold belt, in his portmanteau. His trainer, old John Gill, of Richmond-on-the-Swale, had tried the colt with Guicowar, who just beat him; and all John would say when he was pressed for an opinion, was, "*You can tell for yersel when you see Guicowar run; they're yan and seame.*" Guicowar ran very badly in the Convivial Stakes; but still Mr. Blenkiron did not lose heart, and, seeing John as he passed Harker's, on his way to the sales next day, he called to him, and asked why he hadn't sent for the cap and jacket. John seemed surprised at the question, and replied "*Why noo! are ye bun to run him?*" and intimated that Guicowar's place was a settler. Still Mr. Blenkiron hoped on, and drove

off to Dringhouses, where the stable lad showed equal astonishment, and artlessly added, "*Ye canna run him, sir; I've baith fed and wathered him mysel.*" Things certainly did not look very hopeful; but the colt was brought out, and Job Marson put up, and came (as we well remember, for it went down in our note-book) with such "a long, steady rush" at the finish, that Sim could only stall him off by half a length on The Queen. There were ten behind him; and he also saved his stake as third in the Gimcrack Stakes next day. These performances made his owner very "fond," and when some one desired to advise with John Gill about buying the colt, John put him by shrewdly enough with "*Noe; Ise sur a' London wadn't buy him.*" Next spring, however, he got loose to a mare, and never would pass one again; and he was swapped away for three mares with Jemmy Messer of No Man's Land.

Soon after this, Mr. Blenkiron came to Middle Park with Mrs. Fowler, Night Shade, Glance, Maid of Saragossa, and one or two other brood mares. He had also bought Neasham, and run him till he broke down in the Northumberland Plate; and this good-looking son of Hetman Platoff and Wasp was the first stud monarch on the now famous list. Glimpse by Sir Tatton Sykes from Glance was one of the earliest Eltham foals, and Maid of Saragossa, which had been sent at a fifty-guinea fee to Irish Birdcatcher at Easby Abbey, came back barren. In the course of 1853 a dozen mares, including Defenceless, Tested, Triangle, Palmyra, and the granddam of Flax, were purchased from Mr. Waters, steward to the Earl of Shaftesbury. Bush, the stud groom, came along with them, and, eked out by two more mares from Mr. Morris, the company in 1855 was about a dozen strong. Neasham might do for a time; but his blood, in spite of Cossack, was not fashionable enough; and Mr. Blenkiron had cast a longing eye on the elegant, light hearted Kingston ever since he saw him win the Goodwood Cup as a three-year-old. Who can wonder at it? For, if ever there was a beautiful sight, it was to see him go dancing to the post, with Harry Stebbings at his head, and Nat, Basham, or Job Marson up in the orange and white cap. No manager ever longed more earnestly to secure a star for the season than Mr. Blenkiron to see the silver-haired bay scattering his image at Middle Park. He, accordingly, applied to Mr. Morris, and was promised the refusal of him; and when he broke down as a five-year-old behind Stockwell for The Whip (as both Teddington and Weathergage had done behind him for the same race the year before), a telegram arrived, saying, "Come at once, as Sir Tatton is looking after him." The upshot of it was, that Mr. Blenkiron hired

him at 500*l.* a year for three years, and 2000*l.* more, if he chose to buy him, at the expiration of that time.

Thus he fairly started on his second stud venture, so to speak, in 1855, with another "bit of Venison" at 25 gs., Neasham at 8 gs., and Marsyas (a 65-guinea purchase at Tattersall's) at 6 gs.; "half-bred mares, half price." The merits of this son of Orlando were most hotly disputed in the press and sporting circles; but Mr. Blenkiron heard all and read all, and stuck to his own opinion about the future of the chesnut. Countess, own sister to the Baron, was the first mare put to Kingston, and Lady Kingston was the produce. Nearly all his foals were bay with grey ticks, and often grey heels, and after the same hard and sound type, rather short and small as a general thing, but excellent in shape, and with a very fair notion of jumping, if they didn't go fast enough for the flat, and were obliged to descend to "six flights of hurdles." The first batch of them arrived in '56, and among the seventeen were King-at-Arms from Paradigm, the "coming brood mare" of the day, Eltham Beauty, Lady Kingston, Lady's Well, and Madame Moet. During his six seasons he got 158 foals, and of these 91 were Mr. Blenkiron's. Among them were three sets of twins, but the only one that could be coaxed to live was a colt from Frolic, which sold for 650 gs. Mr. Blenkiron was rather baffled at first by his tendency to get fillies, as they came in the first two years in the proportion of 9 to 4, and 9 to 3. Then he veered round to 3 fillies to 10 colts, and two seasons after he was "i' the old vein," with 11 to 3. On the whole, however, his fillies at Middle Park only exceeded his colts by about a dozen. In 1859 no less than 41 foals (including twins) were credited to him; and he died in 1861. Ely was got in his last year, and Caractacus and Queen Bertha preserved his name at Epsom. Caractacus was a lusty yearling; so much so, that, when he entered the sale-ring, we remember some one saying (it might have been Mr. Harry Hill), "*Here's one to suit Lord Redesdale!*" who was then speaking with his pen on the degenerate muscle of our thorough-breds. At first he was sent to William Day, who was soon convinced that he could win any handicap he liked with him; and then, thanks to Professor Spooner, his work at No Man's Land bore good fruits, and he was gazetted a Derby winner. Mowerina came to him heavy in foal by Bay Middleton. It was, we believe, the last foal that the old horse ever got. The mare was in such a state of perspiration when she arrived that it was evident she had been ridden. The man denied it; but, on closer examination, abundance of hairs were found adhering to his breeches, and the turnpike man freely deposed to the fact of his having paid

the toll from her back. John Scott was at once written to, to tell him why her chances of a live foal were most doubtful; and she cast a fine bay colt next morning, about three weeks before its time, and which had been dead for some hours from the effects of the inflammation which the lazy scoundrel's conduct had brought on. Kingston died very unexpectedly of influenza, which also carried off Marske by Orlando from Palmyra (a young stallion of Mr. Blenkiron's breeding, which had only had three mares), along with the brood mare Nightshade, and one or two more. The horse's popularity had rather paled before Stockwell's; but still the French Government had offered five thousand for him in vain. Mr. Blenkiron retains his blood in King John, out of Dinah by Clarion, who has had four winners out of five starters already; and he buys up all the Kingston mares with any size in the market. At present he has about a score of them in the stud, and nearly as many by Touchstone and Birdcatcher respectively. Anything descended from Boarding School Miss, by Plenipo, is also his quarry at once.

Hobbie Noble was hired for 600*l*. a year for three seasons; but he only stinted seven out of a score mares, and one of his foals was Kangaroo. After such an impotent exhibition, Mr. Blenkiron refused to go on with his contract, and threatened to send him off the place if the late Mr. Groves did not fetch him away. Horror by Wild Dayrell did not improve a very fair chance; and Black Doctor was far more useless than Hobbie Noble. He was, therefore, cut late in life; and, when last heard of, he was in a light cart, taking out linen, down Brompton way. It was rather hard lines for a grandson of Dr. Syntax, who had first set John Osborne on his legs, and then run Nancy and Mountain Deer to a neck. Idle Boy left three colts and three fillies, one of them Ceylon from Pearl, a winner of the *Grand Prix*; and Dundee was hired for 500*l*. a year for three years, and purchased after the old fashion, before the term was out, for 2500*l*. He owes Mr. Blenkiron nothing; but he has become dreadfully infirm on both his fore feet. In due time, Saunterer, for whom only 100*l*. parted Mr. Blenkiron and Mr. Merry before the black left the country, was bought back from his labours among the Hanoverian half-breds. During his exile he had scarcely a dozen thorough bred mares, and yet all of his stock ran. Gladiateur was hired for two seasons, and left 15 foals behind him. He was a very sure getter, but very excitable in his box before he was led out to a mare. Blair Athol is a very curious combination of temperaments. Mr. M'Gregor said of him recently, when he painted him, that he would stand for an hour in position and not move a muscle; and yet when

he is taking his three hours a day exercise, his man is obliged to ride a cob, as a "flying clogger" would have small chance of keeping up with him on foot.

Sir Tatton Sykes's executors brought 309 lots to the hammer, exclusive of 59 foals. The list of brood mares contained 112, but we believe that there have been 117 to 120 in the Sledmere pastures. Still, even these numbers have fallen short of Mr. Blenkiron's. Sir Tatton never returned more than 66 foals in one season to Messrs. Weatherby, whereas last year the Middle Park list was 96 strong, 92 of them by 18 different sires, and the other 4 in the "wise child's" predicament. The strength of the stud this year has been 151 mares (of which more than half are dams of winners), 11 stallions, 104 yearlings, and 110 foals, besides a four-year old, Young Newminster from Entremet by Sweetmeat, which goes to the stud next season. The old horse generally put his own "hall mark" of loins and hind quarters on his stock, but this colt is his father's son throughout. Newminster was always a very good friend to Middle Park, and the highest priced colt and filly, Angus (2500 gs.) and Half-sister to See-Saw (1800 gs.) were both by him. Middle Park and Horn Park, which joins it, number 480 acres between them, and Mr. Blenkiron has 125 acres more at Waltham Cross, where Dundee and High Treason stand, besides 500 at Esher, upon which he may have to execute a retreat, if "the proud invaders" in the shape of villa builders will not leave him and Blair Athol at rest. On his present farm he has 250 acres of grass, and he can grow all his own hay and straw. He has also some thirty acres of vetches, and a good store of red and white carrots. Scotch oats are used to bruise for the foals and yearlings, and English-grown black oats, for the mares and stallions; while for oats alone he pays one man nearly 4000*l*. a year. The suggestions he has for food are endless, and an Eastern visitor advised him to pursue the plan of skinning sheeps' heads, and boiling and pulping them down to a jelly if he had a delicate feeder to deal with.

Under such heat we care to do little more than stroll into Flat Meadows, and draw a sample of the mares. To see the whole of them we should have to travel not only to the two farms aforesaid, but to Mr. Simpson's, of Gilling, near Richmond. Butterfly, the dam of Eltham, is right away by herself in the distance, while Alma, (650 gs.), with a smart Saunterer filly (own sister to the 510 guinea one) by her side, consorts as usual with Queen Anne from La Bonne. The big "Queen" is of that Boarding School Miss tribe, which Mr. Blenkiron has followed whatever the price may be, with Rosa Bonheur, Typee, Omoo (who died with twins to Kingston, like

an Indian widow, soon after him), Isabel, Fayaway, &c. Lady of Eltham and Eltham Beauty are very seldom separate, and there is also a field league between Mrs. Fowler, Lunelle, and Bouquet. The pretty Esther by Touchstone carries on the union of that "black brown blood" with Irish Birdcatcher's, and has her first, a Saunterer colt, at her foot; and we meet with La Dauphine, a very useful-looking mare, blessed with a chesnut Marsyas colt as her son and heir, for the first time since Blair Athol's victory secured her the top price, 1250 gs., at Hampton Court. Own brother to Musician is taking a long suck at Fanfaronade, a daughter of old Burletta, with that beautiful head and eye which she inherits through "t'auld mare" from Actæon. The big chesnut Chaperone by Newminster takes after her dam, the thousand-guinea Governess, in size; and Pearl Diver's little grey heeled brother is with Pearl. This mare was bought unseen at Doncaster, and Lord Exeter also sent a commission, but did not trouble Mr. Blenkiron beyond 150 gs. A King John colt from July reminds us of his half brother, the Lily Lye colt, which caught our eye as much as anything at the last sale, where every buyer tells you he has "got undoubtedly the best there," and believes it in the pride of his heart, till the trial horse cometh and searcheth him. A fine, hard coloured Gladiateur bay with rather hairy heels, from Battaglia, is cropping the hedge side, along with a Stockwell filly, whose fee for getting was really 400*l.*, as four mares went and two returned barren. Triangle peers forth over the half door of one of the two hundred boxes, and was kept there it seems in consequence of a slight injury to her foal. She has been to an infinity of horses, but still she has only thrown one colt to about ten fillies.

A few weaned foals are in the paddock, where the sale pulpit was pitched in Caractacus's day; but we turn aside to the boxes, and find Saunterer rising sixteen, and looking like a three-year old. It has always been said that "Money, not Blink Bonny, beat him on the Derby day," and few will be found to doubt it. Whether we look at his Cup races with Fisherman, his third with 8st. 12lbs. as a three-year old in the Cambridgeshire Stakes, or the turn of speed which he showed, when he "brought back" the leaders in the Chester Autumn handicap, he was a wonder. For beauty and quality we never saw his equal, and taking him throughout we cannot marvel at old Sir Tatton declaring that if he had accepted the invitation to judge for the 100*l.* prize at Middlesborough, he thinks he should have placed him first. That beautiful black with grey hairs is not likely to be much perpetuated, as he comes from bay and chesnut families, and

his foals very seldom fall like himself in colour. Years are telling upon old Marsyas, who is getting coarse in the neck, and wears a side sword. His mission is principally to mares of Birdcatcher descent. He has the oddest way of doubling his tongue between his teeth, and inviting you to tickle it. His great delight is to be led about the box by it. King John has enormous substance, but he gets his stock full of racing character. Mr. Blenkiron was jealous for the honour of the blood, and after presenting him to his first love, Mrs. Fowler, he followed her up with Elspeth, Exact, Ennui, old Defenceless, and other cracks. Blair Athol looks big and blooming, but he has, as the bull Comet had, and in fact every thing living is said to have, "a best side," and in him it is the off one. Taking him from that point of view, his head alone shows much better, as you miss part of the big blaze which comes out on his foals, and see more of a speckled reach which gives him additional character. These four horses have had 99 mares out of the 151, that have been put to the horse this season; King John getting the lion's share with 30, Blair Athol with 27, Saunterer with 25, and Marsyas with 17. Dundee has had 18, and six subscriptions were taken to Adventurer, in the hope that he will prove a second Newminster to the averages. High Treason and Amsterdam have not been forgotten, and Caractacus, St. Albans, Ely, &c., have had Middle Park mates sent to them. Among Blair Athol's subscriptions were Paradigm and Bribery; and, in fact, as old Stockwell begins to decline, he seems to carry on the business. Lord Falmouth has also sent five mares to him. There is no doubt that as a four-year old he was overdone with forty mares, and his stock's second season in public has been of a very different kind to their first. Weatherbit was a very paying purchase at 600 gs. from John Osborne, and several of his yearlings sold from 500 gs. and upwards, though none of them quite touched a thousand. He came with Sam Boone to Waltham; but, like his master, he seemed to think no place like his native Yorkshire. In fact, after coming south, he never throve. "Sam" was the joy of his heart, and the old horse would call out for him like a dog when he heard his voice.

Habena (750 gs.), Chalybeate, and Kate Dayrell, are all standing in the pond as we enter the field near the stack garth—where Kingston, the last Bay Middleton foal, and Nightshade are buried —and Habena with whom Sam Rogers once fully hoped for an Oaks victory, has a Dundee foal in charge at last. She slipped her foals for five seasons running, and nothing could cure the chronic gripes. At last it was determined to check her appetite, and as she is an exceedingly gross feeder, she is never allowed to be out for

more than two hours in the field. She is then shut up in her box for two hours, and is allowed nothing at night, when she has only sawdust for her bed. This vigorous treatment has been rewarded, and a fine piece of dark chesnut Birdcatcher capital has been made productive at last. She was on Blair Athol's list this season. The 2000 guinea Rosa Bonheur has been barren ever since Mr. Blenkiron bought her. She is the youngest Touchstone mare on the ground, and Knight of the Garter is her only foal. Every sort of suggestion was tried, down to camphor balls two hours before service, but even that surest of the sure, King John, failed to stint her. At last they have begun with a strong injection of alum, to get rid of the relaxation and weakness of the parts, and although she generally breaks twelve days after service, she has stood nearly thrice as many at present to her old love Prime Minister. There is some hope, therefore, of another "Knight" at last. For ugly foals, Bess Lyon bears the palm. She was purchased from Lord Falmouth with Gamos by her side, but even Saunterer could not change the type, till he got the 510 guinea yearling of the last July sale. New Victoria has gone to Austria. Her dam was one of half-a-dozen mares which went to France, to West Australian, Flying Dutchman, and the Baron, and only two came back in foal, and one of the mares, sister to the Baron, died. However, there was a slight offset in Merletta, as young Mr. Blenkiron bought her from Mons. Lupin at Paris for 200 gs., and her Flying Dutchman filly made a thousand.

Defenceless, after missing a season (the first time she ever played that trick) is now stinted to King John. The old mare is rising 26, and has been blind ever since she was three, but she knows every inch of the home paddock. She has been there for years, and Mr. Blenkiron can sit on a rustic seat under his garden elms, and watch her when she takes the fancy, canter as hard as she can go, as straight as a line to the trough, and stop dead within two yards of it.

We are glad to shelter from the heat in the little office, and watch each mare as she is led in from the field. Paradigm is one of the earliest arrivals; she treads delicately in her laced boots and fairly crosses her fore legs as she hobbles along. Chater, the stud groom, has taken immense pains with her fever boots, and locomotion is of much easier attainment to her than it was. She is a great name in the present and a grand link with the past. It seems but the other day that we saw her finishing only a head behind Lord of the Isles for the Lavant Stakes in a Goodwood meeting, when West

Australian, Bribery, Scythian, Catherine Hayes, Virago, and Rifleman, were all winners, and "The Squire" 9st. 13lbs., wound up with a win on The Squire.

Then the one-eyed lengthy Rambling Katie of "Lord John Scott's sort" passes by, and after her, with a very smart Saunterer foal, comes Pandora, for whom, and her foal, Mr. Blenkiron once refused a thousand. Tunstall Maid, poor Jackson's delight, pauses deliberately as she enters the yard, as if to protest against the early bed system, and then two foals are brought in, and gently shoved into Kingston's first box. One of them, the chesnut with the white face, is the orphan own brother to Marksman, and nearly as grand a mover in the paddock as the eccentric Derby second. Margery Daw, a very fine dark brown mare, had some strange vicissitudes in price. Mr. Bell bought her at Doncaster for 55 gs. with See Saw by Buccaneer at her foot; and at his sale, Mr. Blenkiron gave 950 gs. for her in foal to Newminster, with the 1800 guinea filly. Her foal of this year is dead Seclusion was another fine purchase, as she and Lady Chesterfield only cost 200 gs. the pair. Mr. Chaplin wished to buy her after the Derby, but Mr. Blenkiron was equally resolved not to sell, and he has sold a 1000 and a 1050 own sister to Hermit out of her since. Hermit and Marksman were placed in that order on the sale card of the day, and each fetched a thousand —a fact wholly without precedent. The Derby winner was the most delicate of feeders, and after being a scarecrow all spring, he was only got into sale condition by a series of malt mashes. Ellerdale and her foal (1150 gs.) were purchased along with Ennui, and her foal (450 gs.) at the Londesborough sale. The former died suddenly the next year with a colt foal, Harcourt by Stockwell, at her foot, on a visit to Orlando, but her Nugget realised 1500 gs., and Ennui's foal 750 gs. Marseillaise was a paying purchase at 450 gs., as Robespierre, then a foal at her foot, was knocked down for 1650 gs. The whole of Mr. Jacques's brood mares were bought in '62, and the produce of the seventeen made 3740 gs. the following year. Mr. Crowther Harrison's lot of eleven mares and ten foals for 2300*l.* was a still grander investment, as the foals alone brought about 7000 gs. as yearlings, and the next year's produce upwards of 3000 gs. Gaspard's dam and Elcho's dam were among them, and the former, which died lately of old age, was the dam of Angus. Leonie was out of the latter; Mr. Crowther Harrison said, at the time of the sale, that this filly foal was the finest goer he ever bred, and that if he had trained any of them, she would have been his choice. Mr. Joseph Dawson looked at her in her box as a yearling, but finally decided on the

Sphynx. Like all the Sledmere mares, they were most untameable about the heads, and disliked head stalls and handling in every way. One of the sort was the death of poor Lawson, a very highly valued stud groom. She was so troublesome with the stallion that he threw her, Rarey fashion, with the straps, and hobbled her. Soon after that he wanted to catch her, and pare her feet, and when he had driven her into the box, he tried to get to her head with some corn. She may have remembered him; but at all events she wheeled round and kicked him so violently in the groin, that he died after twenty-four hours of great agony. Chater, who succeeded him, will be remembered as having been in charge of Newminster at Rawcliffe for several seasons, and the state in which he keeps every thing shows that he has put his fine stud experience to a good use.

The joint average in 1856-60 was about 103 gs. for 83, with top prices varying from 500 gs. to 300 gs. In 1860 the sale was fairly established with 31 at an average of 126 gs., and an own brother to King John (390 gs.) as the top price. "The remarkably good-looking colt, with his near hind leg as grey as a badger," was Caractacus (250 gs.); but Mr. Blenkiron did not greatly fancy him, and thought him a little too heavy on the top of his shoulders. Next year the 1500-guinea Nugget and 1100-guinea Umballah shot the average to 258 gs. for 37; and in '62, King John and a dozen more—one of them a twin from Frolic—made a good finish of the Kingston era. The average of '64, without any special aid, was 275 gs. for 43, and, what with 1500 for the Governess colt, 1100 for Aylesbury, and the Hermit and Marksman thousands, the average for 45 next year was 320 gs.; and the number of mares, which was 60 in 1862, and had been rising ever since, was swelled by the purchase of four of Mr. Grevile's. The first sale of 1866 was the wonder, as the 2500-guinea Angus and the 2000 guinea St. Ronan formed part of the six lots, which the Duke of Hamilton bought at an 886-guinea, and of the five which became Mr. Chaplin's at a 754-guinea average. Even then all the money was not exhausted, and the 42 at 455½ gs. mounted up, when the two sales were put together, to 64 at 410 gs., or a grand total of 26,245 guineas.

There was a higher point to be reached in '67, as seven lots averaged 1314 gs., and the whole 77 no less than 418 gs. With that year the age of "plunging" began to wane, but still there was a very fine average at the first sale in 1868 of 296 gs. for 47. In the present year the Gladiateurs came out, and one of them made 600 gs.; 1800 gs., the highest sum Mr. Blenkiron ever got for a filly, set the seal on the bay daughter of Newminster and Margery Daw; and

while many others could hardly get a bid, the 87 averaged within a few shillings of 202 gs.

Pluck and judgment will be served in the long run; and as far as we can trace the figures, Mr. Blenkiron has sold in 1856-69 no less than 634 yearlings, for 160,839 gs. Of these, 196 went for 100 gs. or under, and the average for the whole was about 253⅛ gs. When we take into account the enormous outlay, anxiety, and risk which such an establishment entails, we see of a surety that breeding blood stock for the million is anything but the pleasant and paying game which many imagine it to be. It is very exhilarating to hear Mr. Tattersall's "*Only a thousand for this colt! what are bidders about?*" but get behind the scenes, and the perverseness of Rosa Bonheur, and the other constant mishaps and disappointments which such a stud entails, might make even a Sir Robert Inglis or a Wilberforce fret. The munificent founder of the Middle Park Stakes may well look back to his Dalston days, and feel that he had "far more fun" with Glance and her Beverlac foal.

H. H. D.

# Wild Cats.

OF all the animals of Europe, perhaps of all living creatures, the most ferocious and destructive is the common wild cat. The fox, carnivorous as he is, feeds willingly on grapes, and, when hungry, devours vegetable produce of many other kinds with an avidity that disproves repugnance. The weasel, though more sanguinary than the fox, has been known, nevertheless, though in the midst of living plunder, to feed for days together from the remains of a dead horse. The wild cat, on the contrary, admits no medium between craving want and bleeding flesh; and it is only when coerced by actual famine, that he condescends to prey not captured by himself, and torn alive by his own claws.

The fox, on securing a living animal, kills it instantly with a dexterous shake. The wild cat seizes by the neck a hare as large and heavy as himself, and, grasping it firmly with his claws, begins by gnawing off its ears alive; he then eats gradually downwards from the skull, bolting the teeth and fur, and slowly swallowing the eyes and brain.

A contrast somewhat similar distinguishes, in most other instances, the canine race from the feline; and imaginative writers have seen ground in the distinction for ascribing generosity to the one, and for imputing cruelty to the other. In reality, the difference is due to an exercise of mere instinct. Canine beasts of prey have no effective claws to detain with firmness a struggling victim, which, if not disabled at the very moment of capture, might escape through sheer desperation.

Be this as it may, the wild cat, though the smallest of the feline species, passes deservedly for the most rapacious of the whole race, and owes to his evil reputation the extinction of his kind in almost every department in France.

In England the wild cat is said to have shared the fate of the wolf and of the great bustard. In Ireland and Scotland he is still to be met with at rare intervals. In Switzerland he is found, from time to time, in certain localities. In Austria he abounds, and is not uncommon in Northern Germany, and in other parts of Europe. He is altogether unknown in Norway, Sweden, and Russia.

But, exist where he may, his presence is speedily detected by the rapid diminution of the living beings around him. Hunting chiefly at night, in silence and security, no care in choosing, no artifice in disguising, can long conceal from him the suspected hiding-place of his prey. The nestling squirrel wakes in his claws, an expiring captive. The crouching quail sleeps on, till seized in turn by the noiseless ravisher of her unconscious mate. No kind of attainable prey comes amiss to him; but, fortunately for the larger species, he entertains a decided preference for the small rodentia, of which he destroys incredible numbers. Tschudi relates that the remains of no fewer than twenty-six field mice have been found at one time in the stomach of an adult individual. In such respect he renders, no doubt, important services; but these are said to be outbalanced by his mischievous destruction of the insectivorous birds—at any rate, no kind of redeeming credit is ever accorded to him. The farmer dreads, the sportsman abhors, him. In districts where he abounds, a price is invariably set on his head; and no wild animal in Europe is tracked with greater eagerness, or more revengefully pursued.

Having regard to his diminutive size, the strength of the wild cat is little short of prodigious. Scarcely less so, is his astonishing agility, and in these qualities, combined with his predacious aptitudes and his insatiable thirst for carnage, may be found the explanation of the title formerly applied to him of "Catus Devastator." Devastation is, indeed, the fittest term employable for conveying a just idea of his depredations. Rabbits rapidly disappear from neighbourhoods infested with wild cats; a single pair suffices to depopulate a well-stocked warren. Where possible, they prey on hares with equal destructiveness; and have been known to exterminate an importation of pheasants, renewed copiously for three successive seasons. In the fold and farm-yard their ravages are incalculably more serious than those of the fox, and the Bavarian breeder knows from experience that the slightest relaxation of his nightly vigilance may cost him the entire profits of a season's toil. Nor are the finny tribes secure from the attacks of these marauders. In dearth of other resources, the wild cat watches by the brook with all the patience and immobility of the bittern, and seldom fails to secure the incautious fish that ventures to the surface within reach of his determined claws.

The habits of the wild cat are essentially solitary. Unless brought together by hazard, it is seldom that two are to be seen in company; and it appears that they fiercely resent intrusion on the part of those of their own species. It is somewhat otherwise in the spring of the

year, when the males may be heard catterwauling after the manner of domestic cats. The utterance is, nevertheless, distinct, and resembles in nothing the familiar concert on the roofs at home. The impression once received is likely to be lasting, for it is difficult to conceive a more mysterious concourse of strange notes. The prevailing sound is that of a deep, unearthly moan, suggesting vague terrors, and quite capable of disconcerting a superstitious mind, when heard at night from the sombre valleys of the Grindenwald.

Man excepted, and occasionally the lynx, the eagle is the only deadly foe to these ferocious little quadrupeds. In open fight, the wild cat would prove at least a match for most other European animals and birds of prey; and is, moreover, not likely to be brought into contact with any such. But in rocky and inaccessible places, where the wild cat is as often found as in the depths of the forest, he lives peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the golden eagle. Nor can he, when attacked, defend himself. His enemy is unseen, and the first intimation of hostilities is a disabling gripe in the throat and loins, followed by total darkness, caused by the shrouding round him of the eagle's wings, or else by a compulsory flight upwards, as the eagle bears him off to some high summit beyond the clouds.

For many years the common wild cat was universally regarded as the original ancestor of the whole tribe of domestic cats, and the majority of writers on natural history continue so to regard him. The arguments for the contrary are chiefly founded on points of difference in the internal organisation of the two species as now existing; but it is difficult to admit conclusions drawn from types contrasted, as regards the tame varieties, after a thousand years of uninterrupted degeneracy. Organic transformation is, moreover, analogised completely in the instance of the horse; and as regards the facts relied on, there is no less difference between the cats of Egypt and the Angora or the Manx, than between these latter and the common wild cat.

The essential distinctions between the wild cat and the tame are marked sufficiently. As a rule, the wild cat is the larger animal, and incomparably the more powerful. His tail, which is larger and more bushy, is invariably annulated and tipped with black; it also preserves its thickness throughout the whole length, instead of tapering to a point, as is the case with most of the domestic species.

Another distinction is the richer fur, the more abundant whisker, the larger teeth, and yellow throat. But the most striking contrast is in the eyes. All cats have savage-looking eyes; but those of tame cats, savage as they are, are mere boiled peas compared with

those of wild ones. One would imagine no other eyes could fix the stare of the wild cat without giving way. It seems a kind of liquid ferocity frozen stiff. Rage, hatred, and cruelty appear condensed in one inexorable glare. No one in his senses would think of asking the wild cat a favour.

In addition to the genuine wild cat, there exists another, better known from being less rare, equally ferocious, and scarcely less destructive. This animal is the tame cat become wild. It exists in all stages of wildness, from the timid feline skeleton that haunts the farm, and flies at the approach of the inhabitants, to the well-furred sylvan cat, kittened in the wood, and descended from a line of ancestors free for a series of generations. This latter species, in all but size and conformation, is the counterpart and rival of the wild cat proper. He is equally rapacious and sanguinary. He kills the hare with ease, and devastates the warren. He lurks in the close foliage, crouches in the cover, and courses boldly in the open country. In this latter mode of hunting, he differs from the wild cat in a point of permanent distinction: the wild cat invariably springs from ambush, and either secures its prey at once or slinks back discouraged; whereas the other repairs a false bound by immediately giving chace, and seldom fails to outstrip the victim by a succession of rapid leaps.

In France, the gamekeeper regards the domestic cat run wild as the least excusable of vermin, and for his sake confounds in one common slaughter the stray cats of every description that venture within range of his official piece. A certain number of these spurious cats are almost sure to be found on every well-appointed gibbet, where, from their large size and brindled hides, they figure prominently amongst the other defunct criminals. The keeper seems to have for them a repugnance far more intolerant and unmitigated than for the native and indigenous poacher, and on surveying or exhibiting the collection, he usually gives vent to some half-uttered malediction addressed exclusively to these "*affreux chats.*"

Unless taken in earliest kittenhood, the wild cat is hopelessly irreclaimable in captivity. Gentle treatment is utterly wasted on his savage will. He remains to the last wild, suspicious, sullen; ever ready to tear the hand that feeds him, and resenting no less the approach of kindness than the intrusions of aggressive curiosity.

An innkeeper at Trignolles, in the department of the Jura, kept one of these animals in a close cage for two entire years. It had been taken in the forest half-grown, and was confined at first with a domestic cat, in order to be reclaimed, if possible, by the force of

good example. But though it witnessed daily its companion's confidence in the human kind, it remained distrustful to the last, watching with anxiety the movements of those who approached it, and spitting with rage and fury when too closely noticed At length the innkeeper, weary with expending patience on a brute so fierce and unredeemable, ordered it to be flung alive into a stagnant horsepond, where, after struggling exhausted to the brink, it was thrust back with long sticks, and tamed at last by the energetic process of drowning.

The courage of the wild cat, though not proverbial, is undeniably of the highest and most distinguished order. The bulldog's brutal ardour has something in it of insensibility to danger. Without cause or provocation, a bulldog attacks a bear, and his annihilation, from being courted gratuitously, becomes an inglorious and vulgar martyrdom. Men vaunt the panther, but with such an animal the scope for pure courage must be narrowed considerably by the consciousness of might. The lion stands discredited by repeated acts of doubtful valour; and applied to the blind rage of the tiger, no test of bravery can be accurate.

The wild cat is no less prudent than courageous. In conflict with dogs or men he is never the aggressor, and when assailed by numbers, he usually endeavours to escape; but he speedily grows fearless with the approach of peril, and becomes in turn a determined and desperate assailant. The combat is at all times dangerous and exciting, and many occasions are on record of a tragical termination of the strife.

In the neighbourhood of Givry, in the department of the Saône and Loire, a wild cat had for some time haunted a pond, where it had been observed watching eels from the locks of an abandoned mill. Adjoining the mill was an old building, which had been formerly used as a grange for housing corn. Into this building the wild cat had been traced, in company with a tame one with whom it had contracted an alliance. The alarm was quickly given, and the maire of the village, accompanied by all his staff, had shortly surrounded the building with dogs and cartwhips, the maire and his son having each a double-barreled gun. The tame cat bolted immediately, and in less than a minute was caught and strangled by the dogs. The wild one lay close, and refused to stir, notwithstanding the hooting of the men and the deafening cracks of the cartwhips. It was even feared, from his persevering quiescence, that he had effected an escape through some unguarded hole; but, on examination, it appeared the holes were all stopped, and that there was no issue possible, excepting that of the open window, through which the

tame one had just passed. The door was then part opened, and a terrier introduced. The dog began immediately sniffing about, and after scouring once or twice round the floor of the building, stood barking furiously with his gaze intent upon the rafters. Still the cat lay motionless, fixing the dog with its savage eyes, and evidently waiting to outsit the danger. The maire's son then squeezed through the half-open door, and calling to his friends outside, was preparing to dislodge the cat, when suddenly, regardless of the dog, it flew down like a fury, and fixing its claws in the young man's head and neck-tie, seized him fiercely by the under lip. All was now howl and scuffle. Dogs and men rushed to the rescue, and in the midst of the confusion the cat escaped into a tree. Here its fate was soon decided. At first it lay concealed amongst the foliage, and protected by the branches on all sides; but a shot from one of the guns soon scared it into sight; a second brought it headlong to the ground, where, after a furious fight, it required the interference of the men to prevent its being torn to pieces by the dogs. The maire's son was gravely wounded. His lip was swollen and lacerated, his face and head torn severely, and a vein opened in his throat, in spite of the thickness of his tie. He was removed to his home immediately and surgical aid procured, but his recovery cost him a month's seclusion and a long interval of feverish anxiety, lucky at last to escape with his life and a scar two inches long.

"In 1640," writes Hohberg (as reported in Brehm's popular description of the animal kingdom), "whilst beating for foxes in a wood near Paccluwetz, my dog came suddenly on a wild cat, and immediately gave chase to it. The cat ran up a tree, round which the dog kept barking eagerly, for he was a resolute and powerful animal, with an extreme antipathy for cats. I levelled my piece forthwith, but the cat was too quick for me, and leapt into the bushes before I had time to fire. The dog flew after it, and seized it by the back without a moment's pause or hesitation. I was now unable to discharge my piece for fear of wounding the dog, and I therefore drew my dirk and rushed into the cover, where the two animals lay rolling together, confused in an undistinguishable scuffle. I watched my moment, and at last ran the dirk completely through the cat's body, whereupon it tore from the dog, and contrived to run up the dirk with such a nimble movement, that I was compelled hastily to let go the handle, in order to protect my hand. The dog then seized the cat by the neck, and held it sufficiently long to enable me to draw out the dirk, and despatch the dying animal with a second and effectual thrust."

Brehm informs us further that near his native village, a certain division of the forest bears the apparently descriptive title of *Die Wildkatze.* But the name is simply commemorative of a particular event, and perpetuates the authentic story of an encounter with a wild cat which had indeed a disastrous ending. An old tracker one early morning discovers on the freshly-fallen snow the footsteps of a full-grown cat. Joyously he sets to following them up, already congratulating himself on the possession of not only the valuable skin, but also of the handsome premium claimable of right on presenting an adult wild cat at the *Rathhaus* of the communal section. The track leads him to the foot of an enormous beech-tree, where the cat lies certainly concealed. On the branches, however, it is nowhere to be seen, and must be therefore hidden somewhere in the trunk, which is hollow from the base right up to the separation of the stem. Sure of his game, the tracker prepares his piece, which he rests in readiness against the trunk of the tree. He then draws out his hammer and taps smartly on the bark. Nothing appears; and again the tracker strikes the tree, and this time with louder and more telling blows. Still nothing stirs, and the tracker begins to fear there has been some unaccountable escape. But this is not possible; the snow bears not the minutest trace beyond the one imprinted by the return home of the animal. The cat is surely in the tree, and the tracker at last decides on starting it with a sudden and irresistible alarm. Waiting silently by the tree, in order to increase by stillness the unexpectedness of the shock, he strikes all at once upon the trunk a loud volley of resounding and rapidly repeated blows, at the same moment throwing down his hammer and catching up his gun, in immediate expectation of a sudden bolt. But, alas! before he has even time to adjust his posture, the savage animal is already on his shoulder, clutched fast at his throat, and fiercely tearing at his eyes and face. So utterly unawares is the attack, that the tracker, in his surprise and terror, drops his piece, and, raising his hands instinctively, thinks only of defending his head. In a twinkling the cat has clawed off his large fur cap, and torn through the cravat that still protects his neck. Wild with pain, and blind with blood, the wretched man calls loudly to his son, who is somewhere near him in the same forest. Meanwhile, the cat has scored the flesh from the old man's hands, and is mercilessly furrowing his bald scalp. His cries become more plaintive, his anguish grows intense; till, at length, he sinks to the earth distracted and insensible.

The son arrives in haste, but only to find his father relinquishing all consciousness of the horrid strife. His first impulse is to drag off

the cat; but the brute holds on, and the son, with the cat, fears to tear up also the lacerated flesh. He then spies the hammer, and hurriedly deals with it a random blow. The cat cries, but continues not the less to tear its victim. A second and well-aimed blow stretches it lifeless on the grass; and the son then bends in dread over his helpless father.

The noise of the struggle has by this time attracted a passer by. The poor tracker is removed to his cottage, where care and restoratives revive him sufficiently to recal his consciousness, and enable him with effort to relate his story; but no skill suffices to avert the end, which takes place on the evening of the day of the adventure, the patient expiring in the midst of much and frightful suffering.

Another incident, nearer home, shows the wild cat in mortal conflict with another animal, no less renowned for valour, and which, on the occasion cited, divided with him equally the honours of the day. This occurred in the north of Ireland, where a sportsman, ferreting for rabbits, was witness of an unexpected and exciting combat. The ferret had scarcely disappeared in the entrance of an earth, when an unusual scuffle announced a surprise below ground. The sound, by degrees, approached the surface, and just afterwards a cat dashed out, dragging with him the ferret, firmly fastened on his neck. Once outside, the two animals redoubled their efforts; each one striving for the other's life, and each exerting to the utmost his instinctive deadliness. The cat gnashed and raved, rending his opponent's breast, and covering his side with cruel claw-wounds. The ferret, calm and exasperating, kept to the one deadly gripe which had begun the battle. No shock, no provocation could persuade him to unlock those once-closed jaws; and, doubtless, with a foe less cruelly armed, though twice the weight, his grim tactics would prevail at last. But here his power failed him through loss of blood; and when he dropped from his antagonist he was quite unable to stand. The sportsman, anxious for the event, stood motionless on the spot from which he had witnessed the combat, merely holding his piece in readiness to fire, in case the cat should offer to attack him. The precaution was needless. On being liberated by the ferret the cat moved off for a few paces, and then stood perfectly still, with its head bent downwards, and its muzzle resting on the ground. Things lasted thus for several minutes, till the sportsman, observing the cat's eyes to turn dim, took the symptom as conclusive, and approached with some impatience. On this the cat shuffled off towards the earth; and the sportsman, fearing to lose it underground, shot it dead at the entrance of the hole. He was consequently unable to

affirm that the cat, in its dire combat with the ferret, had or had not received a mortal wound. There was no doubt as to those it had inflicted: when taken up by its owner, the ferret was quite dead.

The skins of wild cats furnish an excellent fur, and, according to Tschudi, are of double the value of those of the domestic species. In winter the furs of wild cats are especially rich and thick; but have the disadvantage, when taken in that season, of becoming liable to the partial detaching of the hairs. In our day the extreme scarcity of the animal itself deprives of its commercial interest the question of the merits of its fur.

Formerly, in France, the wild cat took rank as game, and was even esteemed a special delicacy. It now shares the prejudice which in modern Europe proscribes the lynx, and, in general, all dangerous and carnivorous cattle. There can, nevertheless, be no reason why the flesh of these animals should be less digestible at present than in former times. Tschudi states that in Switzerland it was eaten commonly. Kobell informs us that lynxes were several times brought to the royal table during the Congress of the Sovereigns at Vienna. He says, also, that, in 1819, the foresters of Ettal had orders to kill lynxes for the private consumption of the King of Bavaria. And Audubon himself somewhat sanctions an inference in favour of roast lynx, by the fact of pronouncing it inferior to buffalo.

J. L.

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# Will He Escape?

## CHAPTER I.

### MISS LIVY'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

THERE was a pretty by-way of the Great Western, which was a failure as to traffic, and quite as retired as a little country lane or bridle-road. It wound up to the station, Pengley, through a deep cutting made by Nature, and lined with a velvety sward, and trimmings of Nature's own millinery. The station burrowed snugly at the bottom, just as a lap-dog does on his mistress's skirt, and was fenced at the other end from winds and showers, by a sudden hill, where a tunnel began. The house was like a Swiss station, with a varnished wood verandah overgrown with creepers; and squire and clergyman often said any man would be well off in that little box, and that they would change with Fenton any day. Fenton, the station master, was always treated in a studiously friendly and intimate way;—for the legend ran that, "Fenton was a gentleman;"—had been a lieutenant in the army, had run through everything, and Sir John had got him this place. He was a very gentlemanly man, a little sensitive, and above his situation; which, wisely and well, was never alluded to, or droned over by him. The little Swiss station was, of course, like a pigeon cot, and from every window hopped little heads in and out, like Sir John Suckling's mice, and those heads were, of course, the property of the *ci-devant* officer.

Round about it rose and fell a warm cozy sort of country, with a snug and sheltered lane that led up to a village, and another that brought us to a no less sheltered high road, along which wandered the unfrequent tramp, or groaned the laden four horse waggon, and merrily bowled the light coach, which the railway had not yet driven out, as St. Patrick might have done a solitary snake. Half a mile off behind the clump, nestled the village, which was indeed not worth a station, and beyond the village a dotted settlement of not more than half a dozen houses, which was the neighbourhood. These were of an old pattern, and stood scattered like vedettes. Here was

none of the herding and economical clustering of new houses upon ground that is being built upon.

One Saturday evening in winter, which is the evening of our first little scene, Fenton, the station-master, has just turned in to his office, after standing deferentially on his platform to do homage to the express, which thundered by contemptuously, and would not know Pengley. For the express Pengley had a sacred awe and admiration, yet mingled with dislike, as for a badge of servitude. It had to do with humble, plebeian trains that came creeping up, after stopping at every station. In a quarter of an hour after the express had gone by, such a decent convoy was due; and now Fenton hears the jingling of bells, and looking through his window sees the Red Hill little carriage coming over the bridge, Mr. Talbot driving, and which will turn presently and trundle down the little lane to the station. Friendly vehicles were often thus seen at a distance, and Fenton always contrived to detain the train, on some pretext. Mr. Talbot gets out and comes on the platform to talk to Fenton.

"Miss Livy in the next train?" says Fenton.

"Yes," answers Mr. Talbot, taking out a rich and gaudy cigar case of seal skin—a large golden monogram, and crimson watered silk lining, &c.

"You know a good cigar, Fenton?"

Charming and delicate fingers held out the case, choice rings were on them, the finest linen about the wrist, above the wrist a coat of fur. Mr. Talbot was tall, slight, graceful, with black hair, no beard or mustache, because his mouth and smile were considered "charming," and looked no more than five-and-thirty. He was about forty; clothes, everything, were of the best make; he was pale, his hair was parted in the middle, and he was the father of the heroine of this little narrative, Miss Olivia Talbot.

The two gentlemen walk up and down the station. The station-master never says "sir," but at the same time never alludes, or notices allusions, to his older and better days.

"She went in to get some finery," said Mr. Talbot, "for her mamma and self. Those Hardman people open their staring new house with a dinner to-night."

"Yes," said the other; "look here, and here, here," pointing to parcels and boxes. "It has been the same for this month back."

"Exactly. Wealth, money, vulgarity, all daubed on in its grossest form. A blazing dinner. But they will find it hard to astonish *me*, even if the chairs were of solid gold. We *have* to go."

"Here is the train."

And out came the one porter, and the one third-class passenger, who was going to get in. The porter began his song, "Pengley! Pengley! Pengley!" going down the carriages, until he opened a door, and, touching his cap, began to take out parcels. Then a young lady, followed by a stout woman in black, came out, and tripped up softly to Mr. Talbot, and gave him a kiss, which she would have done had it been an excursion train, full of grinning "cads" and clodhoppers, but it was a range of desolate saloon carriages, with a scattered gentleman or two, reading newspapers.

This is Miss Livy. The evening is a little grey, but it is easy to see her. She is small, but delicately made, with a peaked velvet hat and green plume, a little gay, with a delicately cut face, which was so like her father's in this way, that any one looking at *him* at once thought of her, though no one looking at her even dreamed of him. The reader will see what a distinction is here. She was not more than eighteen, but had a possessed manner that people of thirty often want, and which gave her a specially piquant charm; for a contrast between so young a face and so wise a little soul was a delight and surprise to observers. At times, however, she would give the word, and all the lamps would be turned on, and that delicate face lit up with a perfect illumination of good spirits and intelligence. But these small points will work themselves out in her character as this little history goes on.

"Beauty, dear," she said, nervously—and she rarely called him papa, for she had long discovered that he thought himself more like her brother or husband—"let us get to the carriage quick. I just escaped that odious Hardman, who is in the train."

But she was not to escape now; for the tall arrogant-looking man, with head and hat thrown back, and nose and chin in the air, and a kind of Brummagem "statesmanship" in the way he carried his umbrella under his arm (copied from Canning and Peel statues), was coming up to them. His face was thin and pinched, and with those coarse streaks of pink we see in the skin of a man of low origin, as though his cheeks had done hard service, like his hands.

This was Mr. Hardman of The Towers yonder, who had made his money in banks and railways, and was said to have begun as an errand boy in the City, and then had been a ticket collector. He had got into Parliament for a Scotch burgh, which he had bought, as he had bought his place, and bought so clumsily, that he had to stand a most expensive contest and more expensive unseating. He had bought The Towers from a lord, and would have preferred it on that account to a handsomer place at a lower price.

"Very unwarrantable—scandalous!" he said, as he came. "I told *my* coachman to be here a good quarter before the time. Must be an accident."

"Can't say, indeed, Mr. Hardman," said Mr. Talbot, coldly.

"It must be explained though. That man came to me from Farnaby—had been seven years with the Duke—the highest character. Scandalous! Or there must be an accident."

"I wish we could help you. Our ponies could hardly do the five miles, and then five miles back, and then go again for your dinner."

"Oh, *a carriage will come.* We have plenty there. But to be kept waiting here! You'll be in time. We expect a large party, and some coming a greater distance than you are."

Miss Livy was in the carriage,—station-master, porter, and small boy, who carried up a parcel, all busy arranging rugs about her. She had the ribbons in her hand, and the light whip, carriage, and ponies suited her as if they had been made to measure. The latter were dappled iron grey, round, and short, and coquettishly arching their necks, as indeed their mistress often did hers. Mr. Talbot got in beside her, arranging his fur, &c., about his figure, perhaps to be picturesque to any stray villager they might encounter. Livy gave a touch to Bouncer, the pony she liked the least, and with a sudden plunge and scattering of gravel they were off, she leaving a pleasant nod and smile to the group.

## CHAPTER II.

### "THE HOME."

THEY turned reluctantly to Mr. Hardman, still stalking in the Peel attitude, and whose lips were pursing and blowing indignantly at "the slight."

*He* to be kept waiting! "I pay my coachman seventy pounds a year—one of the best in England. Came to me from Farnaby," &c. He did not care to speak to the station-master or porter. For the former, indeed, he had a contempt, as being a reduced gentleman. Presently the sound of wheels was heard; and a showy yellow carriage—"my colour"—with sheriff-like liveries, was coming over the bridge. Mr. Hardman stalked out.

"What's this delay? I have been kept!"

The footman explained.

The Duke's coachman did not condescend to offer any excuse.

"Please, sir, I was out with the young ladies;—didn't come in till five minutes ago."

"But I pay other servants. It is most improper, most irregular, and, really, Miller, I hope it won't occur again."

Then the Duke's coachman looked down coldly,—

"Beg pardon, sir; what was you saying to me, sir?"

"Never mind now. I expect you to drive fast."

And they drove away, certainly as fast as a fine pair of carriage horses could take them; for which animals many knew that "I gave Hopper, of Manchester, my cheque for five hundred."

The Duke's coachman had bought them; and some judges said they were "fair enough in their way," but were not worth three hundred.

Miss Livy had always plenty to say to her young brother-father. There are members of families who never talk to each other save when they have something to tell; news, business—or, perhaps, want to know something. It is beginning to be understood, indeed, that the art of conversation is chiefly based on talking about nothing. Good spirits, good will, and good humour are certainly the three keys. Our Livy had them all in her possession, hung, as it might be, to that gold chatelaine of hers. Whereas her dear Talbot's key was himself, his mirror, and his monkey; or, less metaphysically, his own plans, own prospects, pleasures, and such like, on which, to do him justice, he could enlarge charmingly. And let it be said, that to listen to people telling you about themselves is not unentertaining, provided it be not a mere brutal exhibition of selfishness—akin to looking at yourself in the glass—the man or woman turning *you* into such a mirror.

"That low beast, Hardman, I wish we weren't going to him. He grates on me at every turn; but your mother thought it right."

"But you recollect, dear," said she; "Phœbe, you know, and her admirer."

"I see nothing in it, and said so from the beginning. He is a knowing, selfish, old campaigner. But, of course, as she has set her mind on it ——"

"And it will be so amusing, dear; we shall have so much to laugh at and talk of."

"That's true. There's nothing so comical as wealthy vulgarity. I dare say I shall have some offensive bit of trade stuck to me."

"No, no. They will give you some nice-looking, well-born officer's wife. They know well how brilliantly you talk and write, and what good society you have been in. A handsome fellow isn't to be thrown away."

"What does it matter, being handsome or brilliant in a place like

this?" said Mr. Talbot, deprecatingly. "I Might as well show myself to the Andaman Islanders. Still, we shall amuse ourselves; unless they show their ignorance and ill-breeding, by some stupid *gaucherie* taking your mother in second, or something of the kind."

"They couldn't," said she, eagerly; "there is something about mamma—I don't know how to describe it—an air, a style of birth, and good society, that it would be impossible to overlook. That dignity and look of refinement, Beauty dear, seems to me to come out in contrast with these sort of people; and any stranger, seeing you and her coming into the room, would know the true metal, and ask your name."

"There is a good deal in that, Livy. Your mother *has* that sort of air of good breeding and high birth which can't be bought. It is far better than good looks, which have got cheap enough."

As they talk and drive on, to the jangling of the Norwegian bells, the quick-sighted reader may have guessed from this fragment what was in Miss Livy's mind. Nay, a shrewd observer, having heard such a snatch of conversation in real life, would construct the whole social interior of this household much as the ingenious Owen made up whole elks and megatheria from a toe-joint. It seemed as though that pretty young girl, having this young and good-looking father, was likely enough to have at home a mamma a good deal older, and who, alas! was growing older, as women do, far faster than he was. Was Livy the one who stood between, and so amiably held her hands before her father's good eyes; or else a gauze veil before her mamma's fading charms, and with ceaseless exertion tried every day to make the disagreeable old man with the scythe mow gently, or appear not to mow at all? And it is a fact that she absolutely succeeded to a degree. At least, with another less laborious in the house, the family of Talbot the Handsome would have been in a poor way. Faith moves mountains; but love's labour is rarely lost.

When Livy fluttered up the steps into the house, she found two ladies in the circular drawing room. One of them was her mother, the other, her mother's sister, the Honourable Phœbe.

The Honourable Phœbe was a poor infirm creature; she had not the style, or the looks, or the genius, as it may be called, of her sister. She was "getting on to a cool forty," said the ill-natured ones, whose business is to watch these things; but she had not the exquisite art of disguising. Her nose was *retroussé*, turned up, in fact; and though it would be beyond art or science to alter that, still, is there not a way of *diverting* attention from so obnoxious a feature, by developing other shining beauties. The skilful painter

can make a black appear pale blue, by disposing certain colours about it. She could do little for herself, and never could. She had good-will, and nothing else. She did not know how to economise speech or action, to methodise her conduct, so as to conduce to a great end. She did not know how to arrange her wares, such as they were, in her shop window. The best were lying in the cellars, until her sister and Livy good-naturedly stepped in, and naturally offered to help her, and teach her shopkeeping.

A certain Colonel Labouchere, who commanded the ——th regiment of Hussars, a man with grey mustache, but still gay and not old, who had been a dashing cavalry officer, had somehow taken notice of Phœbe at several balls. He had danced, he had talked, he had walked with her. The paint brush of Phœbe, dipped in the most glowing colours, had worked out of these materials a picture of the most gorgeous kind, and drew the grey Colonel like one of his own Arabian chargers—eager, flaming eyed, uncontrollable, with the bit between his teeth, and frantic to clear the matrimonial hurdles at a bound. This account was received by her relatives with their usual large margin of allowance, Phœbe's incorrect drawing, and large handling over enormous canvases being well known to them. But they were very good-natured; and when it was known that the Hussar regiment had moved recently to ——, six miles from Pengley, Mrs. Talbot was quite eager that "Poor Phœbe" should be sent for at once, and come and stay "two months at the least" with them. The conspiracy was entered into eagerly; and Livy became a perfect ringleader, as Mr. Talbot put it; the Colonel was to be snaffled, and not let out of the country with his life. The regiment was sure to be there two years at least; so there was time to form a splendid plan, and from their little rifle pit they might securely plan attack after attack, sally after sally, until the enemy grew weary and laid down his arms. Not very much success had hitherto crowned their united efforts; indeed, Phœbe's good allies held privately small hopes, and Mrs. Talbot often owned to her husband "that there was no doing anything for Phœbe," whose second this was. Latterly, however, some curious signs had been noticed about the Colonel, which made the assailants redouble their efforts. Our Livy had also noted some signs; she was very far-seeing and penetrating, but she was too delicate to reveal what she suspected. The shrewd reader will think she anticipates what is to be told, but may be warned here she is mistaken. Colonel Labouchere, C.B., liked as everybody did, but did not "admire" as it is called, our heroine.

Mrs. Talbot was sitting on the sofa as they entered, in her

afternoon *toilette*, for she dressed at home pretty much as they would do at a fashionable watering-place, and she knew that this strict discipline of herself insured certain discipline, respect, and admiration in others. The attitude as she entered was a model of grace, not, perhaps, affected for that occasion, but habit and repetition had given her a natural ease. She was reading. One of Talbot's published "compositions," as it is only courtesy, was open on the piano, and the hint was conveyed that she had been practising it.

"I suppose it is time to go and dress, Beauty," she said, for he liked the title now, "Phœbe has been at work an hour ago."

"Poor Phœbe," said he, "what is it to be?—the crimson, or the yellow, or the blue?"

"No, we must turn her out in white, I shall take care of that. But what am I to put on? You must settle for me."

The Beauty became reflective, as if he had been asked to make up a sum of money, or to divide one set of fractions by another, which, indeed, he could not have done.

"Yes," he said, "for they have got hold of the Northfleets, and some nice people, *she*,"—an allusion to Lady Northfleet,—"has wonderful taste and finery. So I must ask you both to do your best, and look as well as you can for the credit of the house."

"We'll not disgrace you, Beauty dear," said Livy. The two ladies passed out to their important duty, and Mr. Talbot, with a soft sigh, which seemed to say, "All is on my elegant shoulders, and I must think of everything for them," lounged carelessly to the piano, on whose chords he laid his elegant fingers. It was rather an unfortunate thing for his house and his friends, when he took to "composition," or rather to publication of his compositions. The bill for engraving, advertisements, &c., was heavy; and there was to be read in the papers something like this:—

"Mr. Albert Talbot's New Song: 'He gave one look at parting;' Words and Music by Albert Talbot, Esq., Author of 'His arching mouth and dimpled smile,'—'Cara Cole Valse,' &c."

The real publication consisted in the distribution of copies as presents. It was Mrs. Talbot who got Miss Ivors, her young friend, who had really a fine voice, to practise and learn, "He gave one look at parting," overcoming the young lady's scruples as to what she called "such curious words, you know." But Talbot was "difficult." He was now trying it himself in his rather feminine voice. As he played and warbled, the subdued light from a lamp played on that little round room, which was the essence of comfort and snugness, and on which, indeed, Mrs. Talbot had spared no money to make

comfortable. Bookcases ran round, and gave it an air of coziness, rich pictures, warm carpets, elegant little tables, "snug" chairs, and all manner of pleasant and convenient trifles. It was, indeed, a cozy house, old, but made cozier by alterations and additions. The very lobbies were rooms, and furnished as rooms. The hall was another room; the whole was compact and tight, and nestled in a green corner under shelter.

Mr. Talbot soon got tired of his song; but an idea for a new one occurred to him, which he began to work out on the notes, *his* way of composition, though he mysteriously seemed to convey to friends that he had mastered thorough bass and harmony, and "scored away" at his desk. Whatever he wrote, a devouring craze for publishing seized him. He used to get quite delighted with his "thoughts;" and the three ladies in splendid raiment rustled in like queens, and surprised him at his task.

"We shall be late, Beauty dear," said Livy, anxiously.

He was put out at being interrupted, and rose pettishly. He was a little of a child still.

"You must hurry, you know," said his wife; "we have a long way to drive."

Mr. Talbot took nearly an hour for his regular festive toilette. On this occasion he was quicker. The carriage was at the door, glistening, with the steps down, and the three ladies are getting in. Beauty Talbot comes last, in exquisitely made clothes, that some way show the shape of his ancles and limbs; and delicately scented. Then folds himself up, as it were, and insinuates himself into a crevice among them, more fearful than they of being crushed. The door is shut to, and away they drive briskly for The Towers.

Talbot's history was a little curious. Nearly every one said he had married too early; a few, that he had thrown himself away; which, translated, often means that it is the other who has been thrown away.

## CHAPTER III.

### "BEAUTY" TALBOT.

As they drive, then, at this smart pace over stones and hillocks, we may just look back a little, as Mr. Talbot does often at the country behind from his seat, and sometimes does in his study, at the earlier country of his life.

When twenty years old, Albert Talbot was a very handsome creature indeed; pale, soft, languishing, of delicate colour, with the

darkest, glossiest hair, which would have gone into ringlets had he allowed it; and when he was set off with deep velvets and rich purple tints, was nearly as much admired by others as he was by himself. He was known by his friends as "Beauty" Talbot, an epithet which did not at all displease him, though it hinted at effeminacy.

Beauty Talbot did well at the university—was found to have brains, which disappointed the stupid men who were fond of sneering at his fair skin; and when he left college, coming of a gentlemanly stock, found himself in the very best society. He was very well off "for a young man," his father having about eighteen hundred a year, and no other children and many good connections. A profession was thought of for a time; but the one he chose—and, let it be remembered, it is often more profitable than others—was Country Houses. This he embraced with ardour. He became "spread,"—*répandu*, as the French put it. This delightful, charming, interesting creature, with the sweet voice and lovely hands, could not be done without anywhere. His liquid eyes and delicate skin committed deadly havoc among the virgins and matrons. He sang, and he played upon the piano. He did not shoot, and did not care for hunting, though he hunted "like a man." The materials used in Beauty Talbot's profession were chiefly hairbrushes. The display of these articles were really magnificent. He might have exhibited these gorgeous instruments at South Kensington: massive toothbrushes, which it was a pleasure to feel and wield; exquisite monograms; crest in raised gold, mediæval touch. They lay, when not in use or on their travels, in a blue morocco case, expressly constructed for their reception, nestling in silk. They cost a fortune. Truefitt's bill indeed was serious; his "ess. bouquet" was ordered in gallons. A lovely youth, "Endymion was nothing to him," an envious ugly friend remarked, and sure to do well in the profession he had chosen. It was amazing the advantage Beauty Talbot had over other men at any innings he took in the game of society. Other men had to exert themselves—it was all done for him. For some objects ladies are privileged to show their preference in an almost indecent way. They said openly they were quite in love with Beauty Talbot, and his lovely eyes and smooth skin—things they would have "died" sooner than have remarked of the great manly Captain Bushe, or Mr. Barron, with the huge luxuriant fox-coloured beard. He seemed to have the privileges of little boys of tender years, who are admitted to bathe with ladies. And so he fluttered for a year or two, from house to house, literally

doing what he pleased—bringing about his noble hair-brushes, his violet, his mauve, his velvet, his pumps and scarlet stockings, his fine hands and his lisp. He played little waltzes on the piano, *composed* by himself, with quite a feminine touch. He composed little ballads to French words, which any young woman was only too proud to copy out, learn, and sing for him; and yet more transported to hear him sing in his warble-chirrup. The fox-bearded men contemptuously put aside, sometimes by him, were, in their own slang, "fit to be tied." "Where are his petticoats?" they would say. "A creature that I could just take up between my thumb and finger and squeeze as I would an insect. And his saucy airs!"

One Christmas, Beauty Talbot was asked down to a great house for the festivities of the season. Oxberry Hall was full to overflowing. Lady Oxberry said,—"Positively, if my dear Cupid wasn't coming, I'd give up the whole thing." Great men and great women were to be there—a Cabinet Minister to go out cock-shooting; a bishop, not of the real sort, "one of the colonial creatures, my dear," said Lady Oxberry; various supernumeraries of society, who are wanted to fill up the stage, and give cues for the greater actors. Among others came the daughter of the late Lord Langrishe. The Honourable Eva had fine hair, golden, a fine complexion and presence, and was a fine girl generally.

"But, my dear," said Lady Oxberry, in her own deliciously special manner, "that woman has hacked and worked about the world more than one of those navvies you see on the railway. Try her on Hamburg, Baden, Harrogate, Scarborough, Brighton, *even Jersey*, my dear, though she won't own to it; but *I* know it from a sure source. There was a man there, and they followed him. She could write a guide-book, that woman. Scandalous!"

Lady Oxberry never said "girl," and she could give us a splendid catalogue of the various human types Yet to the woman herself Lady Oxberry spoke softly—as "Eva dearest," which Eva dearest knew perfectly did not mean hypocrisy, and accepted as being about as conventional as the "ever sincerely yours" of a letter. The description was quite accurate, indeed, rather under-coloured. Not the barrister grinding till three in the morning, and exhausting himself in court to "carry a case," could slave harder than she did to carry hers, and win a matrimonial verdict. But she was unfortunate, cast after cast was a failure; and a reputation for failures brought fresh failures. It is well known that the most skilful, if he be considered unlucky, is shunned; and thus the years had gone by—or, rather, stolen by, as, alas! they will do

during the third and fourth decade of our lives. It begun to be said, with enjoyment, that the Honourable Eva was "pretty well on, you know, now;" and the fatal word "*passée*" was being heard. Younger soldiers were rudely pushing by her to the front, muttering that she was stopping the promotion, and ought to retire. She herself was losing the *élan* with which she had so often maintained the fight, and was doing duty now more from habit and mechanical exertion.

In this state of things she found herself at Oxberry, and, for the first time, met Beauty Talbot. That youth had never seen her, and was much struck by her mature charms. She was, indeed, a fine creature still, as many a soldier pronounced. To the Beauty she herself was not indifferent; and, having made some necessary inquiries, determined to get ready the old well worn gear—the brown, torn nets, let down over the side so often, and through which so many a plump and noble fish had broken—once more.

Lady Oxberry was in a good-natured vein, and co-operated without giving herself much trouble. A lady of the house, who is favourable, is, like cavalry in battle, a truly valuable arm. She had daughters, too, just going to step down into the circus; and it was no harm to get a rival horsewoman out of the way.

Beauty was accordingly judiciously rallied and complimented—not on *his* preference, but on *hers* for him, a far more artful proceeding. As at the close of a season, Messrs. Howell & James, "clearing off stock," will take any reasonable offer for what at the beginning they disdainfully refused you, so the Honourable Eva made up her mind that a good-looking youth, so much her junior, and in possession of some fifteen hundred a-year, was really highly desirable, and far preferable to an inglorious solitude.

It came about at last. Had it been proposed seriously and suddenly to the Beauty he would have taken flight, and perhaps taken post and fled miles from Oxberry. But the great, hulking man, with the fox-coloured beard, who had the bitterest contempt for Beauty, unconsciously contributed. He was never weary, was Dick Barron, of "chaffing" the youth, who was not unsuccessful in his replies. Perhaps he had a lurking admiration himself for the Honourable Eva; but his favourite tone was infinite amusement at the notion of that "china figure" inspiring any liking in any lady.

"See here, Beauty," he would say, in the smoking-room; "they think about you, very much as they do about the little urchins that are allowed to bathe with the grown-up ladies—that is, they don't think about you *at all*."

"You have vulgar ideas, Barron," the Beauty would answer, calmly; "not to say coarse. You picked up that in your savage travels."

"That's neither here nor there; but what I say is, the folly of a fellow like you thinking women would take you up seriously as they would other men. You know the way they put little Tommy on their knees, not that I mean that they'd do that to *you;* but I mean all this means nothing with *you.* Now Beauty thinks, because all the women pet him, as they do the white poodle upstairs, that they are all in love with him. And that girl Langrishe, I'll bet any sum, he thinks is pining away for him."

The other smiled good-humouredly. "I never make bets about ladies; I don't think any gentleman should. I don't think you know much what you are talking about."

"Beauty knows what he's doing," said another gentleman; indeed Eva having no mamma, or brother, or father alive, was always spoken of like a 'man,' "and the Langrishe may have a sneaking kindness for him after all. Women are queer cattle."

"And men," said Beauty, "seem to be very coarse fishes. I'm tired of the subject. Let us change it."

But Big Barron was not, and came back to it very often. In his lumbering way, it seemed to him something of a joke, in which department he was but poorly furnished, and had to make up by repetition for variety. There are many men of this sort, who require a butt of some sort to bring out their dormant humour; and this stupid fellow harped on this poor topic *ad nauseam* almost. Old Dick Lumley—who will appear by-and-by—could have told the whole story minutely.

The Oxberry festivities went on bravely. There was a ball and dancing, and on one night a play, in which all the ladies took a part. The leading character, "Helen of Troy," fell, as of right, to Miss Langrishe, whose golden hair was splendidly in keeping. For that night she made what the envious called a vigorous rally, and by enormous exertion, by artistic decoration, exquisite dress, and enforced animation of feature, succeeded in reducing her age, just as a jockey in training would his weight, to about eighteen. It was a wonderful *tour de force;* but the human will, when concentrated, will perform yet greater marvels. Nearly every one was delighted, and people who saw her for the first time thought her "perfectly lovely." Female rivals—women knew all the details, how every touch was done, "who could tell real lace from false" in a glance, and but too often, when their passions interposed, pronounced real lace mere imitation—the sniffs and sneers of these disdainful parti-

sans through that eventful evening were indeed trying, but they did not touch her; for rejuvenescent the whole night, she was borne on one triumphant tide of success. She had the public of the place with her. When you have the public with you on any occasion, you may despise enemies, snarlers, and even critics; and with her she had her own admirer, squire, and *claqueur*, Beauty Talbot.

Festival nights of this sort, when there are lights, enthusiasm, gaudiness, and a general halo over everybody and everything, are specially dangerous for the cautious man and the half-professional "flirt"—odious term! used here with apology—who would go on his road reaping all the enjoyment and delights, which others, more honourable, also seek, but attended with graver responsibilities. In that glare, that ardent and dazzling glow, the barley-sugar barriers which fence his resolutions thaw and droop down into a universal solvence, he is carried away in a rush, overleaping that sticky barrier, and too often cannot undo the night's work. So it was to be with our Beauty—the ladies' pet—already predisposed. She seemed radiant, lovely even, and there was a gentle languor, a pensive melancholy, a confidence for him, and him only, that was in itself attractive.

It was at the end of the third act that she came to him in hysterical tears. She could hardly tell him the cause of her trouble. The place opened on a garden, and seriously he begged of her to come out into the cool air. Then the mature Eva told him, that as she passed by the wing, she had heard her enemy—that cruel, unkind Mr. Barron—making his remarks on her,—dark, cutting, ungenerous speeches. "Oh, so cruel——"

"A coarse, ill-bred fellow," said the other, excited; "but I have long intended to bring him to account, and now——"

"Not for the world! not for the world!"

There was perfect truth in this. The unconscious giant, lounging against the scene, his hands in his pockets, was criticising the leading actress with a caustic and yet indifferent severity, which he little dreamed she overheard. It was some such expression as this:—

"The ancient is getting through the work amazingly. She must have been practising at a gymnasium all last week." Gentlemen *do* talk thus indelicately among themselves.

On such a night it seemed doubly coarse, and besides quite ridiculously untrue and out of nature. Beauty Talbot could not resist the influences of a dramatic situation. There is a pleasant sweetness and luxury in such a moment, which we may defy the coldest and most calculating pundit of us all to resist. He had that chivalry in him which is "youth." In short, before they left that garden he was

enrolled—solemnly sworn her champion and defender. The tears were dried by the delicate fingers of the Beauty, holding the most exquisite cambric. The performance went on triumphantly to the end. But in the smoking-room that night, when the hulking Barron was recommencing his one stale topic, the Beauty interposed and said, quietly,—

"You must stop all that now, Barron. I can't stand by and suffer any more of that language. I give you fair warning."

"And why, pray?" said the other, good humouredly.

Then the Beauty told him. And, in justice to the rough Barron, it must be said that he seized the womanly hand, wrung it warmly, and poured out many excuses and hearty congratulations.

But with the next day came the cold grey of the morning. It was like walking across a stage at eight o'clock of a November day after the glorious *début* of a prima donna. The Beauty awoke, as it were. The change for him, indeed, was the suddenest and strangest: ladies looked on him curiously, as if he had been transformed in the night. He was reduced to being a private. It was believed he would have committed suicide; but there was no escape. Unlucky, as that sportswoman had been in her gentle art—indifferent Waltonian—once she had something on her line, she was not likely to let it go. The marriage was speedily "arranged," as it is called, and the Beauty was (perhaps, literally) led to the altar.

With this alliance began, of course, quite a new life for Beauty Talbot. The name he never lost, though it was applied more from the wish to avoid the trouble of unlearning anything, which the public always dislikes. He was said to be fairly broken-in; but a greater change came over the Honourable Mrs. Talbot. It has been mentioned that she really liked the Beauty; and she seemed to her friends, from the hour of her marriage, to have put on quite a new character. She really flung away the old arms—for armour she wore none, as she was only too willing to receive a wound—with delight. She was sick of the old campaigning and skirmishing and the trenches, and was delighted to retire thus on full pay. She genuinely laid herself out to be domestic, and to make the Beauty contented and happy—a task of surprising difficulty; for he was by no means weary of the trenches, and literally pined for what Barron had called being "patted among the ladies," like a little boy of tender years. He moped and mused; it was the air he had breathed. What was to become of him? He would sicken and die. Perhaps he had sacrificed himself; perhaps he was lost and undone for ever. The enemies and rivals, who never forgave her,

were not indisposed to encourage this tone. She had committed one of the unpardonable sins. They were never weary of shooting their little arrows, tipped with a venomous poison, which festered and irritated. The poison was, "that woman and her boy," on which the changes were rung. Yet nothing could have been more unfair. There was about ten or twelve years between them; and she looked not very much older. But that majority was on the wrong side; and she was unwearied in her efforts to atone for it.

Firstly, she took him to travel for two years, wisely judging it prudent to remove him from those who were his old friends and her old enemies. This answered very fairly for a time, until they got to Paris, and then to some of the fashionable watering-places, where the good looks of the Beauty found him some admirers. She had then to remove him home, and she took a small house in London, where she began seriously to devise and cogitate how she was to employ him. After much trouble and toil she got him a place, that was at once genteel and out of mischief, in the Palace, on what was called the Board of Green Cloth, with not much to do and not much salary. It suited him exactly. He was thrown with some "nice" people—was in a good atmosphere. But it would be endless to record the unwearied arts of this singular woman at home to secure her influence. For there was besides a *simplicity* in the Beauty, under all his follies, which attracted, and under good training, would have made him, in the conventional phrase, a useful member of society; and a good nature, which exhibited itself where his own interest was not very directly concerned. The result, however, was, that these laborious arts bore fruit, and he at last, after a faint struggle, and by the judicious removal and fencing off of all temptation, began to fall completely under the influence of his wife. Not that he was conscious of this, in the least, and believed he had a strong mind and "a will of his own." Her "arts," as will be seen, were all directed to the aim of maintaining that influence, and of hiding from him the ravages of the cruel enemy, Time. He was taught—it was forced upon him—to believe that she was superior to most women: so elegant and refined, and with the true style; and some really good-natured old friends of hers co-operated. One of these Samaritans whom we shall see presently, Mr. Lumley, whom the Beauty looked up to amazingly, did wonders in this direction. It was impossible indeed not to feel sympathy for such unwearied efforts. She certainly had the art of dress—had also the art of keeping her hair, her colour, her eyes, and of concealing that art.

But it would have all broken down after a few years, but for a new

and more powerful ally that began to move upon the scene. The pretty heroine of this story had come into the world, was growing up, from a piquant infant into a pretty and delightful little girl, wearing a blue cloak and straw hat, and with her dark hair tumbling about her in curls, as she cantered along by the seaside on a high-spirited donkey, laughing with enjoyment, and making the heart of the school-boy, who looked after her, ache for long after. As she glided on from ten years old to fifteen, from fifteen to eighteen, the troubled mother found her a wonderful and far more skilful assistant. Her devices were inexhaustible, and infinitely more original. She made it all secure; and though the paternal heart was not bubbling over with affections or doating on her, she was irresistible in her way. The jewel of that household was Miss Livy.

Thus do we find them, on the evening she came down from town, and drove her ponies from the station, her young father-brother sitting beside her. How often she wished things could go on so for ever. They were so happy—her brother-father so young and pleasant, mamma so tranquil, life so enjoyable. Alas! that the great wain of time should be hurrying down an incline with a gathering velocity. There are pleasant epochs in life, when the sense of tranquil felicity is so keen, we should wish the break put on, and all things to stop; for a time at least. Their little pleasant house, and the delightful little interior, where they were all so happy together, there was no reason "in life" why things should not go on. The faith and purpose of these two women, could at least secure that. The passiveness of Beauty Talbot made everything the more secure. He was so "broken in," so trained now, he could be trusted among whole flocks of ladies. Such is the text—the *carte de pays;* it will not be difficult to follow out the sermon.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MAN OF MONEY.

While the Talbots are driving swiftly to this party, we may take a glance at their host, Richard Hardman, Esq., now on his rug, in a senatorial attitude.

A low, coarse man. But "lords" and "people of that sort," found him quite another description of man. They always said that "Hardman was a shrewd clever man of the world, whose opinion on any subject was worth money." He was pushing and forward; but it was impossible not to respect a person who had raised himself

"from the very dregs," whatever they were, and could hold his own with any of the moneyed men of the kingdom. You asked him to meet a number of men of rank, and men of intellect, and it was impossible to pass over Hardman, who, in a quiet way "held his own," and did not obtrude any of the vulgar "I could buy and sell *you*," —the syllogism on every subject, to which men of his class reduce all reasoning. The host would whisper, "That's Hardman, at the end of the table, a shrewd, clear-sighted City man; began with nothing, made his money out of his brain, perfect man of the world, long-headed to a degree." It is surprising the respect with which noble persons thus regard intelligent men of this sort, who do not represent the mere *animal* type of wealth, as it may be called, and which is a chuckling, selfish, good-for-nothing type; but which is sufficiently deferential and even obsequious, and, it is to be feared, can give a sort of return in the shape of a rare and useful bit of information Citywards, which might be turned into money. For the aristocrats of the kingdom are not above receiving "information" in other matters, as well as in the racing. A startling truth was stated not long ago, that "the Irish were now the most stingy race in the kingdom," and it is a *pendant* for that truth that the "noble" persons of our kingdom have a certain greed of "low" money, and an eagerness for getting it, that is inconceivable. Mr. Hardman, shrewd fellow that he was, took due account of this foible, and turned it to his own profit.

About Richard Hardman was often asked the question, "Who was he?" That almost ungrammatical question, and one of the audacious ellipses in the language,—it stands for a whole biography. But here again Mr. Hardman was exceptional. We hear of a Chancellor of England who was a bedmaker, or a scrivener, or some such thing; of peers who swept a warehouse. These are matters of just pride, as in the case of Mr. Bounderby, boasting of the hedge as that four-post bed under whose shelter he was born. But somehow no one "raked up" these things in Mr. Hardman's instance. The mystery was, no one knew anything, and yet each human figure has its place in the universe, filling up a certain space, comes in contact with a number of people, and must be noted and recollected. At the police courts, the jailors and warders remember Mr. Sykes, as having been under their charge so many years ago. Some one once stated that Richard Hardman's father had kept a shop in some particular town. But there was no evidence. Who would believe it now. There was the man himself, a millionnaire, as it was believed. "A perfect gentleman, I assure you. So intelligent, so shrewd, it is

quite a pleasure to talk to him." They were not above consulting him on their little, mean, miserable ventures, just as at the German gambling places, we see noble ladies and gentlemen on the strangest terms of familiarity with blackleg gamblers, looking on them with awe and respect.

But it was with ladies, and in ladies' society that Mr. Hardman "showed the cloven hoof" as it is called,—rather exhibited those huge clodhopper hobnailed brogues—symbols of his low vulgarity, and which he unconsciously brought into the drawing-room, and put up on the sofa and cushions. Here it was that he revealed himself; no training, no purchased education of dinner-giving, or dinner-going, could impart that nice and delicate tact, that bloom which is not to be taught, that "gentleness"—not of blood, but of mind—which is based upon what is considerate, and the feelings of others. This he had not acquired, and never would acquire, and with the best intentions he was perpetually making some blunder, which he would have been delighted to have been allowed to repair in a fashion like this, to take the person aside and say, "My dear sir (or lady), here is a little cheque, which I hope you will let me press on you; you will really oblige me!"

But for real persons of quality,—the high-bred sort, so composed, so confident and immovable in their proud position,—the calm, tranquil, refined ladies of birth and title, who spoke in a sweet, low, but cold voice, whose eye rested on him with an inquiring, half-indifferent, half-contemptuous way, these seemed as far above him as the angels, whom he read of pompously each Sunday in his prayer-book —("reduced sort of people, who, for that matter, he might buy and sell")—for them he languished; in their every movement and action he saw grace and perfection.

When he first came to this neighbourhood, Mrs. Talbot thus impressed him. She was the true style—had the true, almost contemptuous insolence. For her acquaintance he actually languished; and it was indeed a day of great joy, when that "call" was made. Her refined presence seemed to pervade that gaudy and "spick and span" house like a perfume. In that gaudy gold and silver, overloaded drawing-room, she was like the pearl or diamond in the forehead of the staringly-coloured idol. He would, did society tolerate it, have abased himself on the carpet, taken that charming foot, *à la* Man Friday, and placed it upon his head. His great stout wife this enchanting presence did not at all affect in the same way: she was as gratified, but hers was quite a different department of "snobbishness;" and, in truth, quite as low as her husband. She was less

vulgar-minded, in a sense. She assumed herself to be "as good as any of them," and accepted such a visit as homage to their great wealth and condition. Her husband looked down on her as thus wanting in refinement; and thus his "vulgarity" was the lowest in degree of the two.

On the morning of that auspicious visit, Mr. Hardman was fortunately "within;" so, too, was his wife, but not his daughter Rose. We may dwell a little on this scene, as it will illustrate that strange yet interesting "formation," the soul that has become calcareous, or ossified, by money. After all, such a character followed with the finger along all its windings and lines, is as interesting and as full of surprises as a course of incidents itself. It is, besides, the very turning-point of this little narrative, and brought about a very strange relation between the two families.

Mrs. Talbot had an object in this visit, which will be seen later. She was not indisposed to find them a little useful. She admired, in a dubious way the splendour of the drawing-room, praising the richness of the *fabrics*, the treasures of gold, &c., but saying nothing of the way these things were combined. The walls, a blazing salmon and gold, were hung round with pictures "of the modern school," by those eminent painters, "Twelve hundred" or "Two thousand;" for the owner dwelt with infinitely more admiration on those prices than on the humble "fellow" who had laid on the colours. He had succeeded in getting the worst specimen of the masters—gaudy costly failures of a subject, which the painter himself excused to his friends.

"Oh, yes, a thing I did as an experiment. One of the manufacturing men came bothering me to let him have it, so I put in as much colour as I could for the money. A dreadful thing, sir! but done to order."

In this grateful way is sheer *money* spoken of.

With her glass Mrs. Talbot surveyed these treasures. Suddenly at a corner she came upon a little cabinet picture, by a humble French artist—one of his favourite *genre* pieces—a "Game of Chess," in the Meissonier style—bright, clear, firm, and exquisitely finished.

"Ah! that!" said Mr. Hardman; "it's not worthy of the situation. I am ashamed that you should have seen it, Mrs. Talbot; a nice little thing in its way, and good for a beginner."

"A beginner!" she said; "and who did it, pray?"

"Oh, it's a fancy of my daughter's, and shall be cashiered at once. An humble French fellow that died. We took him up a little."

"I cannot tell you how I admire it," she said; "it is by far the best. In fact, the others cannot compare to it."

She was nearly right; for she had the *débris* of a good early taste. Besides, she was not sorry in a gentle way to take down this monetary arrogance. He was amazed,—confused rather.

"Oh, it is good," he said, looking into it. "Great promise. I always said so."

"Promise!" she repeated, smiling. "That was long before,—this is performance!"

"Ah, hah! very good, Mrs. Talbot. So cleverly said. Worthy of the House!"

"You don't pay compliments, I see," she answered, quietly. "Now, I tell you, Mr. Hardman, this is the prettiest thing I have seen for years, and any real artist will tell you so. It is worth any money."

"You don't say so, Mrs. Talbot?" said he, getting out his glasses and staring it all over, as if looking for the words "any money." "I declare it *is* good—uncommonly good. Unpretending, you know; and now that you say so, *really* good. It has merit."

Mrs. Talbot showed almost disgust at this patronage. He read in her face quite plainly, "You don't know what you are talking about, low man that you are!" "It is worth your collection put together. I don't mean in money, but for pleasing." She swept away with that delicious "high-bred smile," and left Mr. Hardman half pleased, half uncomfortable. His daughter now came in, and found him ruminating.

"Mrs. Talbot has just been here," he said, in a sort of lofty, chamberlain way, and a tacit intimation,—"See what I do for you. Where would you all be but for me?" A hint which he conveyed in the most insufferably arrogant way at every hour of the day.

"I say, Mrs. Talbot has paid us a visit. I say a very affable, nice sort of person, whom I wish you, Rose, to cultivate. You hear?"

"Affable?" said Rose, coldly. "She has not been patronising us?"

"Folly! You cannot understand the difference between civility and the deference paid to a person of fortune that one is anxious to make a friend of."

"More anxious to come and laugh at us," said Rose, her lip curling. "I know what these sort of people are, and what they stoop to do, with all their good blood and gentility. They will do mean things, as I have seen."

"Oh, ridiculous!" said Mr. Hardman, much put out. "You are thinking of what you saw of those people in Ireland. The Irish are paupers, high and low. I could buy and sell the richest among them, fifty times over."

"So you could the Talbots, papa. Take my advice," she added, going up to him: "just take her advances for what they are worth.

I have heard some of her history, and know what she is perfectly. We shall be much more respectable and respected if we keep to our own set. Let them, if they like, court us; but for God's sake, let us not be seen courting them, or currying a smile from a woman that will ask you to amuse her friends, if she ask at all."

"You are a mere fool!" said Mr. Hardman, in a rage; "utterly ignorant. You have no more sense than that dog. Besides, I will not take any lecturing. It's insulting. Don't speak to me; don't make such speeches to me. It's infernal disrespectful."

"I mean it for your good, father; and if I have said anything wrong——"

"You have. Mean things for your own good! I know what is thought of me in the county, and over England too, and I won't be interfered with, if I choose to assert the position I am entitled to. Here, you! send round the carriage at once."

The carriage came round.

"Where is Miller?" (the duke's coachman).

He was told he had to go into the town about "the bad oats." Mr. Hardman threw back his head haughtily, as if about to scold, but recollected himself. The duke's coachman was in the habit of giving warning if he was found fault with even in his absence. ("I 'ear, sir, that you expressed yourself as dissatisfied," &c.) "Bring down that picture carefully, now; it is of great value." He then drove away, the magnificent steeds ("cost me," &c.) striding out at a good pace.

Rose, wandering back listlessly into the drawing room, noticed the blank space, and asked what had become of her dear and favourite picture. The answer was, "Master had taken it away in the carriage."

That evening Mr. Hardman sat in the great swinging chamber he called his carriage, in a haughty, "arms-folded" way, as though there were people opposite watching him. Instead of such spectators, was the picture of "The Chess Players," in its gilt frame, leaning against the cushions. The frame gave him some uneasiness; it was not broad nor rich enough.

"It was a pity," he thought, "there was not time to get more gold on; but there was nothing like striking when the iron was hot."

The great coach turning up to the modest red-brick house, he got out, was told Mrs. Talbot was at home, and then said, loftily,—

"Be careful in bringing that picture in; it is of value."

It was carried in, and maids—and, *perhaps*, some of higher station looking from lofty eyries in the roof—wondered what this meant. Mr. Talbot himself, passing through the little hall, saw a picture on a chair, and read the solution at once.

Miss Livy was in the drawing-room, and with her bright, beaming face welcomed the man of money cordially. To her he was obsequious, though he fancied she had not the true "high-bred touch" of her mother—that *latent contempt* which he so admired, yet dreaded.

"Mamma," she said, with animation, "had gone to see him that very morning."

Mr. Hardman (loftily) knew that perfectly. He had had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Talbot.

Then entered Mrs. Talbot, with a curious look on her face, something rather hard and severe—as it were, giving warning to the visitor,—

"Take care now what you are going to do."

There was, besides, a perplexing interrogatory,—

"What *can* you want with me?"

It made Mr. Hardman nervous, he could not explain how; and at every diversion he made, this cold look was still on him asking, pertinently,—

"Now, please, what do you want?"

At last he was brought to the point rather awkwardly, for Beauty himself—who had been "composing" at the piano, and was much put out at the long interruption—came in.

"I say," he said, "where on earth did that picture in the hall come from—two men playing chess?"

Mrs. Talbot looked very stern.

"Playing chess!"

Mr. Hardman now wished he had left it at home.

"The truth is," he said, "you so admired it, and did me the honour of praising it so much, that——"

The cold eyes were on him.

"Yes, Mr. Hardman; that——"

"That I thought—"—he went on, with a poor attempt at a flourish—"I could not do better than venture to present it to one who—who——"

Here he stopped; the cold face was too much. The Beauty did not know what to say, though not displeased at the House receiving anything.

"Oh, dear, no," said she, decidedly; "*that* would be out of the question. Oh, I never——. However, it was very kind of you to bring it over, because I should like Mr. Talbot to see it, whose criticism will agree with mine, I am sure."

A servant brought in the picture, and it was admired. The stupid

man did not seize on the friendly plank thus thrown to him, but became bold again.

"Oh, you must take it, Mrs. Talbot; I insist on it now. No ceremony with us."

Mrs. Talbot looked at him with something like scorn.

"I said, Mr. Hardman, that it was out of the question; I never take presents, except under circumstances. You must excuse us, indeed." She smiled on him, as if she was saying something complimentary. "Shall I ring for them to take it away? It is so heavy—is it not?"

Beauty Talbot admired the way his wife performed all this—as, indeed, she intended that he should. Clever woman, he thought; but with such a delicate way of doing the thing.

Mr. Hardman got up, very hot and miserable—much hurt, as he showed by his glowing face.

"Oh, no matter," he said; "I assure you the picture is a good one, and you have a loss of it. However, it is no matter in the world—none at all."

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Hardman," Mrs. Talbot went on, with a languidly amused air. "I am sure it was too good of you to come up with it."

"Oh, don't mention it," he said, anxious to get away, and buttoning his coat tightly. There is nothing so humiliating as having to take things back.

And Mr. Hardman was savage as he strode down the steps, his picture carried in front. He flung himself back in his carriage, and fumed. As he had not the duke's coachman driving, he could vent himself—his head out of the window,—

"Is that the way to treat my horses, sir? You don't know *how* to drive, sir."

Entering the house, his picture carried before him, he came full on his daughter.

"I knew she wouldn't take it, papa. Why didn't you consult me?"

Nothing is so aggravating, even for a good temper, as being thus surprised at so humiliating a moment. An army in a rout, hurrying along its baggage, is not in a humour to be "brought to book." Hardman answered her angrily:—

"Am I to take you into my confidence? I do what I choose."

"You shouldn't have done this, father. She would have delighted in mortifying us, and be glad of the opportunity. She will call us vulgar and low. And to offer a present to a person you have seen only once or twice,—we deserve such a rebuff."

"This is outrageous!" said her father, turning on her, and making

his voice resound through the house. "Am I master here? Who pays for everything in this house? And am I to be dictated to in this way? Damn it!" (For, scraping the thin coating of civilisation, we come on the common workman, with oaths, &c.) "I'll not put up with it! Insulted this way, right and left! Don't speak to me, girl. I, that have raised you out of the mud;—only for me you'd be a common trolloping——"

She gave him a look of contempt, and turned from him with a "For shame!"

He was not displeased. He had had the best of *that*, and retired into his den. Strange to say, he was in a greater fury with his daughter than with Mrs. Talbot. He admired and respected, while he ground his teeth. How he would give the world to have that art. How much would he not pay down for it—a cheque for a large amount; but he knew it was hopeless. Even at his business, with inferiors—wretched dependants—he could not compass it. He could "abuse them," and be insulting also, as he could be overbearing to men his own equals; but he could not attain that courteous, stinging, placid shape of deadly offence. He felt no wish to punish her or revenge himself in any way; but he could not forgive his daughter for *having known more than he did*, and for having foretold what he could not foretell. This is often the heaviest of crimes. Thus he sat in his parlour glowering at people and enemies who were not present.

This was shortly before the night when the first chapter of this little history opens—in fact, within ten days; and a man on horseback had ridden up to the red brick house, with a despatch, wherein "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hardman requests the honour of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot at dinner, on Monday, the —th, at half past eight o'clock." He was very forgiving.

## CHAPTER V.

### A DINNER AT THE TOWERS.

THE TOWERS, where the Hardmans lived, had belonged to the Tilley family, before Sir John had been obliged, from unsuccessful horse-racing, to sell the place and go abroad. It was a great red barrack of a house, with yellow copings and edgings, and white stone flower-pots on the top. The monetary soul of the rich man hungered for this place, and fancied it, when it came into the market, because "it had belonged to the Baronet." He already heard himself saying, in answer to some guest's inquiry, "Yes, I got this place when the

Tilleys broke up,—Sir John, you know. I gave him a fine price for it. I lunched with him in this room, and he had his hands under my feet. 'I am a beggar,' he said; 'don't be hard on me.' 'No, Sir John,' I replied. 'I'll draw a cheque for the sum you wish.'"

This was the Hardman version—in a literal way true; but it was said, on the other hand, that the rich man had screwed and haggled, and wanted this in and that in, and all the while kept off other purchasers. This, however, may have been exaggeration; for the stories about Hardman were endless, and every one could contribute something about his arrogance, his "parvenuishness," and innate meanness of soul; for he had not bought or paid for tact to hide these odious blemishes. A different compliment to the well-known one paid to Mr. Burke could be paid to him; for you could not stand five minutes under an archway with him during a shower without in some way getting the impression that he was one of the most offensive of men. There would be something in the way he handled his umbrella, or the way he would look out on the weather, as if it was some low "poor" creature that was coming in his road. He was giving these dinners, in the fancy that he was growing popular, but found far more secret pleasure in showing off his coarse magnificence. Mrs. Hardman was about as vulgar as he was, with an apparatus besides of noddings and bendings, which she took for graciousness and condescension. But they had a son and daughter who, strange to say, seemed wholly of another pattern. They did not reflect the coarseness of mind or manner of their sire and mamma. The daughter we have seen.

The Talbot carriage met several other carriages returning as it rolled up the avenue. The door was open, and a blaze of light was shed forth, in which sheen appeared, standing as archangels of the household, the menials in the Hardman canary colour and blue. During dinner more will be heard about these gentry. The procession went up the "grand stair," and was sung into the drawing-room, which was already pretty full.

Mr. Hardman came from off the rug—the royal tabaret, as it were—with his face still turned towards an old-fashioned gentleman, who was talking and illustrating something with his hands, and gave the new guests quite a mechanical greeting. Mrs. Hardman, however, welcomed them with a fat and rubicund stateliness, as though she was some queen receiving. Mr. Talbot looked round the room to take a hasty view of the people who were assembled, and most of whom he knew. For the Hon. Mrs. Talbot there was, after the usual formula, a seat dug out, as it were, on the sofa, between other

matrons, and the lovely Phœbe had sunk down on an ottoman, spreading out in vast billows of virgin silk quite close to a tall, soldierly man, with grey moustaches.

The potentate upon the rug—and at every dinner there is the king—was a wiry, compact, high-shouldered gentleman, with a very tight smooth face, a white tie without any creases, and that seemed to fasten behind a velvet collar and a wig. "And the most curious part of the whole," he was saying, "was that the bishop never saw him again—never heard of him even!" And he turned and swayed on his heel from one side to the other, looking into every face. "Strange, wasn't it? Brindley told me that story himself." Chorus,—"Most singular!" "Oddest thing!" "So strange!" was murmured all round. Mr. Talbot knew that this was Lord Northfleet. "Ever hear how Brindley himself got Gravesend?" he went on, sharply. "A mere accident. Same name, you know, as the engineer—connected, of course, with the canal and Ellesmere. The Premier once sat for the borough," &c. All this while Mr. Hardman was listening in the statesman attitude, his chin now high, now depressed as he looked at his glazed feet, the lord clattering on with the most "curious" stories. With reluctance the host had to address himself to the almost menial duty of assorting his guests, and in a haughty way bade each man take down each woman. A good-looking youth, with small, glossy moustache, and not more than eighteen, was led pompously to our Livy for her dinner companion, introduced as "My son," and it was just at that moment that Mrs. Talbot rose up with rustles and many smiles to greet the daughter of the house.

Any man of the world seeing the two ladies meet, would have read off the whole story with much amusement and interest, just as an experienced doctor would guess at the history of a whole case. The manufacturer's daughter came forward with a placid wariness, much as a man of business comes out from his office to see some importuning visitor who, he suspects, wants something. There was a calm coldness—combativeness in ambuscade—a defence at all points, with a prospect of security. This gave to Mrs. Talbot's simpering courtesies an air of trepidation almost. The two ladies disliked each other; one, besides, despising, and the other fearing the dull lump of coarse metal, her father, who, from constant grovelling before the molten calf, had grown into the image of one himself; and his coarse instinct was utterly insensible to any such fine-spun and delicate currents of emotion about him. About Miss Hardman there was something remarkable. She carried herself well; she was really one of the company of "fine girls," as they are called, who,

twenty years hence, turn out vast and portly women. Every one wondered how Rosa Hardman had contrived to drive out of herself all trace of those two vulgar parents of hers; but she had for the present, certainly, unless physical enemies,—skin, flesh, &c.,—should prove too much for her by-and-by. She had fine hair, and good eyes which seemed her own very mind, for when she fixed them she gave the idea of search, and of question, and of deliberation, and of final decision. They seemed to say, "Ah, now! I see through your designs!" This thoughtful gaze no one much relished, still less her parents, who disliked their daughter, and had an uneasy feeling that she took the measure of their inferiority. Even such an uneasy feeling was in Mrs. Talbot's mind, as she retired to her sofa again. And when it had got abroad in the room, by a sort of gentle masonry, that the time had come, and every one was rustling about and seeking his own, in a sort of agitation, Mrs. Talbot, glancing in the direction of her sister Phœbe, followed that maiden's look of consternation, and saw Colonel Labouchere and Miss Hardman passing down, joined together and not to be sundered for that evening. At that moment the woman of the world seemed to read, as by an inspiration, a whole chronicle of what had taken place when she was not present—chapters upon chapters in the book of intrigue. For deserted Phœbe came one of the supernumeraries of the party, called up from the rear,—a mere raw soldier, and Mrs. Talbot noted with pain her look of bewildered astonishment. For there is a sort of honourable understanding in these matters—a kind of delicate forbearance as to the matter of proprietorship. It was understood through the whole parish what designs the Talbot family entertained upon the stranger.

That dinner was like one of the banquets on an opera stage—the gold and the silver and finery were daubed on over the room, and the table, and the picture-frames, much as the owner was inclined to embroider heavily his canary liveries. There was a vast deal of what seemed gold plate, huge silver urns, in the worst taste, under which, the table groaned. It was, as some one said, like the prize table we see in a tent at a shooting match. The host and his lady sat well back, and scarcely spoke, but surveyed their own magnificence, like the theatrical kings and queens who preside at the banquets just alluded to. On the wall hung another host and hostess, with full as much gaudy paint heaped on as could be given for the money—he with his hand under his waistcoat collar, his head back, his lips and chin drawn up, in the favourite expression, "I am listening to your statement, sir; and am prepared with a reply to your worthless argument."

She in a rich flame-coloured silk, diamonds, and lace, full length; the red, full face, toned down into a lovely and "heightened" bloom,—indeed, one of the grossest pieces of pictorial subservience Bicknell, the artist, had yet been guilty of. It had been refused admittance to the walls of the Academy, "*owing to its size!*" Bicknell told the rich man, but told his friends quite another story. He would have been ashamed to have such a bit of millinery hung up with his name to it; but had made the "two vulgarians" pay fifty per cent. more for his putting in the dress at all.

Mrs. Talbot was seated opposite the daughter of the house, and before dinner was half over, had read full a volume and a half of *that* story. It was a game, indeed, she had often played herself, and found a great piquancy in it. Just as our gallant sailors love what is called a "cutting out" expedition; and while they are preparing the blockade and bombardment of some great port or fort, man the pinnace and keep up the spirits of the men by a bold capture of some little sloop or merchantman, under the very noses of the guns. There is not much profit on the whole, if successful,—the prize is worthless; but it is a dashing achievement, and *annoys the enemy.* So it seemed to her had been the motive of the large, steadily gazing, Rose Hardman, and who, when she looked, seemed to look in reply, coldly, "Well? I am as much entitled as *you.* This was *your* old game. You think because my mother and father are vulgar, and have bad taste, that their family are to be considered inferior, and that mind and ability go for nothing?"

The unhappy Phœbe also had an uneasy feeling that this was a new enemy who had appeared on the scene, and who was a highly dangerous one. She had not been trained in the mere arts of *that* warfare, had no strategy, and knew not how to change her front, fall back, form square, or even advance. She required cavalry, that useful "arm" in the person of her sister, to charge and clear the ground for her. And thus the young supernumerary who had her in his keeping knew not what to make of her *distrait* and worried air, and the young gentleman returning home that night told his friends that he had been sent down with "a heavy lump of a girl that hadn't two words to say for herself."

Lord Northfleet was "in great vein" that evening. His "curious" stories and odd observations charmed every one. His thoughts or investigations ran in the strangest gullies and courses.

"Did you ever hear," he was heard to ask, with a loud mysteriousness, "that Byron *left two sons?* I had it from the old dean near Newstead; so like him, too; one of them with a tendency to club-

foot. Wasn't it strange? *He* said they went to America;" or about the late Duke of Wellington, "which was told me by the present Lord Huntinbrough, not long before the time of the Battle of Waterloo. When he was in London, he received a mysterious letter, asking him to give the writer a meeting in one of those back slums behind Soho. He was enjoined secresy, and bidden to come alone, and the writer said if he had courage she would show him, for it was a woman's hand, a paper containing the plans of one who was his greatest enemy. Huntinbrough, who was going on his staff at the time, came in, and it was shown to him, and he said something about the waste-paper basket, as a matter of course, but the Duke said, in his quiet way, 'I mean to go.' Huntinbrough knew it was useless to remonstrate, but he said he never was in such a mortal terror, for it had all the air of what they call a regular plant."

Lord Northfleet had a clear gritty voice, and worked his sharp head briskly as he told a story, addressing a scrap to this one, another to that, no matter how far off, until he gradually drew in an audience. Everyone was now listening. Mr. Hardman very proud.

"The Duke rode down to Soho; got down, threw the reins to a *gamin*, who was standing about, and went in to one of the most cut-throat places you could conceive. He came home very grave and serious. It is supposed, and Huntinbrough had reason to know," the lord added, dropping his voice, and a salt spoon might have been heard to drop as he spoke, "that she was a former—you know—of the Emperor's. I believe what he heard there had something to do with the gaining of the battle!"

The host looked up and down the table, and it seemed as though his chin were about to retire for ever within his white tie, and be never seen again. His air was as who should say pompously to the guests, "See, what Heaven provided for you, a real lord, telling such curious stories, not the common sort of article, stories out of the newspapers, and all that, but real rare things you won't meet every day." The servants, in obedience to a haughty sign, refrained from movement or clatter; the magic sounds, "Duke of Wellington," "Lord Huntinbrough," had the influence of a charm. Mr. Hardman spoke later of the great "tact" of Bewley, his butler, who had come to him from Lord Trueman's, at Trueman's Court. The coachman, too, who had come from the duke, was also seen hovering about, disdainfully making himself inefficient, haughtily standing afar off, listening with refined enjoyment, in what was a stiff robe that flowed about his limbs.

Beauty Talbot had fallen, as it were, upon clover pastures. A young girl, fresh, *naïve*, countrified, such as French novelists rave of

as *délicieuse* and of a *fraicheur ravissante*. This little sapling was enchanted with the good-looking and agreeable gentleman who took her down, listening with a shy smile and scarcely contained enjoyment to all that he told her *of himself*. Not for long had he such a listener; for on average occasions he was given a trained married lady, who knew and was pretty tired of all the tricks of the little human comedy, and would have made the little girl "of the delicious *fraicheur*" stare by her criticism of "that vapid creature Talbot." He was quite happy, and told her all about himself, and his ways and likings. To him, indeed, a new object was almost essential, and to whom everything he could say was fresh. With those who knew him, or had met him often, he found "he wanted spring," and soon collapsed into dullness. He would return home quite in spirits, and his lady there would listen with interest to his recital of his great success. It kept him in spirits for a day; and as she took care he should not meet the object that had so gratified him again, the whole presently passed out of his mind.

Thus the dinner went on, vastly enjoyed by the supernumeraries and by the grand host, who looked down on his own pride and pomp, spoke very little, save an allusion to Lord Kelldrum, or to "the duke" from whom he got his coachman; and this card he had learned to play with what might be called "a clumsy adroitness." Thus. Lord Northfleet is telling a most singular thing about Madox, the expert. "Had noticed on a receipt the curious fact, bent his r's backwards. A year afterwards called at a trial—paper put into his hand, and remembered r's bent back. It was ten years before. Man hanged on the strength of this evidence."

Mr. Hardman (seeing the opportunity). "The best handwriting I ever saw in my life is that of the duke's, so fine, clear, bold, and distinct for a man of his age. You know him, of course, Lord Northfleet?"

Mrs. Talbot, sitting beside this golden calf, could not but glance with a smile of significance and amusement at a neighbour of hers, a gentleman of great intelligence and quietness. But the next moment she felt a gaze steadily fall upon her with a cold challenge and defiance, as much as to say, "I am on the alert. Well, what discovery have you made? It is surely not polite—certainly at *our* table—to sneer at your host." The next moment Mrs. Talbot saw those eyes turned to their neighbour, Colonel Labouchere, and from him to Beauty Talbot, and from the last to Mrs. Talbot, from whom both the colonel and Miss Hardman, surprised as it were in an unlawful glance, turned away. From the common language of women who are hostile to each other, Mrs. Talbot knew perfectly that the

disparity between the ages of herself and her husband—her rock ahead, that "heel" of hers that was vulnerable—had been the subject of that whisper. That was indeed a most fatal and certain sign of the defection of the colonel. For the sake of the new love, a man will ungratefully sacrifice on the spot, to gain the merest point, the most cherished allies, very much to their astonishment. Phœbe, also, afar off, saw that all seemed well-nigh lost.

Now, however, the ladies are moving up-stairs to assemble in their private sanhedrim. There it may be suspected it is as difficult for a woman to "hold her own" and take "position," as for a man to hold his own in the House of Commons. The "great lady" of the meeting has a strange power, which an inferior of the same sex dare not do battle against, after the republican fashion in which an inferior male can stand up against a leading man in a society. With them there is more equality, and the lower being can assert himself even roughly, while the man of rank or genius is content, and too proud to struggle for superiority.

But the haughty and insipid superior lady—superior in *ton*, rank, and languor—who will not condescend to do battle (and these arms are hers), how shall the unwieldy, flaming vulgarian contrive to approach her? That manner wins respect and allies. Those sitting round are drawn by it to support the chieftainess. This high office Mrs. Talbot took up at once when she reached the drawing-room, and the obsequious hostess rolled, as it were, to her feet. The great lady might be thinking of something else: she had not forgotten her old days, when she had to fight her way through the crowd before she had attained the honours of the tabaret.

Thus enthroned, a queen of light,—the rustic ladies of the district grouped about her, a few light girls talking eagerly together at a distance, yet stealing sly and reverential glances—Mrs. Talbot "presided," and gave her little senate laws in a low, sweet murmur of gentility, which she had no reason to pitch in a higher key—a softly melodious monologue—which by the art of her training had no air of selfish monopoly or vulgar personality. The great idol in human flesh, that seemed incompressible almost, determined to escape from the frail tracery of tulle and silks, Mrs. Hardman sat near her, on rolling billows of cushion, a huge swollen wave. She was content to listen and distend her lips in rich smiles of admiration.

It was only when Mrs. Talbot's eye rested on the daughter of the house, who sat near her, as though under a compulsion of respect, that she grew a little uneasy. That cold look, seemed to say, "all this loftiness does well enough among the people who are

listening to you, but not for me, on whom you impose about as much as the fine clothes of an actor upon an old playgoer." The retired soldier "itched" for battle, yet at the same time dreaded it. Something, however, drew her on.

Mrs. Talbot could not be rude, or ill-bred to honest vulgarity; Mrs. Hardman was so grotesquely "common," that she could only smile at her. It would have been simply cruel to have been insolent to her; but there was such a challenge in the eyes of the girl opposite that she could not resist sacrificing her good breeding and delicacy. The hostess spoke of some of the rich properties of the house—the paper splashed and daubed with gold bunches of flowers, and fenced in with great bars of superfluous moulding. The decorators and finishers had also hoisted up vast beams, or booms, of gold,—perhaps with cranes,—from which hung enormous mainsails of the richest figured silk known to the market, and which would take a whole crew to "draw" or furl. The same artists had filled the room with huge buhl structures. Mrs. Hardman told how "she had left it all to Towerson and Jones."

"Left it all to them?" repeated Mrs. Talbot, with a smile; "ah, *that* explains it!"

It is curious what a retribution there is in these things; and how, where there is no restraint, punishment is sure to follow. Mrs. Talbot little dreamed what trouble this unlucky vendetta into which she was rushing was storing up for her. On this hint, which always gave her an eternal fluency, Mrs. Hardman began to pour out details: how Towerson himself had come down and stayed a week, superintending; and how, in short, "they had left it all to him." The drawing-room was done exactly "the same as the duke's"—the nobleman who had supplied the famous coachman. Though, indeed, had the latter been called up to give his testimony as to the exact reproduction of the ducal drawing-room, he would have contemptuously dismissed any sense of likeness, with a declaration, "it were no more like than a bay 'orse is to a grey."

"Like the duke's!" said Mrs. Talbot, not to Mrs. Hardman, but to Miss Hardman. "Oh! then that is conclusive as to its taste."

"You, of course, mean its bad taste," said Rosa, coldly. "I understand you; for you could not mean to say that a nobleman is guaranteed against bad taste, *because* he is a nobleman."

Mrs. Talbot coloured, drew her lace shawl up, and rattled her ornaments. She shook her head helplessly.

"I merely use the common English language," she said, "and ordinary words. My poor head cannot follow all these refinements."

"There *is* too much ornament," went on the girl; "far too much heavy gold and gaudiness; yet we know that large rooms of this sort require this heavy style of decoration. We did not know much of the style usual in the noble houses, so we could only follow precedent and what was told to us. Hence we fell into the mistake of adopting the duke's model. We only deserve pity, but you must not condemn."

"Pity!" repeated her mother wondering, yet with an instinct that Rosa was at some of her usual absurd philosophy. "Ah, child, what folly you talk! Who wants to pity, or to condemn?"

"Well, you *have* my pity, with all my heart," said Mrs. Talbot, with a pretty simper; "and as much of it as you can want." And the rustic ladies sitting round, though scarcely understanding, saw that there was "sparring" going on, and were delighted to show by obsequious smiles that the lady of rank and fashion hit far away the best.

Miss Hardman seemed to smile good-humouredly.

"But surely you are amusing yourself with us when you say that the taste of a duke, or, I suppose you mean, of the aristocracy, is a safe guide, if the things be true that we hear. The fine ladies who take up rich but inferior people for payment——"

The curl on Mrs. Talbot's lip was as though she had seen a reptile crawling towards her.

"Payment! Where have you heard such stories? If indeed you consult the penny papers——"

"I mean," said Rosa, "those who take up, as it is called, the low person, and in return for the opera boxes, carriages, dinners, and perhaps houses, ask a few nice people—surely *that* is payment. Taste, indeed! What models to follow! There are fine ladies up in town, I have been told, who do not disdain to go to the parties of those they think beneath them—to sit at their tables, use them for their own convenience, and then will sneer, and turn the foolish creatures into ridicule for their fine friends. There is worse taste in the world than overloading rooms with gilding and decoration."

Mrs. Hardman rolled on her cushions in great trouble. She thought her daughter taking leave of her senses. The looks of Mrs. Talbot told her that that lady was being hurt—insulted—in some mysterious way, which she could not follow.

"For shame, Rosa!" she said. "What you say, Mrs. Talbot, is so right, and I am sure you know best about the duke, and we would not be wrong in following him."

(*To be continued.*)

# NOTES & INCIDENTS.

THE increasing taste for Philology is worthy of note. Archbishop Trench was the first to give an impulse to the study. His "Study on Words," "English, Past and Present," &c., were followed by Dean Alford, in his "Queen's English," Mr. Moon in his "Dean's English," and still later by Mr. Blackley, in his "Word Gossip." The most recent publication is a book by Mr. G. F. Graham, the author of many educational works now in general use. Mr. Graham's object seems to be to popularise the subject, and his "Book about Words" is addressed to the general reader as well as to the scholar and student. He has adopted a system in the treatment of his subject which is partially wanting in the above-named writers. Mr. Graham gives chapters on the origin and affinities of English words, Saxon, French, and Latin; the causes of the birth of new words and the decay of old ones; the tendency in words to degenerate in meaning, &c., &c. These are followed by discussions on the mania of the day for grand, sensational words; an historical sketch of our spelling; observations on the feasibility, variety, and other characteristics of English words. Then come chapters on parsing, pronunciation, slang words, Americanisms, &c. The whole concluding with some general remarks on words and miscellaneous derivations. Mr. Graham has collected in a small compass, and an attractive form, a large amount of information. His illustrations evince great research, they are well chosen, and many of them most interesting philological curiosities.

MORE than half the world's people firmly believe that the moon is a powerful influant of the weather. And yet the belief has no firm foundation. Over and over again have meteorologists tabulated their weather records to correspond with lunar conditions, and failed to discover any well-defined relation. There are a few ill-proven cases of atmospheric variation that may be suspected of connexion with the moon, but nothing to justify the strong opinions held by those whose only instruments are their unassisted eyes, and whose records are merely mental. Two very extensive comparisons have just been instituted between rain registers and the moon's phases, in quest of any lurking lunar influence on matters pluvial. One is by Mr. Glaisher, and embraces over fifty years of continuous rain-guaging, the other is by Mr. Dines, whose observations extend over forty years. In each case the amount of rain falling on each day of the period under examination has been placed in one column, side by side with another column showing the age of the moon: thus the

quantity corresponding to each day of the lunation has been found, and a strict comparison has been easily made. Any small variation of amount peculiar to any one phase of the moon would thus infallibly manifest itself. Now, from Mr. Glaisher's collation, it would appear that infinitesimally larger amounts of rain fall at about the first and third quarters than at new and full moon; but the differences are extremely minute, only such as the most accurate of rain-guages can measure, and certainly such as could never be recognised by a mere eye-observer. As to Mr. Dines, he says that, notwithstanding a strong prejudice to the contrary, he is forced to the conclusion that the fall of rain is in no way influenced by the changes of the moon or the moon's age. After this let no one, boasting of his knowledge "from experience," assert that the next change of moon will alter the weather.

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SOME advanced thinkers on the Continent are complaining of the present barbarous method of fire extinction by pumping tons of water indiscriminately upon a burning pile. No doubt, only a small part of the quenching liquid is really useful, while another small part is actually detrimental, tending rather to feed than to kill fire. One remedial suggestion, made by a French baron, is, instead of using a fire-engine of existing form, to revert to the ancient catapult, and by it to bombard the actual seat of the fire with tubs or buckets of water, which could be aimed just where they are wanted, and would be wholly effective. This is a step backwards. Another idea, also French, is more to the purpose. Its promulgator has prepared some cartridges containing a chemical which, under the influence of heat, disengages chlorine gas in great quantity. These parcels he proposes should be kept always in readiness for an outbreak of fire, and, when wanted, be cast into water, a cartridge to a bucket: the chemical will dissolve, and the solution is to be thrown upon the burning matter, when the evolved gas will extinguish the flames. This chemical annihilation of fire is very scientific and sounds very pretty; but the mischief is that vitality is sustained by combustion, and what will suffocate fire will extinguish life. In putting down the flames of a burning house you would infect a town with deadly vapours.

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THE yachting man is learning to cry "ease her," "stop her," "half a turn astern." Steam, from being a grand tool, has stooped to become a pretty toy. A few years back small screw-engines were ordered to be fitted to some of the launches of our iron-clad fleet, and the little steam-boats thus called into existence went so well without a cumbrous crew of oarsmen, that the private owners of pleasure boats sent their vessels to the engineers to be made self-propelling. The Prince of Wales gave a spurt to the new fancy by setting up a small screw yacht, and now I hear that engineering firms are high busy at this toy branch of their trade. Before long we may see yacht sails finally furled, and cranks and pistons in their

places. The yachtsman of the future will be no white-trousered, blue-jacketed dandy, but a grimy craftsman in a suit of "overalls," with a coal-shovel and an oil-can as his insignia. Of course some conservative sailors look upon this innovation as ruinous to nautical pleasures, but royal countenance will go far to remove their prejudices; and it *is* gratifying to find yourself independent of wind and tide, though you get an occasional cinder in your eye, and decks will no longer preserve the whiteness of a table-cloth. In our recreations we must keep pace with the times, and "get up steam" for play as well as for work.

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WHAT a silly pedantry that is that induces some little people to sign their names so that no one can decipher them. If anything that a man puts upon paper ought to be bold and unmistakeable, it is his signature. The habit of signing with a hieroglyph sprang up with people in high places—no credit to them—and those in lower places contracted it, aping their betters as usual, and thereby honouring the character inherited from their Darwinian progenitors. Scores of letters from conspicuous nobodies come under my eye, wound up with conglomerations of dashes and flourishes, that, supposing them to be excusable as the signs-manual of bishops and first lords, are absurd as the subscriptions of Littleworth, clerk in an assurance office, or Fribble, a small parish curate. The culminating point of inconsistency is reached when the name is written so vilely that the writer has to enclose his card to tell you what it really is. Often the body of a letter thus signed is legible enough, showing that the correspondent has learnt to write properly, and that his scrawly signature is a mere affectation. It may be said that the hieroglyph prevents forgery; but this is a bad argument, for the more complicated a writing, the easier can it be imitated: far more difficult is it to counterfeit a simple hand which bears, as all simple hands do bear, a character peculiar to him who wrote it. The habit is quite unpardonable; and a man who puts a puzzle in the most important part of his epistle ought never to be disappointed if he gets no answer; for the time that could be given to a reply may be completely used up in disentangling the web that shrouds the name.

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IF the silkworm disease should assume a serious phase, would it or would it not be worth while to try what could be done towards rearing spiders for their fibrous product? Spider's silk is a wonderful and beautiful material: when woven it gives a fabric that is described as spun gold; and its strength is prodigious. An inch bar of iron will sustain a weight of twenty-eight tons, while it is computed that a cable of spider thread one inch in diameter would carry seventy-four tons. A spider can yield a hundred and fifty yards of silk at a spinning—half the length given by a silkworm. But the worm only gives its quantum once, whereas the spider will repeat its yield at intervals of two or three days for a month

or more. When allowances are made for the difference of thickness and weight of the two threads, it is reckoned by an American naturalist, whose facts I am quoting—that a spider silk dress would cost two and a quarter times as much as one of worm silk. This is according to American prices for ordinary silk, and these are high compared to ours. The drawback is that the spider does not wind its thread; the insect has to be impaled, and the delicate filament reeled from it. However, this does not appear to be at all a difficult operation, only several threads have to be drawn and wound together, as one alone will not stand the strain. The spiders can be bred in vast numbers if proper precautions are taken to prevent the old females eating their consorts, and the young ones devouring one another—two unpleasant habits peculiar to arachnidian families. One cocoon will contain from five hundred to a thousand eggs, all of which will hatch: the insects are reared on wire frames and fed on drops of blood, crushed flies, bugs, or any other insects. The rearing frames are stood in trays of water to prevent the spiders straying. Perhaps some country gentleman in want of a novel occupation will set up a spider farm, and give his experience to the world. He might come to be monumented as a benefactor to mankind.

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READ, if you can procure it, the abstract of a lecture delivered by Mr. Tylor a few weeks back, at the Royal Institution, on the survival of savage thought in modern civilisation. And when you have read, thank the untutored barbarians who originated many of the customs you follow, the tricks you think were born yesterday, and the rites you conceived to pertain only to a high state of culture. The subject is vastly interesting, and one would like to see it followed beyond the bounds of a lecture. Some of Mr. Tylor's instanced survivals are very curious. Not the least, and not the most so, is our baptismal sprinkling, which, as a gesture representing corporeal and moral purification, belongs alike to the primitive New Zealander and the Indian aborigine, the Lapp and the Malayan. Then our orientated churches and our ritualistic east-facings; these are but survivals of the ideas of the sun-worshipper, who looked upon the east as life, and the west as death, because the sun was born in the one to die in the other. Remember the grandam who charmed away your infantine diseases with a piece of perishing meat or decaying wood: she represents an antique philosophy of religion which taught a transmutation theory, in effect that diseases were evil spirits invading the patient's body, and which could be persuaded to quit it and take up their abode in some object prepared for them. Worship, prayer, sacrifice, penance, fasting, have all features that, as our lecturer says, may be traced upwards from the lower races, far into the faiths of higher nations, modified and adapted in their course to fit more advanced culture and loftier creeds. Superstitions are the most universal; spiritualism has been, and is, everywhere. Our low pitching-and-tossing, and our more polite gambling, are but remnants of the die-casting of uncivilised

men, and the omen seeking of the African priest, who shuffles scraps of leather in the belief that they may be luckily disposed by spirit hands. Look at our wonderful modern "planchette." It is as old as the hills. The Chinese know all about it. When they would consult a god, they set before the image a platter of sand, and two men grasp one leg each of a V-shaped piece of wood, the point of which rests on the sand. The spirit of the god descends and wriggles the marker, and the scrawl it makes in the sand is translated into an oracular answer! Talk of Davenport brothers: the sorcerers of Greenland have done their trick, with all the "dark seance" accompaniments, for centuries, and the Ojibway conjurors and the Siberian shamans do it still. Your table-turning and air-floating, too, are of all peoples and all time: but for authoritative instances you must refer to the published lecture. It is in vol V., part VI., of the Proceedings of the Royal Institution.

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From America we have the report of an aërial steam-ship that has at last realised the dreams of inflated balloonists; and the cutting from the San Francisco journal, which you must have seen, for it has been in every newspaper high and low, appears to have stimulated Mr. Tupper to a proverbial but certainly not philosophical flight upon flying. "Man shall fly," says the bard: he shall be lord of the air. The goose shall be his tutor, the eagle his example. As the engineer took lessons from a beetle to make a tunnel, so must the aëronaut learn from the fly to make tracks in the atmosphere. But how to do it? Mr. Tupper has found the secret. You must multiply power! "We know," says the poet, "that a little wheel, shrewdly cogged, will work a bigger one, and this a bigger one still, and so on, until a child's finger, by multiplication of power, may work a mill." The proverbial philosopher shows himself equal to the tyros who think that wheels and machinery *make* power. Apply the force of a child's finger to any train of wheels you will, and at the end the force remains what it was—that of a child's finger: at least, this is the case in mechanics, in poetry it must be otherwise, or where is the prophet's philosophy. He goes on to say, "Why not apply this principle [power multiplication] to the force of a waving arm, which by help of wheels and springs contained in a breastplate might work the flappers almost automatic fashion, and at slight effort to man might keep him energetically flying." Why not, indeed? Why does not Mr. Tupper put a few wheels and springs into the shafts of his carriage, and give his horse liberty? If he has the secret of extracting power out of wheels and springs, he has that which no other mortal possesses. But if he has not, why then has he shown an ignorance of simple mechanics that would bring ridicule upon a blacksmith's apprentice. At least he might have reasoned that if such a childish suggestion as he makes possessed the slightest element of practicability it would have been wrought out ages ago.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## BATHING AND GYMNASTICS.

MR. URBAN,—In the November number of your Magazine last year appeared an interesting little article called "A Swimming Lesson." Swimming is an exercise of which I am particularly fond, and which, as an exercise for ladies, I was rejoiced to see noticed in your pages. Now, MR. URBAN, I should so much like you to follow the swimming article up with some notice of "Gymnastics for Ladies." These are exercises as useful and entertaining as swimming. I have heard them strongly condemned, and as strongly advocated by different people. By "gymnastics" I mean those exercises which are taught and practised in gymnasiums, both in London and Liverpool,—not the mild calisthenics usually taught with dancing. Hoping you will consider the subject a fit one to be discussed in your Magazine, and that some able correspondent will support it with an authoritative paper, I remain, sir, very obediently yours,

A LADY.

## "CONVERSATION SHARP."

MR. URBAN,—The "Reminiscence of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe," which recently appeared in your serial, is calculated to mislead your numerous readers, by giving them the idea that he was the celebrated person who obtained the *sobriquet* of "Conversation Sharp." The fact is, that the gentleman in question was Mr. "Richard Sharp," M.P., one of the old West India firm of Boddington & Sharp, then of Mark Lane, in this City, and he died in 1835. From his extraordinary conversational powers, and his attainments generally, he became the intimate friend of all the leading men of his time, especially of the Whig party, of whom space will not permit me to name more than a few—as Lord Holland, Marquis of Lansdowne, Duke of Somerset, Earl of Darnley, Lord Eskine (who consulted him constantly), Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Campbell, the poet, Moore, Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, Wordsworth, Rev. Sydney Smith, &c., &c., &c.

A reference to the memoirs (amongst others) of Francis Horner, James Macintosh, Sir Samuel Romilly, Samuel Rogers, the poet, and Moore's Life of Byron, will at once settle the identity of Mr. Richard Sharp; and I shall esteem it a favour if you will insert this in your next.—Yours, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

## A WORD ABOUT BIDPAI.

MR. URBAN.—One who admires the quaint point and peculiar force of the best fables and proverbs, I feel indebted to you for the recent illustrations from the wise Arabian, Bidpai, or Pilpai.

Considering the extreme age of the original work, it is not a little remarkable to note the similarity of some of the fables to others of popular familiarity. The story, for example, of the Man and the Weasel, brings to mind that beautiful Scotch romance of the faithful hound which defended the child from a wolf, and was slain by his master on a hasty and unfounded suspicion.

I hope, sir, if an opportunity offers, you will think it worth while to re-transcribe for your readers the history of the famous book of "Kalila and Dimna."

It is gratifying to an old subscriber to feel that the opportunity is still afforded for an expression of approval or dissent; or for a note of inquiry in the "Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban."—Yours,

A CONSTANT FRIEND.

THE

# Gentleman's Magazine

October, 1869.

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## By Order of the King.

*(L'Homme qui Rit.)*

**A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.**

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### CHAPTER IV.

THE LEADER OF FASHION.

JOSIANA was bored. The fact is so natural as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

Lord David held the position of judge in the gay life of London. He was looked up to by the nobility and gentry. Let us register a fact to the glory of Lord David. He dared to wear his own hair. The reaction against the wig was beginning. Just as in 1824 Eugene Deveria was the first who dared to allow his beard to grow, so in 1702 Price Devereux dared, for the first time, to risk his natural hair in public, disguised by artful curling. For to risk one's hair was almost to risk one's head. The indignation was universal. Nevertheless Price Devereux was Viscount Hereford, a peer of England. He was insulted, and the deed was well worth the insult. In the hottest part of the row Lord David suddenly appeared, without his wig and in his natural hair. Such conduct shakes the foundations of society. Lord David was insulted even more than Viscount Hereford. He held his ground. Price Devereux was the first, Lord David Dirry-Moir the second. It is sometimes more difficult to be second than first. It requires less genius, but more courage. The first, intoxicated by the novelty, may ignore the danger; the second sees the abyss, and precipitates himself therein. Lord David flung himself into the abyss of no

longer wearing a periwig. Later in the century these lords found imitators. After these two revolutionists, men found sufficient audacity to wear their own hair, and powder was introduced as an extenuating circumstance.

In order to establish, before we pass on, an important period of history, we should remark that the true pre-eminence in the war of wigs belongs to a Queen, Christina, of Sweden, who wore man's clothes, and had appeared in 1680, in her hair of golden brown, powdered, and brushed up from her head. She had, besides, says Nisson, a slight beard. The pope, on his part, by his bull of March, 1694, had somewhat let down the wig, by taking it from the heads of bishops and priests, and in ordering churchmen to let their hair grow.

Lord David, then, did not wear a wig, and did wear cowhide boots. Such great things made him a mark for public admiration. There was not a club of which he was not the leader, not a boxing match in which he was not desired as a referee. The referee is the arbitrator.

He had drawn up the rules of several clubs in high life. He founded several resorts for fashionables, of which one, the Lady Guinea, was still in existence in Pall Mall in 1772. The Lady Guinea was a club in which all the youth of the peerage congregated. They gamed there. The lowest stake allowed was a rouleau of fifty guineas, and there was never less than 20,000 guineas on the table. By the side of each player was a little table, on which to place his cup of tea, and a gilt bowl in which to put the rouleaux of guineas. The players, like servants when cleaning knives, wore leather sleeves to save their lace, breastplates of leather to protect their ruffles, shades on their brows to shelter their eyes from the great glare of the lamps, and, to keep their curls in order, broad-brimmed hats covered with flowers. They were masked, to conceal their excitement, especially when playing the game of *quinze*. All, moreover, had their coats turned the wrong way, for luck. Lord David was a member of the Beefsteak Club, the Surly Club, and of the Splitfarthing Club, of the Cross Club, the Scratchpenny Club, of the Sealed Knot, the Royalist Club, and of the Martinus Scribblerus, founded by Swift, to succeed the Rota, founded by Milton.

Though handsome, he belonged to the Ugly Club. This club was dedicated to deformity. The members agreed to fight, not about a beautiful woman, but about an ugly man. The hall of the club was adorned by hideous portraits—Thersites, Triboulet, Duns, Hudibras, Scarron; over the chimney was Æsop, between two men,

Lord David Dirry-Moir.

each blind of an eye, Cocles and Camoëns (Cocles being blind of the left, Camoëns of the right eye), so arranged that the two profiles without eyes were turned towards each other. The day that the beautiful Mrs. Visart caught the small-pox, the Ugly Club toasted her. This club was still in existence in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and Mirabeau had been elected an honorary member.

Since the restoration of Charles II., revolutionary clubs had been abolished. The tavern in the little street by Moorfields where the Calf's Head Club was held, they had demolished; so called because on the 30th of January, the day on which the blood of Charles I. flowed on the scaffold, they had there drunk red wine out of the skull of a calf to the health of Cromwell. To the republican clubs had succeeded monarchical clubs. In them the people amused themselves with decency.

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There was the Hellfire Club, where they played at being impious. It was a joust of sacrilege. Hell was at auction there to the highest bidder of blasphemy.

There was the Butting Club, so called from members butting folks with their heads. They found some street porter with a wide chest and a stupid countenance. They offered him, and compelled him, if necessary, to accept a pot of porter, in return for which he was to allow them to butt him with their heads four times in the chest, and on this they betted. One day a man, a great brute of a Welshman named Gogangerdd, expired at the third blow of the head. This looked serious. An inquest was held, and the jury returned the following verdict:—"Died of an inflation of the heart, caused by excessive drinking." Gogangerdd had in truth drunk the contents of the pot of porter.

There was the Fun Club. *Fun* is like *cant*, like *humour*, a word which is untranslatable. Fun is to farce what pepper is to salt. To get into a house and break a valuable mirror, slash the family portraits, poison the dog, put the cat in the aviary, all that is called "cutting a bit of fun." To give bad news falsely, whereby people put on mourning by mistake, is fun. It was fun to cut a square hole in the Holbein at Hampton Court. Fun would have been proud to have broken the arm of the Venus of Milo. Under James II. a young millionaire lord who had during the night set fire to a thatched cottage, a feat which made all London burst with laughter, was proclaimed the King of Fun. The poor devils in the cottage were saved in their night clothes. The members of the Fun Club,

all of the highest aristocracy, used to run about London during the hours when the citizens were asleep, pulling the hinges from the shutters, cutting off the pipes of pumps, filling up cisterns, devastating cultivated spots of ground, putting out the lamps, sawing through the beams which supported houses, breaking the window panes, especially in the poor quarters of the town. It was the rich who acted thus to the poor. For this reason no complaint was possible. That was the best of the joke. These manners have not entirely disappeared. In many spots in England and in English possessions —at Guernsey, for instance—your house is now and then damaged a little during the night, or a fence is broken, or the knocker twisted off your door. If it were poor people who did these things, they would be sent to jail; but they are done by pleasant young gentlemen.

The most distinguished of the clubs was presided over by an emperor, who wore a crescent on his forehead, and was called the Grand Mohock. The Mohawk surpassed the Fun. Do evil for evil's sake was the programme. The Mohawk Club had this one great object,—to injure. To fulfil this duty, all means were considered good. In becoming a Mohawk, the members took an oath to be hurtful. To injure at any price, no matter when, no matter whom, no matter where, was duty. Every member of the Mohawk Club was bound to possess an accomplishment. One was "a dancing master;" that is to say, he made the rustics frisk about by pricking the calves of their legs with the point of his sword. Others knew how to make a man sweat; that is to say, a circle of gentlemen with drawn rapiers would surround a poor wretch, so that it was impossible for him not to turn his back upon some one. The gentleman behind chastised him for this by a prick of his sword, which made him spring round; another prick in the back warned the fellow that some one of noble blood was behind him, and so on each one wounding him in his turn. When the man closed round by the circle of swords and covered with blood had turned and danced about sufficiently, they ordered their servants to beat him with sticks, to change the course of his ideas. Others "hit the lion;" that is, they gaily stopped a passenger, broke his nose with a blow of the fist, and then shoved both thumbs into his eyes. If his eyes were gouged out, he was paid for them.

Such were, towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, the pastimes of the rich idlers of London. The idlers of Paris had theirs. M. de Charolais fired his gun at a citizen standing on his own threshold. In all times youth has had its amusements.

Lord David Dirry-Moir brought into all these institutions his

magnificent and liberal spirit. Just as any one else, he would gaily set fire to a cot of woodwork and thatch, and scorch those within a little; but he would rebuild their houses in stone. He insulted two ladies. One was unmarried: he gave her a portion; the other was married: he had her husband appointed chaplain.

Cockfighting owed to him some praiseworthy improvements. It was marvellous to see Lord David dress a cock for the pit. Cocks lay hold of each other by the feathers, as men by the hair. Lord David, therefore, made his cock as bald as possible. With a pair of scissors he cut off all the feathers from the tail and from the head to the shoulders, and all those of the neck. So much less for the enemy's beak, he used to say. Then he extended the cock's wings, and cut each feather, one after another, to a point, and thus the wings were furnished with darts. So much for the enemy's eyes, he would say. Then he scraped its claws with a penknife, sharpened its nails, fitted its spurs with cutting steel, spat on its head, spat on its neck, anointed it with spittle, as they used to rub oil over the athletes; then set him down in the pit, a redoubtable champion, exclaiming. "That's how to make a cock an eagle, and a bird of the poultry yard a bird of the mountain."

Lord David attended prize-fights, and was their living law. On occasions of great performances it was he who had stakes driven in and ropes stretched, and who fixed the number of feet for the ring. If he were a second, he followed his man step by step, a bottle in one hand, a sponge in the other, crying out to him to *hit hard*, suggesting stratagems, advising him as he fought, wiping away the blood, raising him when overthrown, placing him on his knee, putting the mouth of the bottle between his teeth, and from his own mouth, filled with water, blowing a fine rain into his eyes and ears, a thing which reanimates a man even in dying.

If he were referee, he saw that there was no foul play, prevented any one, whosoever he might be, from assisting the combatants, excepting the seconds, declared the man beaten who did not fairly face his opponent, watched that the time between the rounds did not exceed half a minute, prevented butting, declaring whoever resorted to it was beaten, and forbad a man's being hit when down. All this science, however, did not render him a pedant, nor destroy his ease of manner in society.

When he was referee, rough, pimple-faced, unshorn friends of either combatant would not have dared to come to the aid of their failing man, and, in order to upset the chances of the betting, jump over the barrier, enter the ring, break the ropes, pull down the stakes, and

violently interpose in the battle. Lord David was one of the few referees whom they dared not thrash.

No one could train like him. The pugilist whose trainer he consented to become was sure to win. Lord David would choose a Hercules—massive as a rock, tall as a tower—and make him his

child. The problem was to turn that human rock from a defensive to an offensive state. In this he excelled. Having once adopted the Cyclops, he never left him. He became his nurse; he measured out his wine, weighed his meat, and counted his hours of sleep. It was he who invented the athlete's admirable rules, afterwards reproduced by Morely. In the mornings, a raw egg and a glass of sherry; at twelve, some slices of a leg of mutton, almost raw, with tea; at four, toast and tea; in the evening, pale ale and toast; after which he undressed his man, rubbed him, and put him to bed. In the street, he never allowed him to leave his sight, keeping him out of every danger, runaway horses, the wheels of carriages, drunken soldiers, pretty girls. He watched over his virtue. This maternal

solicitude continually brought some new perfection into the pupil's education. He taught him the blow with the fist which breaks the teeth, and the twist of the thumb which gouges out the eye. Nothing could be more touching.

Thus he prepared himself for public life, to which he was to be called later on. It is no small matter to become an accomplished gentleman.

David Lord Dirry-Moir was passionately fond of open air exhibitions, of shows, of circuses with wild beasts, of the caravans of mountebanks, of clowns, tumblers, merrymen, open-air farces, and the wonders of a fair. The true noble is he who smacks of the people. Therefore it was that Lord David frequented the taverns and low haunts of London and the Cinque Ports. In order to be able at need, and without compromising his rank in the white squadron, to be cheek-by-jowl with a topman or a calker, he used to wear a sailor's jacket when he went into these back slums. For such disguise, his not wearing a wig was convenient; for even under Louis XIV. the people wore their hair like the lion his mane. This gave him great freedom. The low people whom Lord David used to meet in these stews, and with whom he mixed, held him in high esteem, without knowing that he was a lord. They called him Tom-Jim-Jack. Under this name he was famous and very popular amongst the dregs of the people. He played the blackguard in a masterly style: when necessary, he used his fists. This phase of his fashionable life was highly appreciated by Lady Josiana.

## CHAPTER V.

### QUEEN ANNE.

#### I.

Above this couple there was Anne, Queen of England. An ordinary woman was Queen Anne. She was gay, kindly, august—to a certain extent. No quality of hers attained to virtue, none to evil. Her stoutness was bloated; her fun, heavy; her good-nature, stupid. She was stubborn and weak. As a wife, she was faithless and faithful, having favourites to whom she gave up her heart, and a husband for whom she kept her bed. As a Christian, she was a heretic and a bigot. She had one beauty—the well-developed neck of a Niobe. The rest of her person was indifferently formed. She was a clumsy coquette, and a chaste one. Her skin was white and fine; she displayed a great deal of it. It was she who introduced the fashion of necklaces of large

pearls clasped round the throat. She had a narrow forehead, sensual lips, fleshy cheeks, large eyes, short sight. Her short sight extended to her mind. Beyond a burst of merriment now and then, almost as ponderous as her anger, she lived in a sort of taciturn grumble and a grumbling silence. Words escaped from her which had to be guessed at. She was a mixture of a good woman and a mischievous devil. She liked surprises, which is extremely woman like. Anne was a pattern—just sketched roughly—of the universal Eve. To that sketch had fallen that chance, the throne. She drank. Her husband was a Dane, thorough-bred. A Tory, she governed by the Whigs; like a woman, like a mad woman. She had fits of rage. She was violent, a brawler. Nobody more awkward than Anne in directing affairs of state. She allowed events to fall about as they might chance. Her whole policy was cracked. She excelled in bringing about great catastrophes from little causes. When a whim of authority took hold of her, she called it giving a blow with the poker. She would say with an air of profound thought, "No peer may keep his hat on before the king except De Courcy, Baron Kingsale, an Irish peer." Or, "It would be an injustice were my husband not to be Lord High Admiral, since my father was." And she made George of Denmark High Admiral of England and of all her majesty's plantations. She was perpetually perspiring bad humour; she did not explain her thought, she exuded it. There was something of the Sphinx in this goose.

She rather liked fun, teasing, and practical jokes. Could she have made Apollo a hunchback, it would have delighted her. But she would have left him a god. Good-natured, her ideal was to allow none to despair, and to worry all. She had often a rough word in her mouth; a little more, and she would have sworn like Elizabeth. From time to time she would take from a man's pocket, which she wore in her skirt, a little round box, of chased silver, on which was her portrait, in profile, between the two letters Q. A.; she would open this box, and take from it, on her finger, a little pomade, with which she reddened her lips; and, having coloured her mouth, would laugh. She was greedily fond of the flat Zealand ginger-bread cakes. She was proud of being fat.

More of a Puritan than anything else, she would, nevertheless, have liked to devote herself to stage plays. She had an absurd academy of music, copied after that of France. In 1700 a Frenchman, named Forteroche, wanted to build a royal circus at Paris, at a cost of 400,000 francs, which scheme was opposed by D'Argenson. This Forteroche passed into England, and proposed to Queen Anne,

who was immediately charmed by the idea of building in London a theatre with machinery, with a fourth bottom finer than that of the King of France. Like Louis XIV., she liked to be driven at a gallop. Her teams and relays would sometimes do the distance from London to Windsor in less than an hour and three quarters.

II.

In Anne's time, no meeting was allowed without the authorisation of two justices of the peace. The assembly of twelve persons, were it only to eat oysters and drink porter, was a felony. Under her reign, otherwise relatively mild, pressing for the fleet was carried on with extreme violence: a gloomy evidence that the Englishman is a subject rather than a citizen. For centuries, England suffered under that process of tyranny which gave the lie to all the old charters of freedom, and out of which France especially gathered a cause of triumph and indignation. What in some degree diminishes the triumph is, that while sailors were pressed in England, soldiers were pressed in France. In all the great towns of France, every able-bodied man, going through the streets on his business, was liable to be shoved by the crimps into a house called the oven. There he was shut up with others; those fit for service were picked out, and the recruiters sold them to the officers. In 1695, there were thirty of these ovens in Paris.

The laws against Ireland, emanating from Queen Anne, were atrocious. Anne was born in 1664, two years before the great fire of London, on which the astrologers (there were some still, and Louis XIV., was born with the assistance of an astrologer, swaddled in a horoscope,) had predicted that, being the elder sister of fire, she would be queen. And so she was, thanks to astrology and the revolution of 1688. She was humiliated by having only Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, for god-father. To be god-child of the Pope was no longer possible in England. A mere primate is but a poor sort of god-father. Anne had to put up with one, however. It was her own fault. Why was she a Protestant?

Denmark had paid for her virginity (virginitas empta, as the old charters expressed it), by a dowry of 6250*l*. a year, out of the bailiwick of Wardinburg, and the island of Fehmarn. Anne followed, without conviction, and by routine, the traditions of William. The English under that royalty, born of a revolution, possessed as much liberty as they could lay hands on between the Tower of London, into which they put orators, and the pillory, into which they put writers. Anne spoke a little Danish in her private chats with her husband, and a

little French in her chats to Bolingbroke. Wretched gibberish, but it was the height of English fashion, especially at Court, to talk French. There was never a *bon mot* but in French. Anne paid a deal of attention to coins, especially to copper coins, which are the low and popular (ones); she wanted to cut a great figure in them. Six farthings were struck during her reign. On the back of the three first she had merely a throne struck; on the back of the fourth she desired a triumphal chariot, and on the back of the sixth a goddess holding a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, with the scroll, *Bello et pace.* Her father, James II., was candid and cruel; she was brutal. At the same time she was mild at bottom. A contradiction which only appears such. A fit of anger metamorphosed her. Warm sugar and it will boil up.

Anne was popular. England likes feminine rulers. Why? France excludes them. That is a reason at once. Perhaps even there is no other. With English historians Elizabeth embodies grandeur, Anne, good nature. As they will. Be it so. But there is nothing delicate in these reigns of women. The lines are heavy. It is gross grandeur and gross good-nature. As to their immaculate virtue, England is tenacious of it, and we do not oppose the idea. Elizabeth is a virgin tempered by Essex; Anne, a spouse complicated by Bolingbroke.

III.

One idiotic habit of the people is to attribute to the king what they do themselves. They fight. Whose the glory? The king's. They pay. Who is magnificent? The king. And the people love him for being so rich. The king receives a crown from the poor, and returns the poor a farthing. How generous he is! The colossus on the pedestal contemplates the pigmy bearing the load. How great is this myrmidon! he is on my back. A dwarf has an excellent way of being taller than a giant; it is to perch himself on his shoulders. But that the giant should allow it, that is the odd thing—and that he should admire the height of the dwarf, there is the folly. What simplicity in the human race! The equestrian statue, reserved for kings alone, is an excellent figure of royalty: the horse is the people. Only that the horse is slowly transfigured. It begins by being an ass; it ends by being a lion. Then it throws its rider, and you have 1642 in England and 1789 in France; and sometimes it devours him, and you have in England 1649, and in France 1793. That the lion should return to the donkey is astonishing; but it is so. This was occurring in England. It had resumed the pack-saddle of the royal idolatry. Queen Anne, as we have just observed, was popular.

What did she do to be so? Nothing. Nothing! that is all that is asked of the sovereign of England. He receives for that nothing 1,250,000*l.* a year. In 1705, England, which had had but thirteen men-of-war under Elizabeth, and thirty-six under James I., counted a hundred and fifty in her fleet. The English had three armies, 5,000 men in Catalonia; 10,000 in Portugal; 50,000 in Flanders; and besides, was paying 1,666,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year to monarchical and diplomatic Europe, who was a sort of prostitute the English people had always had in keeping. Parliament having voted a patriotic loan of thirty-four millions of annuities, there had been a crush at the exchequer to subscribe to it. England was sending a squadron to the East Indies, and a squadron to the West of Spain, under Admiral Leake, without speaking of the reserve of four hundred sail, under Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel. England had lately annexed Scotland. It was between Hochstadt and Ramilies, and the first of these victories was foretelling the second. England, in its cast of the net at Hochstadt, had made prisoners of twenty-seven battalions, and four regiments of dragoons, and deprived France of one hundred leagues of country—that country drawing back dismayed—from the Danube to the Rhine. England was holding her hand out to Sardinia and the Balearic Islands. She was bringing into her ports in triumph ten Spanish line-of-battle ships, and many a galleon laden with gold. Hudson's Bay and Straits were already half given over by Louis XIV. It was felt that he was about to give up his hold over Acadia, St. Christopher's, and Newfoundland, and that he would be but too happy if England were to tolerate the King of France, fishing for cod at Cape Breton. England was about to impose upon him the shame of making him himself demolish the fortifications of Dunkirk. Meanwhile, she had taken Gibraltar, and was taking Barcelona. What great things accomplished! How was it possible to refuse Anne admiration when she was taking the trouble of living at the period? From a certain point of view, the reign of Anne appears a reflection of the reign of Louis XIV. Anne, for a moment cheek by jowl with that king in the rencontre which is called history, bears to him the vague resemblance of a reflection. Like him, she plays at a great reign; she has her monuments, her arts, her victories, her captains, her men of letters, her privy purse to pension celebrities, her gallery of chefs-d'œuvres, parallel to those of his majesty. Her court, too, was a cortège, and had an aspect of triumph, an order and a march. It was a miniature copy of all the great men of Versailles, not colossal in themselves. In this there is enough to deceive the eye; add God save the Queen, which might then have

been taken from Lulli, and the ensemble becomes an illusion. Not a personage is missing. Christopher Wren is a very passable Mansard; Somers is as good as Lamoignon; Anne has a Racine in Dryden, a Boileau in Pope, a Colbert in Godolphin, a Louvois in Pembroke, and a Turenne in Marlborough. Heighten the wigs and lower the brows. The whole is solemn and pompous, and Windsor at that time had a faded resemblance to Marly. But the whole was effeminate, and Anne's Père Tellier was called Sarah Jennings. However an outline of incipient irony, which fifty years later was to turn into philosophy, is sketched in literature, and the Protestant Tartufe was unmasked by Swift just in the same way as the Catholic Tartufe was denounced by Molière. Although the England of the period quarrels and fights France, she imitates her and draws enlightenment from her; and what is on the façade of England is French light. It is a pity that Anne's reign lasted but twelve years, or the English would not have to be asked twice to call it the century of Anne, as we say the century of Louis XIV. Anne appeared in 1702, as Louis XIV. declined. It is one of the curiosities of history, that the rise of that pale planet coincides with the setting of the planet of purple, and that at the moment in which France had the king Sun, England should have had the queen Moon.

A detail to be noted. Louis XIV., although they were at war with him, was greatly admired in England. "He is the kind of king they want in France," said the English. The love of the English for their own liberty is mingled with a certain acceptance of servitude for others. That favourable regard of the chains which bind their neighbours, sometimes attains to enthusiasm for the despot next door.

To sum up, Anne rendered her people *heureux*, as the French translator of Beeverell's book repeats three times, with graceful reiteration at the sixth and ninth page of his dedication, and the third of his preface.

## IV.

Queen Anne bore a little grudge to the Duchess Josiana, for two reasons. Firstly, because she thought the Duchess Josiana handsome. Secondly, because she thought the Duchess Josiana's betrothed handsome. Two reasons for jealousy are sufficient for a woman. One is sufficient for a queen. Let us add this. She bore her a grudge for being her sister. Anne did not like women to be pretty. She considered it against good morals. As for herself, she was ugly. Not from choice, however. A part of her religion she derived from that ugliness. Josiana, beautiful and philosophical, was a cause of vexation

to the queen. To an ugly queen, a pretty duchess is not an agreeable sister.

There was another grievance, Josiana's "improper" birth. Anne was the daughter of Anne Hyde, a simple gentlewoman, legitimately, but vexatiously, married by James II. when Duke of York. Anne, having this inferior blood in her veins, felt herself but half royal, and Josiana, come into the world quite irregularly, drew closer attention to the incorrectness, less great, but really existing, in the birth of the queen. The daughter of *mésalliance* looked without pleasure upon the daughter of bastardy, her next door neighbour. There was an unpleasant resemblance. Josiana had a right to say to Anne, "My mother was at least as good as yours." At court no one said so, but they evidently thought it. This was a bore for Her royal Majesty. Why this Josiana? What put it into her head to be born? What good is a Josiana? Certain relationships are detrimental. Nevertheless, Anne smiled on Josiana. Perhaps she might even have liked her, had she not been her sister.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BARKILPHEDRO.

It is useful to know what people do, and a certain surveillance is wise. Josiana had Lord David watched by a little creature of hers, in whom she reposed confidence, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

Lord David had Josiana discreetly observed by a creature of his, of whom he was sure, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

Queen Anne, on her part, kept herself secretly informed of the actions and conduct of the Duchess Josiana, her bastard sister, and of Lord David, her future brother-in-law by the left hand, by a creature of hers, on whom she counted fully, and whose name was Barkilphedro.

This Barkilphedro had his hand laid on that key-board—Josiana, Lord David, a queen. A man between two women. What possible modulations! What amalgamation of souls!

Barkilphedro had not always held the magnificent position of whispering into three ears.

He was an old servant of the Duke of York. He had tried to be a churchman, but had failed. The Duke of York, an English and a Roman prince, compounded of royal Popery and legal Anglicanism, had his Catholic house and his Protestant house, and might have pushed Barkilphedro in one or the other hierarchy; but he did not

judge him to be Catholic enough to make him almoner, or Protestant enough to make him chaplain. So that, between two religions, Barkilphedro found himself with his soul on the ground.

This is not a bad posture for certain reptile souls.

Certain ways are impracticable, except by crawling flat on the belly.

A servitude obscure, but fattening, had long made up Barkilphedro's whole existence. Service is something; but he wanted power besides. He was, perhaps, about to reach it when James II. fell. He had to begin all over again. Nothing to do under William III., sullen, and exercising in his mode of reigning a prudery which he believed to be probity. Barkilphedro, when his protector, James II., was dethroned, did not lapse all at once into rags. There is an undescribable something which survives deposed princes, and which feeds and sustains their parasites. The remains of the exhaustible sap causes leaves to live on for two or three days at the ends of the branches of the uprooted tree; then, all at once, the leaf yellows and dries up: and thus it is with the courtier.

Thanks to that embalming, which is called legitimacy, the prince himself, although fallen and cast away, continues, and keeps preserved; it is not so with the courtier, much more dead than the king. The king beyond there is a mummy; the courtier here is a phantom. To be the shadow of a shadow, that is leanness indeed. Hence, Barkilphedro became famished. Then he took up the character of a man of letters.

But he was thrust back, even from the kitchens. Sometimes he knew not where to sleep. "Who will give me shelter?" he would ask. And he struggled on. Everything that is interesting in patience in distress, he possessed. He had, besides, the talent of the termite—knowing how to bore a hole from the bottom to the top. By dint of making use of the name of James II., of memories, of fables of fidelity, of touching stories, he pierced as far as the Duchess Josiana's heart.

Josiana took a liking to that man of poverty and wit, an interesting combination. She presented him to Lord Dirry-Moir, gave him a shelter in her servants' hall among her domestics, retained him in her household, was kind to him, and sometimes even spoke to him. Barkilphedro felt neither hunger nor cold again. Josiana addressed him in the second person; it was the fashion for great ladies to do so to men of letters, who allowed it. The Marquise de Mailly received Roy, whom she had never seen before, in bed, and said to him, "It's thou who did'st the 'Année

galante'! Good morning." Later on, the men of letters returned the custom. A day came when Fabre d'Eglantine said to the Duchesse de Rohan, "N'est-tu pas la Chabot?"

For Barkilphedro to be "thee'd" and "thou'd" was a success; he was overjoyed by it. He had aspired to this contemptuous familiarity. "Lady Josiana thee's and thou's me," he would say to himself. And he would rub his hands. He profited by this theeing and thouing to make further way. He became a sort of constant attendant in Josiana's private rooms; in no way troublesome, unperceived, the duchess would almost have changed her shift before him. All this, however, was precarious. Barkilphedro was aiming at a position. A duchess was half-way; an underground passage which did not lead to the queen,—there was the work he lacked.

One day Barkilphedro said to Josiana,—

"Would your grace like to make my fortune?"

"What dost thou want?"

"An appointment."

"An appointment? for thee!"

"Yes, madam."

"What an idea! *thou* to ask for an appointment! thou, who art good for nothing."

"That's just the reason."

Josiana burst out laughing.

"Among the offices to which you are unsuited, which dost thou desire?"

"That of drawer of corks of the bottles of the ocean."

Josiana's laughter redoubled.

"What meanest thou? Thou art fooling."

"No, madam."

"To amuse myself, I shall answer you seriously," said the duchess. "What dost thou wish to be? Repeat it."

"Uncorker of the bottles of the ocean."

"Everything is possible at court. Is there an employment of that kind?"

"Yes, madam."

"This is news to me. Go on."

"There is such an appointment."

"Swear it on the soul which thou dost not possess."

"I swear it."

"I do not believe thee."

"Thank you, madam."

"Then thou wishest?——Begin again."

"To uncork the bottles of the ocean."

"This is a situation which can give little trouble. 'Tis like grooming a bronze horse."

"Very nearly."

"Nothing to do. Well, 'tis a situation to suit thee. Thou art good for that much."

"You see I am good for something."

"Come! thou art talking nonsense. Is there such an appointment?"

Barkilphedro assumed an attitude of deferential gravity. "Madam, you had an august father, James II., king, and you have an illustrious brother-in-law, George of Denmark, Duke of Cumberland; your father was, and your brother is, Lord Admiral of England ——"

"Is what thou tellest me fresh news? I know all that as well as thou."

"But here is what your Grace does not know. In the sea there are three kinds of things: those at the bottom, *lagan*; those which float, *flotsam*; those which the sea throws up on the shore, *jetsam*."

"And then?"

"These three things—*lagan*, *flotsam*, and *jetsam*—belong to the lord high admiral."

"And then?"

"Your Grace understands?"

"No."

"All that is in the sea, all that sinks, all that floats, and all that is cast ashore—all belongs to the Admiral of England."

"Everything. Be it so. And then?"

"Except the sturgeon, which belongs to the king."

"I should have thought," said Josiana, "all that would have belonged to Neptune."

"Neptune is a fool. He has given up everything. He has allowed the English to take everything.

"Finish what you were saying."

"'Prizes of the sea' is the name given to *treasure trove*."

"Be it so."

"It is boundless: there is always something floating, something being cast up. It is the contribution of the sea—the tax which the ocean pays to England."

"With all my heart. But pray make an end."

"Your Grace understands that in this way the ocean creates a department."

"Where?"

"At the Admiralty."

"What department?"

"The Sea Prize Department."

"Well?"

"The department is subdivided into three offices,—Lagan, Flotsam, and Jetsam,—and in each there is an officer."

"And then?"

"A ship at sea writes to give notice on any subject to those on land;—that it is sailing in such a latitude,—that it has met a sea monster,—that it is in sight of shore,—that it is in distress,—that it is about to founder,—that it is lost, &c. The Captain takes a bottle, puts into it a bit of paper on which he has written the information, corks up the flask, and casts it into the sea. If the bottle goes to the bottom, it is in the department of the lagan officer; if it floats, it is in the department of the flotsam officer; if it be thrown upon shore, it concerns the jetsam officer."

"And thou wouldst like to be the jetsam officer?"

"Precisely so."

"And that is what thou callest uncorking the bottles of the ocean?"

"Since there is such an appointment."

"Why dost thou wish for the last-named place in preference to both the others?"

"Because it is vacant just now."

"In what does the appointment consist?"

"Madam, in 1598 a tarred bottle, picked up by a man, conger-fishing on the strand of Epidium Promontorium, was brought to Queen Elizabeth; and a parchment drawn out of it, gave information to England that Holland had taken, without saying anything about it, an unknown country, Nova Zembla; that the capture had taken place in June, 1596; that in that country people were eaten by bears; and that the manner of passing the winter was described on a paper enclosed in a musket case hanging in the chimney of the wooden house built in the island, and left by the Dutchmen, who were all dead; and that the chimney was built of a barrel with the end knocked out, sunk into the roof."

"I don't understand much of thy rigmarole."

"Be it so. Elizabeth understood. A country the more for Holland was a country the less for England. The bottle which had given the information was held to be of importance; and thenceforward an order was issued that anybody who should find a sealed bottle on the sea-shore should take it to the Lord Admiral of England, under pain of the gallows. The Admiral entrusts the opening of such bottles to an officer, who presents the contents to the Queen *if there be reason for so doing.*"

"Are many such bottles brought to the Admiralty?"

"But few. But it's all the same. The appointment exists. There is for the office a room and lodgings at the Admiralty."

"And for that way of doing nothing, how is one paid?"

"One hundred guineas a year."

"And thou wouldst inconvenience me for that much?"

"It is enough to live upon."

"Like a beggar."

"As it becomes one of my sort."

"One hundred guineas! It's a bagatelle."

"What keeps you for a minute, keeps us for a year. That's the advantage of the poor."

"Thou shalt have the place."

A week afterwards, thanks to Josiana's exertions, thanks to the influence of Lord David Dirry-Moir, Barkilphedro—safe thenceforward, drawn out of his precarious existence, lodged, entertained, with a salary of one hundred guineas—was installed at the Admiralty.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BARKILPHEDRO GNAWS HIS WAY.

THERE is one thing which presses most and first of all: to be ungrateful.

Barkilphedro was not wanting therein.

Having received so many benefits from Josiana, he had naturally but one thought,—to revenge himself on her. When we add that Josiana was beautiful, great, young, rich, powerful, illustrious, while Barkilphedro was ugly, little, old, poor, dependent, obscure, he must necessarily revenge himself for this as well.

When a man is made out of night, how is he to forgive so many beams of light?

Barkilphedro was an Irishman who had denied Ireland—a bad specimen.

Barkilphedro had but one thing in his favour,—that he had a very big belly. A big belly passes for a sign of kind-heartedness. But his belly was but an addition to Barkilphedro's hypocrisy; for the man was wicked.

What was Barkilphedro's age? None. The age necessary for his project of the moment. He was old in his wrinkles and grey hairs, young in the activity of his mind. He was active and ponderous; a sort of hippopotamus-monkey. A royalist, certainly; a

republican—who knows? A Catholic, perhaps; a Protestant, doubtless. For Stuart, probably; for Brunswick, evidently. To be For, is a power only on the condition of being at the same time Against. Barkilphedro practised this wisdom.

The appointment of drawer of the bottles of the ocean was not as absurd as Barkilphedro had appeared to make out. The complaints, which would in these times be termed declamations, of Garcia Fernandez in his "Chart-Book of the Sea," against the robbery of jetsam, called right of wreck, and against the pillage of wreck by the inhabitants of the coast, had created sensation in England, and had obtained for the shipwrecked this reform—that their goods, effects, and property, instead of being stolen by the country-people, were confiscated by the Lord High Admiral. All the *débris* of the sea cast upon the English shore—merchandise, broken hulls of ships, bales, chests, &c.—belonged to the Lord High Admiral; but—and here was revealed the importance of the place asked for by Barkilphedro—the floating receptacles containing messages and declarations awakened particularly the attention of the Admiralty. Shipwrecks are one of England's gravest cares. Navigation being her life, shipwreck is her anxiety. England is kept in perpetual anxiety by the sea. The little glass bottle thrown to the waves by the doomed ship, contains final intelligence, precious from every point of view. Intelligence concerning the ship, intelligence concerning the crew, intelligence concerning the place, the time, and the manner of loss, intelligence concerning the winds which have broken up the vessel, intelligence concerning the currents which bore the floating flask ashore. The situation filled by Barkilphedro has been abolished more than a century, but it had its real utility. The last holder was William Hussey, of Doddington, in Lincolnshire. The man who held it was a sort of reporter of the chattels of the sea. All the closed and sealed-up vessels, bottles, flasks, jars, thrown upon the English coast by the tide, were brought to him. He alone had the right to open them; he was first in the secrets of their contents; he put them in order, and ticketed them with his signature. The expression "*loger un papier au greffe*," still used in the Channel Islands, is thence derived. To tell the truth, however, one precaution was taken. Not one of these bottles could be unsealed except in the presence of two jurors of the Admiralty sworn to secrecy, who signed, conjointly with the holder of the jetsam office, the official report of the opening. But these jurors being held to secrecy, there resulted for Barkilphedro a certain discretionary latitude; it depended upon him, to a certain extent, to suppress a fact or bring it to light.

These fragile floating messages were far from being what Barkilphedro had told Josiana, rare and insignificant. Sometimes they reached land with little delay; at others after many years. That depended on the winds and the currents. The fashion of casting bottles on the surface of the sea has somewhat passed away, like that of vowing offerings, but in those religious times, those who were about to die were glad to send in that manner their last thought to God and to men, and at times these messages from the sea were plentiful at the Admiralty. A parchment preserved in the hall at Audlyene (ancient spelling), with notes by the Earl of Suffolk, Grand Treasurer of England under James I., bears witness that in the one year, 1615, fifty-two flasks, bladders, and tarred packets, containing mention of sinking ships, were brought and registered in the records of the Lord High Admiral.

Court appointments are the drop of oil in the widow's cruse, they are ever increasing. Thus it is that the porter has become the chancellor, and the groom the constable. The special officer charged with the appointment desired and obtained by Barkilphedro, was invariably a confidential man. Elizabeth had wished that it should be so. At court, to speak of confidence is to speak of intrigue, and to speak of intrigue is to speak of advancement. This functionary had ended by being a personage of some consideration. He was a clerk, and ranked directly after the two grooms of the almonry. He had the right of entrance into the palace, nevertheless, we must add, what was called the humble entrance—humilis introïtus—and even into the bed-chamber. For it was the custom that he should inform the monarch, on occasions of sufficient importance, of the objects found, which were often very curious: the wills of men in despair—farewells cast to fatherland, revelations of falsified logs, bills of lading, and crimes committed at sea, legacies to the crown, &c.; that he should maintain his records in communication with the court, and should account, from time to time, to the king or queen, concerning the opening of these inauspicious bottles. It was the black cabinet of the ocean.

Elizabeth, who was always glad of an opportunity of speaking Latin, used to ask Tonfield, of Coley in Berkshire, jetsam officer of her day, when he brought her one of these papers, cast up by the sea—"Quid mihi scribit Neptunus?" (What does Neptune write me?)

The way had been eaten, the insect had succeeded. Barkilphedro approached the queen.

This was all he wanted.

To make his fortune?

No.

To unmake that of others?

A greater happiness.

To hurt is to enjoy.

To have within one the desire of injuring, vague but implacable, and never to lose sight of it, this is not given to all.

Barkilphedro possessed that fixity of intention.

As the bulldog holds on with his jaws, so did his thought.

To feel himself inexorable gave him a depth of gloomy satisfaction. As long as he had a prey under his teeth, or in his soul, a certainty of evil-doing, he wanted nothing.

He was happy, shivering in the cold which his neighbour was suffering. To be malignant is an opulence. Such a man is believed to be poor, and, in truth, is so; but he has all his riches in malice, and prefers having them so. Everything is in what contents one. To do a bad turn, which is the same as a good turn, is better than money. Bad for him who endures, good for him who does it. Catesby, the colleague of Guy Fawkes, in the Popish powder plot, said: "To see parliament blown upside down, I wouldn't give it up for a million sterling."

What was Barkilphedro? That meanest and most terrible of things—an envious man.

Envy is a thing ever easily placed at court.

Courts abound in impertinent people, in idlers, in rich loungers hungering for gossip, in those who seek for needles in trusses of hay, in triflers, in banterers, bantered, in witty ninnies, who cannot do without converse with an envious man.

What a refreshing thing is the evil spoken to you of others.

Envy is good stuff to make a spy. There is a profound analogy between that natural passion, envy, and that social function, espionage. The spy hunts on others' account, like the dog. The envious man hunts on his own, like the cat.

A fierce Myself, such is the envious man.

He has other qualities. Barkilphedro was discreet, secret, concrete. He kept in everything and racked himself with his hate. Enormous baseness implies enormous vanity. He was liked by those whom he amused, and hated by all others; but he felt that he was disdained by those who hated him, and despised by those who liked him. He restrained himself. All his gall simmered noiselessly in his hostile resignation. He was indignant, as if rogues had the right to be so. He was the furies' silent prey. To swallow everything

was his talent. There were deaf wraths within him, frenzies of interior rage, black and brooding flames unseen; he was a *smoke-consuming* man of passion. The surface was smiling. He was kind, prompt, easy, amiable, obliging. Never mind to whom, never mind where, he bowed. For a breath of wind he inclined to the earth. What a source of fortune to have a reed for a spine. These concealed and venomous beings are not so rare as is believed. We live surrounded by inauspicious crawling things. Wherefore the malevolent? A keen question. The dreamer constantly proposes it to himself, and the thinker never resolves it. Hence the sad eye of the philosophers ever fixed upon that mountain of darkness which is destiny, and from the top of which the colossal spectre of evil casts handfuls of serpents over the earth.

Barkilphedro's body was obese, and his face lean. Fat bust and bony countenance. His nails were channeled and short, his fingers knotted, his thumbs flat, his hair coarse, his temples wide apart, and a murderer's forehead, broad and low. The littleness of his eye was hidden under his bushy eyebrows. His nose, long, sharp, and flabby, nearly met his mouth. Barkilphedro, properly attired as an emperor, would have somewhat resembled Domitian. His face of muddy yellow, might have been modelled in slimy paste—his immovable cheeks were like putty; he had all kinds of refractory wrinkles; the angle of his jaw was massive, his chin heavy, his ear underbred. In repose, and seen in profile, his upper lip was raised at an acute angle, showing two teeth. Those teeth seemed to look at you. The teeth can look, just as the eye can bite.

Patience, temperance, continence, reserve, self-control, amenity, deference, gentleness, politeness, sobriety, chastity, completed and finished Barkilphedro. He calumniated those virtues by their possession.

In a short time Barkilphedro had taken a foothold at court.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### INFERI.

There are two ways of taking a footing at court. In the clouds and you are august; in the mud and you are powerful.

In the first case, you belong to Olympus.

In the second case, you belong to the private closet.

He who belongs to Olympus has but the thunderbolts, he who is of the private closet has the police.

The house of office contains all the instruments of government, and sometimes, for it is a traitor, its chastisement. Nero goes there to die. Then it is called the latrines.

Generally it is less tragic. It is there that Alberoni admires Vendôme. Royal personages willingly make it their place of audience. It takes the place of the throne. Louis XIV. receives the Duchess of Burgundy there. Philip V. is shoulder to shoulder there with the queen. The priests penetrate into it. The private closet is sometimes a branch of the confessional. Therefore it is that at court there are underground fortunes—not always the least. If, under Louis XI., you would be great, be Pierre de Rohan, Marshal of France; if you would be influential, be Olivier le Daim, the barber; if you would, under Mary de Medicis, be glorious, be Sillery, the Chancellor; if you would be a person of consideration, be la Hannon, the lady's-maid; if you would, under Louis XV., be illustrious, be Choiseul, the minister; if you would be formidable, be Lebel, the valet. Given, Louis XIV., Bontemps, who makes his bed, is more powerful than Louvois who raises his armies, and Turenne who gains his victories. From Richelieu, take Père Joseph, and you have Richelieu nearly empty. There is the mystery the less. His eminence in scarlet is magnificent; his eminence in grey is terrible. What power in being a worm! All the Narvaez amalgamated with all the O'Donnells do less work than one Sor Patrocinio.

Of course, the condition of this power is littleness. If you would remain powerful, remain petty. Be nothingness. The serpent in repose, twisted into a circle, is a figure at the same time of the infinite and of naught.

One of these viperine fortunes had fallen to Barkilphedro.

He had crawled where he wished.

Flat beasts can get in everywhere. Louis XIV. had bugs in his bed and Jesuits in his policy.

The incompatibility is nil.

In this world everything is a clock. To gravitate, is to oscillate. One pole is attracted to the other. Francis I. is attracted by Triboulet; Louis XIV. is attracted by Lebel. There exists a deep affinity between this extreme elevation and this extreme debasement.

It is abasement which directs. Nothing easier of comprehension. It is the one below who pulls the strings. No more convenient position. He is the eye, and has the ear. He is the eye of the government; he has the ear of the king. To have the ear of the king, is to draw and shut, at one's whim, the bolt of the royal conscience, and to throw into that conscience whatever one wishes. The mind

of the king is his cupboard; if he be a rag-picker, it is his basket. The ears of kings belong not to kings, and therefore it is that, on the whole, the poor devils are not altogether responsible for their actions. He who does not possess his thought, does not possess his deed. A king obeys—what? Any evil spirit buzzing from outside in his ear. Dark fly of the abyss.

This buzzing commands. A reign is a dictation.

The loud voice is the sovereign; the low voice, sovereignty. Those who know how to distinguish, in a reign, this low voice, and to hear what it whispers to the loud, are the real historians.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HATE IS AS STRONG AS LOVE.

QUEEN ANNE had several of these low voices about her; Barkilphedro was one.

Besides the queen, he secretly worked, influenced, and plotted upon Lady Josiana and Lord David. As we have said, he whispered in three ears. One more than Dangeau. Dangeau whispered in but two, in the days when, thrusting himself between Louis XIV., in love with Henrietta, his sister-in-law, and Henrietta, in love with Louis XIV., her brother-in-law, Louis's secretary, without the knowledge of Henrietta, and Henrietta without the knowledge of Louis, there, in the midst of the love of the two Marionettes, he made the questions and replies.

Barkilphedro was so cheerful, so accepting, so incapable of taking up the defence of anybody, with so little devotion at bottom, so ugly, so mischievous, that it was quite natural that a regal personage should come to be unable to do without him. Once Anne had tasted Barkilphedro she would have no other flatterer. He flattered her as they flattered Louis the Great, by stinging their neighbours. "The king being ignorant," says Madame de Montchevreuil, "one is obliged to mock at the savants."

To poison the sting, from time to time, is the acme of art. Nero loves to see Locusta at work. Royal palaces are very easily entered; these madrepores have a way in soon guessed at, contrived, examined, and scooped out at need by the gnawing thing which is called the courtier. A pretext to enter is sufficient. Barkilphedro, having found this pretext, his position with the queen soon became the same as that with the Duchess Josiana—that of an indispensable domestic animal. A witticism risked one day by him immediately led to his

understanding the queen perfectly, and how exactly to estimate her kindness of heart. The queen was greatly attached to her Lord Steward, William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, who was a great fool. This lord, who had obtained every Oxford degree, and did not know how to spell, one fine morning committed the folly of dying. To die is a very imprudent thing at court, for there is then no further restraint in speaking of you. The queen, in the presence of Barkilphedro, lamented the event, finally exclaiming, with a sigh:

"It is a pity that so many virtues should have been borne, and served by so poor an intellect."

"Dieu veuille avoir son âne," whispered Barkilphedro, in a low voice, and in French.

The queen smiled. Barkilphedro noted the smile. His conclusion was that biting pleased. Free licence had been given to his spite. From that day he thrust his curiosity everywhere, and his malignity with it. He was given his way, so much was he feared. He who can make the king laugh makes the rest tremble. He was a powerful buffoon. Every day he worked his way forward—underground. Barkilphedro was become a necessity. Many great people honoured him with their confidence, to the extent of charging him, when they required him, with their shameful commissions.

There are wheels within wheels at court. Barkilphedro became the moving power. Have you remarked, in certain mechanisms, the smallness of the motive wheel?

Josiana, in particular, who, as we have explained, made use of Barkilphedro's talent for spying, reposed such confidence in him, that she had not hesitated to intrust him with one of the master-keys of her apartments, by means of which he was able to enter them at any hour. This excessive licence of insight into private life was in fashion in the seventeenth century. It was called "giving the key." Josiana had given two of these confidential keys—Lord David had one, Barkilphedro the other. However, entering straight into bedchambers was, in the old code of manners, a thing not in the least surprising. Thence resulted incidents.

Barkilphedro excelled in making cunning discoveries, which place the great in the power of the little. His walk in the dark was winding, soft, clever. Like every perfect spy, he was composed of the inclemency of the executioner and the patience of a micograph. He was a born courtier. Every courtier is a noctambulist. The courtier prowls in the night, which is called power. He carries a dark lantern in his hand. He lights up what spot he wishes, and

remains in darkness himself. What he seeks with his lantern is not a man, it is a fool. What he finds is the king.

Kings do not like to see those about them pretend to greatness. Irony aimed at any one but themselves has a charm for them. The talent of Barkilphedro consisted in a perpetual dwarfing of the peers and princes to the advantage of her royal majesty's stature, increased in proportion. The master-key held by Barkilphedro was made with two sets of wards, one at each end, so as to open the inner apartments in both Josiana's favourite residences,—Hunkerville House in London, Corleone Lodge at Windsor. These two houses were part of the Clancharlie inheritance. Hunkerville House was on the borders of Oldgate. Oldgate, in London, was a gate which was entered by the Harwich road, and on which was displayed a statue of Charles II., having on his head a painted angel, and beneath his feet a carved lion and unicorn. From Hunkerville House, in a westerly wind, you heard the peals of St. Marylebone. Corleone Lodge was a Florentine palace of brick and stone, with a marble colonnade, built on pilework, at Windsor, at the end of the wooden bridge, and having one of the finest courts in England.

In the latter palace, near Windsor Castle, Josiana was within the queen's reach. Nevertheless, Josiana liked it.

Almost nothing in appearance, all in roots; such was the influence of Barkilphedro over the queen. There is nothing more difficult than to drag up these bad grasses of court—they take deep root, and offer no hold above the surface. To root out a Roquelaure, a Triboulet, or a Brummel, is almost impossible.

From day to day, and more and more, did the queen take Barkilphedro into her good graces. Sarah Jennings is famous; Barkilphedro is unknown. The fact of his having been remains unknown. The name of Barkilphedro has not reached as far as history. All the moles are not caught by mole-trappers.

Barkilphedro, once a candidate for orders, had studied a little of everything. Skimming all things, leaves naught for result. One may be victim of the *omnis res scibilis.* Having the vessel of the Danaides under one's skull is the misfortune of a whole race of learned men, who may be termed the sterile. What Barkilphedro had put in his brain had left it empty.

The mind, like nature, abhors vacuum. Into emptiness, nature puts love; the mind, often puts hate. Hate occupies. Hate for hate's sake exists. Art for art's sake exists in nature more than is believed. One hates—one must do something. Gratuitous hate—formidable word! It means hate, which is itself its own payment.

The bear lives by licking his claws. Indefinitely, no. Those claws must be refreshed. Something must be put beneath them.

To hate indistinctly is sweet, and suffices for a time; but one must end by having an object. An animosity diffused over creation exhausts, like every solitary enjoyment. Hate without an object is like a shooting-match without a target. What lends interest to the game is a heart to be pierced. One cannot hate solely for honour; some seasoning is necessary—a man, a woman, somebody, to destroy. This service of making the game interesting, of offering an end, of throwing passion into hate by fixing it on an object, of amusing the hunter by the sight of a living prey, of giving the watcher the hope of seeing the warm smoking and boiling of blood about to flow; to amuse the birdcatcher by the credulity of the uselessly winged lark, to be a fool unknowingly, reared for murder by a master mind, this exquisite and horrible service, of which the person rendering it is unconscious, Josiana rendered Barkilphedro.

Thought is a projectile. Barkilphedro had, from the first day, begun to aim at Josiana the evil intentions which were in his mind. An intention and a carbine are like each other.

Barkilphedro aimed at Josiana, directing against the duchess all his secret malice. That astonishes you! What has the bird done to you at which you fire your gun? It is to eat it, you say. And so it was with Barkilphedro.

Josiana could not be struck in the heart—the spot where an enigma exists is hard to wound; but she could be struck in the head—that is, in her pride. It was there that she thought herself strong, and that she was weak.

Barkilphedro had found it out. If Josiana had been able to see clearly through the night of Barkilphedro, if she had been able to distinguish what lay in ambush behind his smile, that proud woman, so highly situated, would probably have trembled. Fortunately for the tranquillity of her sleep, she was in complete ignorance of what there was in the man. The unexpected spreads, one knows not whence. The profound depths of life are dangerous. There is no small hate. Hate is always enormous. It preserves its stature in the smallest being, and remains a monster. An elephant hated by a worm is in danger. Even ere he struck, Barkilphedro felt, with joy, the foretaste of the evil action which he was about to commit. He did not as yet know what he was going to do to Josiana; but he had made up his mind to do something. To have decided thus far was to have done a great deal. To crush Josiana utterly would have been too great a success. He did not hope for so much; but to humiliate her, lessen

her, bring her grief, redden her proud eyes with tears of rage—what a success! He counted on it. Tenacious, diligent, faithful to the torment of his neighbour, not to be torn away, nature had not formed him for nothing. He well understood how to find the flaw in Josiana's golden armour, and how to make the blood of that Olympian flow.

What benefit, we ask again, would accrue to him in so doing? An immense benefit. Doing evil to one who had done good to him. What is an envious man? An ungrateful one. He hates the light which lights and warms him. Zoilus hated the boon which Homer was. To inflict on Josiana what would now-a-days be called vivisection—to place her, all convulsed, on his table of anatomy; to dissect her alive, at his leisure, in a surgery; to cut her up, as an amateur, while she should scream; this dream delighted Barkilphedro!

To arrive at this result it was necessary to suffer a little himself, which he did willingly. We pinch ourselves with our own pincers. The knife in shutting cuts our fingers. What matters? That he should partake of Josiana's torture was a result of little moment. The executioner handling the red-hot iron, when about to brand a prisoner, takes no care. Because another suffers much, he suffers nothing. To see the victim writhe takes all pain from the inflicter.

Do all the harm you can, whatever be the result.

Constructing evil for others is complicated with an acceptation of obscure responsibility. We risk ourself in the danger which we impel towards another, so much does the chain of events bring unexpected miscarriages. This does not stop the man who is truly malicious. He feels as much joy as the patient suffers agony. He is tickled by the laceration of the victim. The malicious man blooms hideously. Punishment reflects itself on him in nourishment. The Duke of Alva warmed his hands at the stake. The burning was torture, the reflected warmth pleasure. That such transpositions are possible makes one shiver. Our dark side is unfathomable. *Supplice exquis* (exquisite torture)—the expression is in Bodin[*]—has perhaps this terrible triple sense. Torment sought for; suffering of the tormented; delight of the tormentor.

Ambition—appetite; all these words signify some one sacrificed to some one satisfied. It is sad that hope should be wicked. In feeling volition towards a creature, it is the volition to work him evil. Why not to confer benefit? Why should the outpourings of our wishes flow to the side of evil? One of the hardest labours of the

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[*] Book I., page 196.

just man is to expunge from his soul a malevolence which it is difficult to efface. Almost all our desires, when examined, contain what we dare not avow.

In the completely wicked man this hideous perfection exists. So much the worse for others, signifies so much the better for himself. The shadow of man is cavernous.

Josiana in that plenitude of security given by ignorant pride, had a contempt for all danger. The feminine faculty of disdain is extraordinary. Josiana possessed a disdain, unconscious, involuntary, and confident. Barkilphedro was to her so contemptible, she would have been astonished had anyone remarked to her that such a creature existed. She went, and she came, and laughed at this man who regarded her obliquely. Thoughtful, he bided his time.

In proportion as he waited, his determination to wreck this woman's life augmented. It was an inexorable high tide of malice.

In the meantime he gave himself excellent reasons for this determination. It must not be thought that scoundrels are deficient in self-esteem. They enter into details with themselves in their lofty monologues, and they take matters with a high hand. How? This Josiana had bestowed charity on him! She had shaken some crumbs of her enormous wealth on him, as on a mendicant. She had nailed and riveted him to an office which was unworthy him. Yes; that he, Barkilphedro, almost a clergyman, of varied and profound talent, a learned personage, having in him the material for a bishop, had for employment the registration of shards fit only to scrape Job's sores, should pass his life in the garret of a register office in gravely uncorking stupid bottles, incrusted with all the nastiness of the sea, in deciphering moist parchments, the filth of conjuring books, the devil of wills, or unreadable old women's stories, was the fault of this Josiana. Worst of all! this creature "thee'd" and "thou'd" him! And should he not revenge himself?—should he not punish such conduct? Ah, well, in this case there would no longer be justice on earth!

(*To be continued.*)

## Law and Destitution.

IN seeking to know the direction in which improvements may hopefully be made in our existing Poor Laws, it is desirable to recapitulate briefly the relation between law and destitution, so as to form a very clear conception of the contingencies against which public provision may and may not be made. We have seen that the right to relief, irrespective of any return being made for it by work or otherwise, is a claim which could not be asserted by any honest man without a loss of self-respect, and that the concession of such a right is calculated to undermine the springs of independence, to remove the necessity for individual exertion, and the exercise of forethought, sobriety, and thrift. The law cannot relieve any man of any portion of his responsibility with respect to his own maintenance, and that of those depending on his exertions for support. Moreover, justice and freedom alike require that no man who fulfils his duty should be amenable to law; it is only when, by failing, he inflicts injustice or injury upon others, that he is rightly interfered with. Pauperism, or the habit of depending on others, may be regarded as a species of theft; and as it is only right that every man should be regarded as honest until the contrary is proved, the law ought not to impose penalties or degrading conditions on the destitute without sufficient evidence of an intention to impose. The test of a perfect poor law is, that as in the case of crime, it should permit us to conceive a state of things when all enactments shall be obsolete, society being so completely organised that all persons may be able to provide for the contingencies which arise, without having recourse to any legal claim. Let us carry on the argument a little further, and try to observe the probable effect of making, as the legislature has now done, a public provision for habitual thieves not convicted of any special crime. Observe, there is no right to punish them, the most that can be done is to detain them in a suitable barrack, and there supply them with moderate but sufficient diet to be earned by ordinary, but neither excessive nor penal labour. Now, these conditions are not always within the reach of honest men, thousands of whom would be glad to sacrifice some portion of their liberty for the opportunity of supporting themselves

by honest work. When Mr. Frederick Hill commenced his Inspections of the Scotch gaols, he found in existence the very merciful practice of allowing prisoners to remain after the expiration of their sentence, on the condition of submitting themselves voluntarily to all the hardships and privations of prison discipline. In Glasgow, between thirty and forty prisoners had availed themselves of this permission, suffering a voluntary incarceration with hard labour as an alternative to crime. It became Mr. Hill's duty to order their discharge. They were turned out without friends to give them work, and the result was that every one of them returned to the prison as convicts within the next six months. It is scarcely possible to institute conditions so irksome or repulsive as that men of a certain character will not voluntarily submit to them if only by so doing they may escape the necessity of work. The governor of Chatham Prison expresses his astonishment that there are some prisoners who prefer to exist on bread and water in separate cells, in a state of idleness, to doing their work and receiving ordinary diet, and these men apparently commit one offence after another with no other object than escaping work. No doubt these are exceptional cases; but they represent a phase of the question which cannot be ignored, and they demonstrate that just in proportion as a man becomes physically and morally deteriorated, in that proportion he becomes less and less amenable to any self-acting physical or moral test.

But it will be said that whilst it is admitted that a public provision for the support of criminals and paupers must theoretically afford a stimulus to crime and pauperism, such a theory is altogether impractical in fact. It is argued that there is a state of things for which a prompt and immediate remedy is imperatively required. Nests of crime grow upon our hands and paupers flourish. The two are eating into the vitals of the country. Something must be done. Voluntary religion and philanthropy have obviously failed. The State must intervene, for if we do not take care of the criminal he will rob and molest us, if not of the pauper, he will die. Our pockets suffer, and our sense of humanity is shocked. Theory and principle must yield to expediency and present interest. But the urgency of the case does not alter the principles of treatment. If we are convinced that the legal relief of destitution does but increase the evil of pauperism, if it is beyond the power of governments to abrogate the universal and salutary law that suffering is necessarily the consequence of sin, if, moreover, we see a glimmering hope that every man may be made thoroughly independent by the proper development of the whole man, and by the organisation of the safeguards against death by

destitution, which Nature has provided, then we may be content to carry out our conclusions with absolute faith in their eventual success.

Hitherto we have been continually expecting too much. The law of real progress is necessarily slow; we have legislated for destitution as if it were a thing which could be cured by law, and this in spite of our daily experience, that every provision which removes from the destitute the responsibility of self-maintenance, and isolates him from the affection of his friends and the sympathies of his fellow men, does but increase the number of the really destitute, and of those who starve to death. We seem to forget that an adult pauper, like a confirmed criminal, is an irreclaimable animal. He cares very little where you put him, or how you clothe him, but he is very scrupulous as to his food, because the law has very kindly given him the privilege of seeing that he is not cheated of any portion of his right, either as to weight or quality. He is also very particular as to what he does. He rarely objects to a little light amusement, to wile away the monotony of workhouse existence.

The law has also considerately provided that the pauper shall not be employed upon any very useful work, and the last thing thought of is the calling forth of his industrial powers. The moment he is fed at the cost of the State, he is instructed in the idle and unprofitable occupations of oakum-picking, stone-breaking, &c. The law is also particularly anxious that his freedom shall not in any way be abridged.

He can enter the workhouse as often as he likes, and he can discharge himself on giving three hours' notice. More than 600 hotels are thus provided for him, at which he can demand admission at any hour of the day or night, and then we are foolish enough to expect that the man who has thus been educated to fly to legal resources in every difficulty will forsake the life of dependence, and begin to support himself by continuous and honest labour. But more than this, we have not appreciated the fact that this dreadful and immoral state is just as hereditary as physical peculiarity. The pauper child inherits the idleness, ignorance, improvidence, together with the physical weakness and personal defects which have been acquired under the influence of destitution; nay, even the tendency to drunkenness cannot be escaped.

Under these circumstances it would be folly to expect any other result than failure, and the inauguration of a better system would scarcely do more than check the increase of pauperism which is now so threatening. It would be a hopeful day indeed, if a system of prevention could be commenced at once. If instead of allowing the

children of the lowest poor to grow up sickly, diseased, ignorant and vicious, we were to take them manfully in hand, and like the Jews in London take care that there should be no second race of paupers, we should then be certain that the most material source of increase had been checked. From such considerations, it follows that we have no alternative so far as legislation is concerned, but turn our attention to preventive means, which may be divided into two divisions, viz.:—the primary, which are education and the external conditions of morality and health; and the secondary, which present to the individual the opportunity of combining with his neighbours and fellow men for the purpose of meeting those contingencies which he cannot provide against alone.

It is not my intention to enter very largely into the question of education; but I cannot allow the subject to pass by without endorsing the opinion of Dr. Hodgson, that "reading and writing are far too much regarded, not as all education, but as all the education that can be secured for and by the children of the mass—nay, as all that it is important for them to obtain." If, as Miss Nightingale suggests, the three R's—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic—often lead to Rascaldom, it becomes a very important question to ascertain what the basis of an independent education really is. Fortunately, we have not far to go, since no one will doubt that the habit of plain honest industry is nearly all that is essentially required to make an independent labourer. Intellectual acquirements will, in their proper sphere, assist, but without industry and its natural complement, honesty, they are frequently worse than useless. Work, then, is the first of our necessities, and fortunately it is also the strongest of our instincts, so that if the opportunities for labour and the sweets which follow, are afforded to the child, they are continued and embraced with pleasure by the man.

It appears to me that a most unfortunate change has been effected in the industrial training of the young by the introduction of machinery. The manufacture of linen and woollen goods within the present century has been transferred from the home to the factory. Less than a hundred years ago every member of every family in the kingdom, from the peer to the peasant, took part in the operations of spinning, weaving, knitting, and sewing. Home-spun and home-made articles of necessity were to be found alike in the cottages of the poor and the palaces of the rich. Every home was a school for industrial training. Almost as soon as the child could walk, it was made to take its share in the operations upon which the family depended for their clothes and other comforts. Each member of the

household, according to his power and opportunity, took part and pride in the manufacture of useful articles, some of which were destined to be handed down from generation to generation as models of taste and industry. What a splendid education for the young! To see the flax gathered from the fields and the wool shorn; to assist in the spinning of the thread, the winding on the bobbin, the weaving of the cloth, the knitting of the hose, and the making of the coat and kirtle; to observe that the noble lady at the Hall was similarly occupied; to receive her smile of approbation when the simple home-spun dress or dainty linen was worn at festivals and church;—all this, I say, constituted an education for which no substitute has as yet been found, and I cannot but think that the habits of the industrial classes have suffered much in consequence. The child's chief source of employment at home is now the dressing of a doll or the reading of a story book; and in the village school habits of languid inattention are too often cultivated in preference to genuine work. In my experience I have only met with two schools in which all the pupils, boys and girls alike, are employed for three hours a day on needlework and knitting; yet it is obvious that such occupations are far more likely to teach them the habit of industry than weak attempts to concentrate attention on the A B C. The unmeaning exercises and movements carried on in many of our schools are but a faint representation of what physical and industrial training ought to be. To develop a sense of the value of labour, it is necessary to begin early in life, and to associate its practice with the idea of usefulness and the advantages of wage. I protest very strongly against the tendency to decry work even for the youngest children who are sent to school. The abuse of a thing does not justify neglect, and if the children of the present generation were brought up more perfectly in useful industry, I cannot doubt that we should have a higher estimate of the dignity of labour and more independent men.

But in the next place, as preventives of pauperism, we need to secure for the poor the external conditions of morality and health. Here also, without going deeply into the subject, I desire to remark that these conditions cannot be obtained by unassisted legislation, nor by a mere staff of paid officials. If you were to map out England into a series of sanitary districts, and appoint a special health-officer to each, with full powers to put an end to every sanitary defect, they would only be able to improve the sanitary condition of the masses in proportion rather to their moral than their legal powers. Hence what is wanted is a moral force, and that is not to be had from the

sober exertions of merely paid officials. There must be such an organisation as will utilise the intelligence of the better educated for the benefit of the ignorant. This must be done in a friendly and persuasive spirit, and I venture to think a system of house to house visitation by voluntary agents, under the direction of public officers, is the only mode of meeting the difficulty. Such an unpaid agency would augment the power of the sanitary officer a thousandfold. It would bring an irresistible moral force to bear upon the selfishness of landlords and the filthy habits of the poor. It would lay bare the costly evils of over-crowding and disease. It would teach the poor the conditions upon which health and independence hang, and the rich the sources from which pauperism springs.

The secondary preventives which may be promoted by judicious legislation are the organisation of the means for meeting the contingencies which a man cannot reasonably be expected to provide against by his own unaided efforts. These contingencies are want of work, sickness, old age, and death.

Although it is clearly the duty of every man to provide himself with work, it will be conceded that with his limited knowledge of the labour market, his unwillingness to leave his home and neighbourhood upon an indefinite search for employment amongst strangers, and his general ignorance as to causes which affect his rate of wage, that he is quite unable to command continuous employment by his own unaided efforts, or make such reasonable provision as will enable him to tide over the difficulties which are certain to arise at uncertain or even stated intervals. It is, however, no part of the duty of a government to find him work. The common law of England has indeed provided that the labourer shall have a claim to a fair share of the produce of the soil upon which he has been born, but this necessarily involves the duty of assisting in the cultivation. Whilst, therefore, I would utterly deny the right of the labourer to subsistence irrespective of a return by work, I cannot refuse him the opportunity of earning sufficient to maintain himself and those depending on him in health, provided he has exercised due exertion and self-denial on his own account, and cannot obtain that sufficiency in any other way. Before providing either relief or work, it is absolutely necessary to reduce the excuse of want of employment to a minimum, and by so doing establish a broad line of distinction between the thieving pauper and the industrious and thrifty man.

Now, undoubtedly, much can be done by the legislature to take *away* the excuse of want of work. I do not allude to political and *fiscal* changes, but simply to the enactment of arrangements which

would assist the individual in finding a market for his labour. When a merchant has a cargo of corn to sell, he, like his labourer, desires to take it to the dearest market. The law provides him with the necessary knowledge. He consults the official register of the prices ruling in London, Liverpool, Aberdeen, or Glasgow, and acts accordingly. Those mysterious quotations of shirtings, &c., determine the destination of our exports; and at the cost of a clerk at 30*s.* per week, and a few postage stamps, the Amalgamated Carpenters can tell at any moment whether carpenters are wanted in any town or district. Such information is beyond the means of the individual labouring man, and there is no possible organisation by which he can obtain it without the assistance of the Government, whose highest and purest function is to enable men to act in common for the common good. The least the Government can do, therefore, is to provide a system of labour registration, so that masters and men may be informed as to their mutual wants. A register of wages in every district would also tend to a better distribution of labourers, and would probably destroy the anomalies which now exist. When a labouring man is destitute from want of work, he does not know where to go. He may be looking for a master in London for weeks together, and yet not find him, although there might be a master looking out for him all the time. In promoting speedy employment of the destitute, the Government is at the same time promoting the economy and welfare of the entire community.

To tell a labourer where he can obtain work is, therefore, the first duty which devolves upon the executive which deals with destitution; but as there may be a difficulty, or, at all events, a necessary delay in the actual setting of the man on work, it is the duty of the individual to have provided also against this contingency, and of the Government to provide machinery by which it may de done. No man can alone do this; and the benefit societies, as now existing, although affording a complete demonstration of the willingness of the labouring classes to help and depend upon themselves, are, nevertheless, a failure. At this moment there are upwards of 23,000 certified friendly societies in England and Wales, of which the learned Registrar may well say that he cannot satisfy himself of the solvency of twenty. The vast majority of these societies (composed, be it remembered, of persons who prove their desire to secure solvency and good management by availing themselves of the advice and protection of the law) are at this moment eminently unsafe. There are also many thousands of Brummagem clubs which, from their defective organisation, *cannot* have their rules certified. In July, 1867, there

were in the workhouses of England 12,260 adult males not able-bodied, and 3060 who were fit to work. And of these, according to a return made to Parliament, no less than 4015 had been members of benefit societies. If the returns of out-door paupers could be obtained, we should find a similar state of things; indeed, there are at this moment thousands who have attempted in vain to provide for the contingencies of destitution, sickness, and old age; and, who but for the rottenness of the present system, would now have been in the receipt of a sufficient sum to preserve themselves from pauperism. "The heart aches," says the Rev. T. Y. Stratton, "to record that the weekly savings of the labourers, though sufficient, if invested in a trustworthy and durable provident institution, to raise them above pauperism, are devoted to the maintenance of treacherous refuges for poor men in distress, all of which have a trap-door through which their members eventually fall into the union workhouse, or otherwise burden the poor-rate." There is, therefore, no trustworthy system of insurances suited to the requirements of the industrial class; and, until such a system is offered, it will be impossible to refuse food and shelter to any who are destitute, and to make any distinction between those who do and do not try to help themselves. The existence of fraudulent societies is a sufficient excuse for depending on the rates, which would at once be relieved of an enormous charge by the inauguration of a safer system.

As a remedy for destitution from want of work, I would propose a system of public insurance, calculated to secure the insurer for a given period from absolute destitution. Practically, we might set this down at about 3*s.* per head per week, a sum which would certainly be a great assistance in time of need, and, at the same time, offer no temptation as an alternative to work. This sum, payable for a limited number of weeks, would be insured on the payment of a small premium, either made in one sum or by instalments, the amount being calculated on the experience of labouring men and of societies which already provide for this contingency. It would be delivered by the executive of relief on satisfactory proof that the individual had been without employment of any kind for one week immediately preceding the application, and it would be available in any part of the United Kingdom by an order on the Post Office. Imposition should be regarded as a theft, and its detection should be encouraged by reward. The widest distinction would thus be made between those who provide beforehand and those who do not. The one but receives his own, the other is at the mercy of the State. The one is at liberty to look about for work, the other must be detained

in workhouses under reformatory discipline calculated to enforce the distinction, and make real independence the more eligible state.

Upon this distinction educational resources and individual personal interest could be brought to bear. At present a labourer has no satisfactory means of providing for the dull winter when his ordinary employer cannot find him work. It is out of the power of any man to help him; for if he attempt to save, it may be that his savings will be far below the necessities of his individual case. Under such circumstances he is at the mercy of his employers, who, being guardians, are the executive of the Poor Law system. These gentlemen are not likely to encourage either the removal or the independence of their men, because the result would be a raising of the wages. The labourer would say, "Give me more wages in harvest time, that I may provide against the idle days of winter." But the employer says, "No: if you are then destitute, I will relieve you from the rates, and share the burden with the landlords and the owners of real property, who assist to pay them."

J. H. STALLARD, M.B. LOND., &c.

## "At Last."

WHAT have the firs whispered each other
  Ever since I was ill?—
Nodding their heads with, "Brother, Brother,
  The house seemeth strangely still."

Nodding their heads as I have seen them
  Through half-closed eyes at noon—
There's some deep mystery between them,
  Something will happen soon!

Dead friends' faces, so weirdly thronging,
  Flit through my sleepless brain—
Still in my ears goes singing-songing,
  Ever the same sad strain!—

Still the old firs whisper each other,
  Morning, and night, and noon,—
Nodding their heads with, "Brother, Brother,
  Something will happen soon!"

Can it be that at last I'm lying
  On Death's cold twilight shore?
Sometimes I fancy that I've been dying
  These three long years or more!—

* * * *

Darker, darker, the room is growing,
  Dim eyes can barely see;
What of that, to a spirit going
  Where Heaven's own light shall be!

N. P.

# A CHURCHMAN'S CHARITY.

IN the following pages we record one of the most interesting and singular phases of Church History. It is a narrative of the famous Hanbury Charities, at Church Langton, Leicestershire, founded by a clergyman who devoted his whole life to the devising and furthering of a scheme in which the chief element was the erection of a church that should be more beautiful than any other edifice in the world, and the foundation of a permanent charity for the reception of the indigent.

The Rev. William Hanbury was born at Bedworth, Gloucestershire, in 1715, and was instituted to the living of Church Langton at an early age.

Every man has a hobby, and Mr. Hanbury's took the shape of an intense liking for gardening, in the pursuit of which he was well-nigh absorbed during the earlier years of his life. In 1751 he formed an acquaintance with the most celebrated gardeners and nurserymen, from whom he obtained seeds and shrubs, a quantity of which he also got from North America. He was so successful in the planting of these, and he had procured such a variety of seeds, that, by the year 1758, he was enabled "to raise plantations which were estimated, if sold at low prices, at 10,000*l.*" This success, for which he had striven with "forty-parson power," emboldened him to associate with twenty-three other gentlemen of the neighbourhood to carry out the following proposals:—"The trees and plants to be sold annually, and if the money arising from the sale amounted to 1500*l.*, the interest to be applied to the decoration of the church of Langton, and to the support of an organist and schoolmaster; but if the fund should ever amount to 4000*l.*, an hospital to be founded at Langton. When it reached 10,000*l.*, schools to be erected in other places also, and advowsons of livings to be purchased to give encouragement to virtue, by presenting unprovided-for clergymen of uprightness and integrity."

Publishing an "Essay on Planting," at Oxford, and dedicating it to the University, Mr. Hanbury's scheme became widely known, and he received many congratulatory letters and some copies of verses eulogistic of his project, which he had the satisfaction of finding met

with the approbation of "all men of abilities at a distance." Having obtained so good a start, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote his enterprise. He must have been a perfect marvel in the eyes of the Leicestershire people, who no doubt looked up to him as their ideal of a horticulturist. On the 26th and 27th of September, 1759, an oratorio was performed at Church Langton, concerning which the following directions were published:—"As soon as the trustees have taken their places and the congregation all seated, the overture of 'Esther' will be performed by the whole band of music. . . . Before the first lesson, the organ will be opened, the voluntaries played, and the varieties of stops showed off by the Rev. Mr. Felton, from Herefordshire. . . . . After the sermon, which is to be preached by the Rev. Mr. Sloughter Clarke, vicar of Theddingworth, the deed of trust is to be given up, after which, a grand hallelujah will be struck up."

The first day's ceremony concluded with Handel's "grand Coronation Anthem;" the second day's ceremony was wound up by the performance of "the Sacred Oratorio of 'The Messiah,' &c." The oratorios, "struck off" presumably under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Felton from Herefordshire, were immensely successful. The highway of Church Langton "rattled with the sound of chariots and horses;" visitors came from all parts; the ladies and gentlemen were "all full dressed" (enormous hoops were worn by ladies in those days; the gentlemen wore bob-wigs and waistcoats reaching to the knees), and "a most brilliant appearance was every minute collating."

At half-past eleven on the morning of the 26th of September, Mr. Hanbury and the trustees went in procession to the church. The psalms were chanted, but, says Mr. Hanbury, "Instead of the voluntary, the overture in the 'Occasional Oratorio' was struck off by all the instruments the moment we entered the church; and as few there had ever heard anything of that kind by such a band, most of them were struck into seemingly statues." The effect of the music upon some of the listeners was ludicrous enough. "Some of the common people were frightened, and hurried out of the church with all speed; for hearing the kettle-drums, *which they took to be thunder*, and the trumpets sounding in the midst of such an heavenly noise of instruments, they thought of what had been reported, that the day of judgment was really come indeed." Many, however, were deeply affected by the heartiness and solemnity of the service, and the grandeur of the music. The "Te Deum" was particularly striking; they declared it was a heaven upon earth! But, adds the quaint good parson, from whose own account we quote,—"If one

part was more solemn than another, it was upon the immediately starting off that grand chorus of my delivering up the deed, after the second service; the unexpectedness of it and the grandeur of the kettle-drums, trumpets, &c., with the other instruments . . . . gave joy more than can be expressed to all."

There was even a larger company at the service on the following day, and Mr. Hanbury writes eloquently and fervidly of the number of "fine women" and "beautiful ladies," whose presence "occasioned the meeting to be afterwards much talked of, on their account." The ever-glorious "Messiah" was performed, and moved the people astonishingly. Fancy a reporter of the present day writing in the following strain of the manner in which Handel's *chef-d'œuvre* was received at its triennial performance at Worcester, or Hereford, or Gloucester cathedral:—"An eye without tears, I believe, could hardly be found in the whole church, and every one endeavoured to conceal the emotions of his heart; drooping heads, to render the tears unobserved, became for awhile almost general, till, by now and then looking about, and finding others affected in like manner, no concealment in a little time was made. Tears then with unconcern were seen trickling down the faces of many; and then, indeed, it was extremely moving to see the pity, compassion, and devotion that had possessed the greatest part present."

Owing to the many necessary expenses, the proceeds of the performances were only just enough to clear expenses; but although the profits were trifling or nothing, Mr. Hanbury's scheme became universally known. After this meeting—which might have closely approached the west-country triennial musical festivals in execution, though not in design—the worthy founder advertised his trees for sale in the newspapers, adding to his advertisement the "N.B.," that "the curious in the kitchen-garden may be supplied with every article in that way." The names of two of the trustees, Sir Thos. Cave and Sir Nathaniel Curzon, were appended to the announcement. Despite the non-success, pecuniarily, of the music meetings, the stout-hearted rector arranged two more performances in the church; these took place on the 30th and 31st of July, 1760, but again there was received no more than sufficient money to defray the expenses incurred in the arrangement of the performances. *En passant*, it may be noted that the Bishop of Sodor and Man, writing in 1760, to Mr. Hanbury, in eulogistic terms, of his laudable zeal, enclosed him a draft for 5*l.*, for which Mr. Hanbury's gardener was to send his lordship "some sorts of plants or trees you or he shall think suitable to this sea-breezed island. But unless you have

opportunity," continued the bishop, "of sending to Coventry, through which the Liverpool waggons pass, I know not how I can receive any of the produce of your goodly plantations of any sort;" for those were the days when as yet Great Westerns, and Midlands, and Great Northerns were not. For flowers the bishop confessed he had no taste, "especially since I came hither; where I am obliged to be a tiller of land for bread; next to necessaries, geraniums, honeysuckles, and Provence roses are my chief cultivation in my garden."

Finding his scheme not so successful as he could have wished, the indefatigable rector of Church Langton published a plan for a public library at Langton, which was to benefit the country as well as enlarge the foundation of the general plan. Not at all dispirited by the comparative failure of the musical entertainments which had previously taken place, Mr. Hanbury arranged another performance on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of June, 1761. "Judas Maccabæus," "The Messiah," and "Samson," were announced, with "the same capital hands and voices as before;" the whole "conducted by Dr. Hayes." An "N.B." appended to the advertisement shows that these performances were similar to some extent to the provincial church choral festivals of the present day; for at Church Langton there was "a cold collation at 2*s.* 6*d.* each," served in a large booth, just as now we read in the journals that after the morning service at the Daisybank Church Choral Festival, a luncheon was provided in Mr. Jones's well-known style. There was again a crowded (?) audience to hear "The Messiah," but "Esther" being substituted for "that noble oratorio of 'Samson,' a notion prevailed that 'Esther' was not worth the hearing," and only 120 people attended. The three performances, notwithstanding, resulted in a gain of 15*l.* odd. This was the last performance that took place at Church Langton.

In 1762 the music meeting was removed to Leicester, where the profits were upwards of 100*l.*; at Nottingham, where it was subsequently held (in 1763), the rector was more than 5*l.* out of pocket, added to which the sale of plants was much injured in those years by bad weather and the ravages of insects. These losses, however, were more than compensated by the extraordinary sale of trees during the period of the third winter's sale. The trees could not be taken up fast enough to supply the purchasers; weavers, and tailors, and others had to be pressed into the service; and the total sale amounted to upwards of 1000*l.* "And then," writes the rector, "and not before, the bets ran on my side that I should succeed.

The enemies to my scheme began to be confounded, and the following verses appeared in the public papers:—

"TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY, ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

"While vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
And virtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
Thy glorious plan, on deep foundations laid,
Which, aiding nature, nature's bound to aid;
The wise man's study, tho' the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for censure's still at hand,
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Pursue thy project with an ardour fit,
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infant seemed thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks like active man.
So the broad oak, which from thy grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A stripling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around."

Mr. Hanbury was now able to add three new bells to the existing peal of five at Church Langton; and another poet sang his praises:—

"So sweet thy *strain*, so thick thy *shade*,
The pleas'd spectator sees
The miracle once more display'd
Of Orpheus and his trees."

By 1765 Mr. Hanbury had been so successful in the sale of his trees, &c., that he had paid all his plantation expenses, built an organ, put up the new bells, erected a gallery in Langton Church, and had nearly 1500*l.* owing to him! He now made up his mind to risk no more money in musical performances, although at one time he bade fair to develope an ability in management almost as considerable as that of some "enterprising impresario" of to-day. There is a dash of unmistakable "pluck" in the next stage of the founder's proceedings. New trustees were appointed in 1766—men who, with Mr. Hanbury, were resolved on conquest or a glorious fall. Upon the 14th of March, 1767, the deeds of trust were enrolled in the Court of Chancery; and Mr. Hanbury made a long speech to his parishioners, detailing what had been done, and exhorting them to promote the welfare of the scheme.

In July, 1771, Mr. Hanbury drew up an epitome of deeds, which provided (*inter alia*) for the foundation of a charity school and an

organist at Church Langton; five sums of 100*l.* each were to be put out at interest, in order to provide beef for the poor of the Langtons on St. Thomas's Day, and for church purposes. A library was also to be founded. "Mr. Hanbury conveys his *MSS.*, as well as the profits arising from the sale of them when printed, to be employed in founding a printing-office, to print books of devotion, small treatises, and extracts from the best Christian authors, to be distributed, *gratis*, amongst the poor people for ever." There were to be professorships of grammar, music, botany, mathematics, antiquity, and poetry. The last-named professor was to read poetical lectures in the poetry school; "to have a strict eye on those who discover a taste for poetry; to publish annually hymns and devout songs of praise to God; and to satirise in the severest satire all those who act meanly or basely in their station. His salary, 150*l.* a-year."

The scheme now assumed considerable magnitude. The trustees were not to build lodgings for the professors until the whole fund was sufficient "to bring in 10,000*l.* clear money, as money is now valued, at 4 per cent.;" but the limit of income was to be between 10,000*l.* and 12,000*l.* a-year—not less than the former, nor more than the latter sum. When this happy result was attained a grand and stately church was to be built at Church Langton, and 100*l.* a-year paid to the rector for ever by the trustees. There were to be stalls for the professors and trustees, as grand an organ as could be made, a peal of twelve bells, sundry ornaments, "and painted windows shall reflect a religious gloom." Mr. Hanbury was a High Churchman, and would have had candlesticks on his church's altar, for which place "that most affecting of all pieces, our Blessed Saviour dragging His cross, is much recommended, over which shall be a resurrection piece by the best master then flourishing." The church was to be "truly Gothic," and built as much like a cathedral as possible. This fabric was to cost 100,000*l.*, and to be called the "Temple of Religion and Virtue." One part of it was to contain "the most extensive collection of all the different parts of natural history," and another part reserved "for the deposit of Scripture-history pieces and good men." These buildings were not to be joined together, in case of fire. Proper lodgings for the professors were to be finished as well as public schools, hospitals, and "grand printing office;" "and after the physic garden is well stored with every requisite in its way, the respective officers and professors shall be all put in their places." These proposals, efficiently carried out, were estimated to cost annually 5,909*l.*; the yearly income of the foundation being between 10,000*l.* and 12,000*l.*

Mr. Hanbury's philanthropy stands out grandly in the succeeding part of his scheme, by which 1000*l.* a-year was to be devoted—first, to building an "hospital and infirmary at Church Langton, for the use of Leicestershire and Rutlandshire, and then to the founding an infirmary, in whatsoever other shire the trustees might determine upon;" and after that another, and so on, "until there be, in every county in England that needs such an institution, an hospital or infirmary, properly founded, which shall be able to support itself by its own income, without being liable to the caprice of subscribers, and the unavoidable evils attending all institutions that are supported that way." He also announced his intention of giving "100*l.* annually to ten virtuous maids on their marriage each to a young man of good sobriety and Christian-like behaviour, and such as have never had anything scandalous laid to their charge;" whilst "decayed tradesmen, whose honesty is not questioned," were to be relieved; and—noblest idea of all—"the poor but honest prisoner, who shall be confined for a small sum, and discharging the fees of the prison, shall be set at liberty." Mr. Hanbury's design was to establish a system of universal charity: "Here the poor man shall not want his cow, nor the little maid her ewe lamb." Virtue was to be for ever rewarded—vice never to go unpunished.

From the Minutes of the Proceedings at Church Langton we learn that, on September 16, 1771, the trustees went to church in their usual form, and Mr. Affon preached the sermon. Miss Hanbury sang an oratorio song and two solo anthems; and "Master Jackey Hanbury, then seven years old, distinguished himself by his singing in the choruses." The following year, when the trustees and visitors went in their usual procession to church, "the service was closed with a duet between Miss Hanbury and her brother Jackey." Previous to this, meetings had been held by the trustees in furtherance of the great scheme. One of these assemblies was on March 1, 1770, and is distinguished as "the celebrated quarterly meeting." At it the founder presented most elaborate directions concerning building the church and public buildings at Church Langton. There were to be the grandest windows that could be devised, and suitable statues of saints; "and every termination of view shall be enriched with all elegance, grace, and such profusion of decorations as the keenest genius and most luxurious imagination can suggest." The public buildings were to be similar in grandeur and magnificence to the church, which was always to be kept in good repair; "the door to be open from morning until evening every day, except on Sundays, unless it *is irreverently* used by men walking in it with their hats on,

women in their pattens, carriage of burdens, &c.," when it was to be shut up. No pews were to be erected in the church, unless there should be room for a few at the upper end of the stalls. Mr. Hanbury divided the morning service into two parts, the second beginning with the reading of the Commandments. The sacrament was to be administered once a month. And no part of the service was ever to be abridged, which Mr. Hanbury more especially enjoined as he had found the service at many of our cathedrals "most shamefully hurried over and curtailed." This brave old churchman launched vigorously out against the indifference and neglect of those days. He assures us that "one dean professes his dislike to chanting, and tells the vicars choral and singing men they may afford as little of it as they please. Another dean abridges the service, under the pretence of being afraid of taking cold at church. The next shortens the anthem. Another knocks off part of the voluntaries, &c." Nor were the visitors treated with more courtesy than was their desert. Just as any member of the foundation finding fault was to be expelled, so "if the visitor, like some deans of this age" (Mr. Hanbury's) "should show indifference or dislike, the respective members of this foundation are desired to revolt, obey him in nothing, destroy his authority, and continue in such disobedience until it shall please God to remove such visitor out of this world, and substitute a more worthy person in his stead." Ten singing men and sixteen "quiristers" were "to constitute a good substantial band for the choir." There was a stringent order concerning the professors in the schools. If those officials absented themselves from divine service more than once a week, they were to be "sconced" a guinea for every such absence. Another rule laid down by the founder might be imitated with advantage to cathedral visitors in these days. The "quiristers" were directed to "present strangers with prayer-books and books of anthems," for which they were not to receive "tips." At the majority of our cathedrals the visitor who waited for a "quirister" to bring him an anthem book would wait long enough, tip or no tip.

We can hardly conceive that even in those days tobacco was used in church! Yet Mr. Hanbury lays down, amongst other "orders concerning the sacrists or vergers," this rule: "They shall provide mats and scrapers, to be properly placed by the doors of the church: *and see that nobody chews tobacco in it.*" Nor were the vergers allowed to receive money from people, with certain exceptions. All these orders and directions, which had their origin in the active brain of Mr. Hanbury, were formally laid before the trustees for their acceptance

and approval, which being unanimously given on the 1st of March, 1773, the energetic founder, who never ceased his endeavours to perfect the great scheme, presented further proposals to his trustees. These were—to purchase land at Church Langton, estates in Warwickshire, stone quarries at Ketton and Weldon, and buy advowsons of livings; a special clause being inserted providing for the purchase of advowsons of "good" livings (not less than 300*l.* a year each) for presentation "to such of the founder's descendants as may choose to enter into holy orders."

We now come to the dimensions of the minster which was to be built at Church Langton; but the founder's practice of specifying everything in minute detail precludes us from giving more than a bare outline of this part of the scheme. The church was to be 660 feet long within; the total cost 193,807*l.* 8*s.*! "Thus," says Mr. Hanbury, "may the church be finished *in this plain way* by an annual income of 12,000*l.* in sixteen years within 1867." In the event of this amount being insufficient to defray the cost of the church, Mr. Hanbury provided for an additional sum of 41,467*l.* But as the floors, pillars, choir, and high altar were all to be of finest marble and jasper, the founder made another calculation, which reached 389,324*l.* 8*s.*; and in "another random estimate" he places the entire cost of the building at 400,273*l.* He had hopes, however, that the church would not cost so much to build as the amounts stated, and records that the grand church of the Escurial cost but 373,291*l.* English money, in which sum everything was included. Mr. Hanbury went to the trouble of "counting the cost" of all the marble, stone, jasper, granite, &c., which he proposed to use. A builder's clerk could not have got out more complete specifications and "quantities." On the 28th of September, 1773, the seventh general meeting of the trustees was held, the visitor (Mr. Hanbury) and trustees going, as usual, in procession to the church, where "Anthems and Duets between Miss Hanbury and her brother Jackey were sung as usual." In the following February domestic trouble visited Mr. Hanbury, who, we may be sure, was particularly susceptible to such sorrows. Poor little Jackey died of "violent fever and sore throat, aged ten years, one month, and thirteen days." He was buried in the chancel in three coffins, his father desiring that when the church was finished his remains should be deposited under the high altar. "He was universally acknowledged to be a boy in every respect matchless."

The charity was now largely increasing. In 1775 the capital sum was 2404*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, and the income 104*l.*; total, 2508*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* The founder now drew up a statement of probable expenses, amount-

ing altogether to 25,995*l.*; but as the annual income was estimated at 42,000*l.* clear, Mr. Hanbury's balance-sheet showed a balance of 16,005*l.*, which he proposed to expend first, in completing the Infirmary at Church Langton, and afterwards in building and founding a college at Oxford in which to train youths for the ministry, the money to be annually paid into the hands of trustees. When that foundation was completed, 4000*l.* a year out of the 16,005*l.* was to be used in founding a professorship of antiquity at Cambridge University; after that, it was to be "appropriated to universal good." Then the 12,005*l.* a year was to be devoted to the improvement of cathedrals in each of the divisions of the kingdom. In 1776 Mr. Hanbury made what he calls "the Somersetshire tour," visiting Glastonbury, Wells, and other places. At Bristol he met with Mr. Farrah, a capital florist, to whom subsequently, "in consideration of his great talents as a florist," &c., Mr. Hanbury presented his work on gardening, in return receiving from Mr. Farrah some tulips, hyacinths, auriculas, &c. "This summer the stools of the plantations that had been formed by bedding the preceding winter were all destroyed by Mr. Simons's sheep." In the following year Mr. Hanbury laid out the ground for the church and public buildings. At one end of the main street were to be erected "castle-like towers, well mounted with heavy cannon, to be played off on days of rejoicing, at the discretion of the society." What with bell-ringing, music meetings, and the firing of big guns, the honest folk of Church Langton must have had a festive time of it.

Our sketch of this extraordinary old Churchman draws to a close. Of course Mr. Hanbury did not expect to see his scheme arrive at anything like maturity in his day; he was not such a visionary as that. In point of fact, his exertions resulted in the establishment of a charity; he had raised 4000*l.*, which he would undoubtedly have increased had he lived. What he did, after a career of perhaps unexampled effort in the service of the Church, was to be the means of restoring the churches of Langton and Thorpe Langton, replace the church of Tur Langton, and found some permanent charities. The reader will not be surprised at hearing that Mr. Hanbury's scheme has been in Chancery: that is the unhappy fate of most public benefactions. Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, in 1863, settled a new scheme, providing, *inter alia*, for the appointment of trustees, for girls' and boys' schools, the expenditure of 25*l.* annually in beef for the poor, 50*l.* per annum for an organist at Church Langton, 30*l.* a year for medical relief to the poor, for the enlargement of the churchyard at Church Langton, and the restoration of the three churches; the Vice-

Chancellor ordering that whenever there is a balance of 1000*l.* in the hands of the trustees, they shall apply to the Court of Chancery for a supplemental scheme. We gather from the *Northampton Mercury's* report of the consecration of the chapel of ease, St. Andrew's, Tur Langton, October 6th, 1866, that the present gross revenue of the Hanbury charity is 930*l.* a year. Out of that sum the clerk receives 20*l.* per annum, the schoolmaster 60*l.*, the schoolmistress 40*l.*, and the organist 40*l.*; for which information, as well as a considerable portion of the above, the writer is indebted to the Rev. J. H. Hill, rector of Cranoe, who has published a most interesting folio volume relating to the history of Langton, supplementing the text by excellent sketches of various churches and monuments.

# The Drama in America.

IT is for social philosophers to discover the causes of the fact, that wars almost invariably stimulate the taste of a people for the drama. Whether it is that amid the general gloom and depression of spirits the public is fain to rush to amusements which are social, which at once distract the mind and give despondency company, that they may for a while forget the general trouble; or whether the presence of war and its soul-stirring and dramatic episodes create a taste for exciting scenes, even though they be but imitations; or whether the abundance of money of some sort (whether paper or coin) enables people to indulge more freely in the theatre; the fact, taught us by the history of the drama, undoubtedly is, that theatres rather flourish than languish in a period of war. We are told that the theatres of Rome were crowded with splendid auditories, and new ones were built to supply the demand, in the most troubled era of Roman history. The theatres of Vienna were never more brilliant, either in their performances or the sumptuousness of their audiences, than in those years when the Empress Maria Theresa was engaged in the bitter struggle with Frederick II. If we may believe the gossipers of the Regency, the London drama had reached an unprecedented prosperity and excellence during the great Napoleonic wars which came to an end at Waterloo.

This singular fact has been once more illustrated and confirmed in America. The period of the great Rebellion will be celebrated by the lovers of the drama, and by the historians of the mimic art, as that in which a new dramatic era commenced, in which both a more universal taste for the drama, and great improvements in the drama, were matured. A change in public sentiment regarding the morality and rightfulness of encouraging dramatic performances had, indeed, long been gradually going on, more especially in the Northern States. The community in that part of the United States, founded and built up by the Puritan Fathers, on Puritan ideas, have retained down to our own times, if not absolutely the same precepts which the Puritans so rigidly enforced and inculcated, at least many of the habits of thought and prejudices which naturally grew out of those precepts. The Puritans regarded the drama as simply an artful device of the

Evil One to tempt mortals to eternal death. Their horror and condemnation of it was quite universal; Shakspeare was, indeed, more evil than others, because he had greater gifts, and prostituted them. Those who are well read in the history of the English Commonwealth, will call to mind the severity of the English Puritans against the drama in all its forms and semblances. So we find that, in New England, and many other sections of the States settled by New Englanders, there was, until very recently, among the better classes, an apparently indomitable sentiment adverse to the theatre, whether it were operatic, tragic, burlesque, or sentimental. The members of those sects which are branches of the old Puritan faith—the Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, &c.—evidently regarded theatre-going as sinful. I am not certain that to attend a dramatic performance would not, a few years ago, have caused the excommunication of the backsliding member; it would at least have caused him to be regarded coldly by his pious brethren and sisters.

This general public sentiment undoubtedly had a good effect upon the morality of the drama; for the managers hoped, by the scrupulous decency of their performances, to soften prejudices, if not entirely to eradicate the odium attached to theatres. The theatres of Boston, the principal New England city, before the war, were probably more decorous, alike in the choice of pieces, the dresses, and the manner of acting, than those of any other American city. Whatever the cause, it is certain that during the past quarter of a century the Puritan public sentiment has greatly softened. The old horror of the drama seems to have almost passed away. Good men and women now go to the theatre—and by good men and women we particularly refer to "orthodox" church members—and permit themselves the innocent and the keen delight which Shakspeare gives, and which the music of Mozart and Bellini can scarcely fail to inspire. From the shunning, by the strict Puritan element of society, of all places of public amusement, which the European traveller in America of twenty years ago witnessed with amazement, such progress has been made, that many good folk will flock to the music halls on Sunday evenings to hear "Stabat Mater" and "The Creation;" nay even the "Prayer" in "Der Freischutz," and other semi-sacred selections from secular operas. So far away has the Puritan New England world drifted from the bleak old moorings of Governor Winslow and the Winthrops, that in the same ancestral mansions whose walls used to echo with pious but passionate maledictions upon all theatres and theatre-goers, there actually take place halcyon evenings devoted to "private theatricals," "acting charades," and—what

ought, by rights, to startle the Pilgrims out of their graves—brilliant masquerade balls! This metamorphosis seems to have been greatly hastened during the period of the rebellion. New theatres sprang up in almost every city, and in many of the larger towns. Managers became ambitious; they rejected their old scenery, and employed more artistic scene-painters at greatly enhanced prices to redecorate their establishments; they refitted the auditory and the gallery, hung gorgeous curtains, replenished the wardrobes, and entered into a brisk competition for the most popular star actors and actresses. Operatic *impresarios* hastened across the Atlantic in search of the latest discoveries in vocal genius; returned to America after loading the steamers with tall, dark, moustached *tenore*, burly *bassos*, matronly *contraltos*, and with a motley crowd of French, German, and Italian choruses. While Italian opera had hitherto almost exclusively occupied the attention and secured the applause of the lovers of music, there now sprung up into favour English opera companies, French and German opera companies: while English drama had before monopolised success, there now thrived half-a-dozen excellent companies announcing themselves as artists in the "Comédie Française;" and Ristori, advised that America had become a sort of histrionic Eldorado, crossed the ocean, made a triumphal tour, and returned to Europe with a fortune, as a reward for her brief season there.

This notable "revival" of the drama in America naturally produced changes in theatrical design and management. Whereas formerly what we may call "specialty" theatres were almost unknown, houses were now established for the illustration of some particular department of the drama. There were instituted theatres for tragedy and Shaksperean plays, theatres for melodramas, theatres for the "fine old English comedy," and theatres for scenic extravaganzas and burlesques; formerly all the theatres were wont to produce each of these various phases of the drama in turn, or as the popular fit prompted; as a consequence, all were done imperfectly, without the proper effects, and also without adequate versatility of histrionic talent either in the stars or the permanent *corps*. With the increase of competition came a more fastidious popular taste and a more vigorous criticism; and instead of the slipshod method in which many American theatres had previously been managed, far greater attention began to be paid, at once to the comfort of the audiences, and to the excellence of the performances which they were invited to witness and approve. Monster opera houses and academies of music were built, some of them rivalling the most sumptuous Parisian theatres in the gorgeousness of their

decorations, the luxurious comfort of their halls, and the elaborate and extravagant gaudiness of their dresses and scenery. Of these the most famous are Crosby's Opera House, at Chicago (which became the prize of the "gigantic lottery," which created so much interest a year or two ago), Pike's Opera House at Cincinnati, and the "Academies of Music" at New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Boston. These establishments may be favourably compared in every respect with the London theatres, and, especially in the extravaganzas now so popular, are not much, if any, inferior to the Porte St. Martin and the Chatelet. And these great houses do not monopolise this (in America) recently acquired excellence. Probably there is no theatre in the world where one can find himself more cozily seated, where he will witness finer scenery and effects, where he will be gratified by more admirable acting, from the hero of the piece to the "walking gentleman,"—where, in short, he will spend an evening with more unalloyed satisfaction to himself and less annoyance from "disagreeables" on the stage and off, than at Wallack's Theatre, in New York. The American scene-painters can by no means yet be regarded as equal to those successors of Inigo Jones, Stanfield, and Grieve, who decorate the London stage; but, excepting in this respect, the details of the *mise en scène*, the mechanical effects on which the interest of almost every drama extant more or less depends, receive such careful attention from the managers, that this art may now be pronounced as mature in the American as in the English metropolis.

There has long floated a notion in Europe betraying itself here and there in private conversation, and sometimes in newspapers and books—that American theatres are usually somewhat elaborate cock-lofts, whose favourite pieces are negro burlesques, and the audiences of which consist mostly of "free and easy" loungers in their shirt-sleeves, who are tobacco-chewers and peanut-eaters, and whose legs, in defiance of the centre of gravity, tend to rise upwards over the backs of contiguous seats. Stories are told of the amenities which are wont to pass between the actors and actresses on the stage and the gay but somewhat uncouth Lotharios who frequent the seats below it. There is, according to some authorities, a colloquial habit with the performers, emulated by the audience, which enhances, indeed, the sociability of the evening, but which is hardly consistent with the smooth and continuous action of the drama: in short, actor and auditor, it is said, vary the entertainment by holding frequent impromptu dialogues with each other. This is simply one of the thousand laughable errors which men of all nations, who have not

travelled, fall into. Not only are the best American theatres quite as orderly and decorous as the best in Europe,—not only are the halls as comfortably fitted up, as elaborately adorned, as conveniently arranged, but the audiences which frequent them are attired with as much taste and expensive elegance, are as refined and as intelligent, as well-mannered and critical, as any audience which is to be witnessed at Covent Garden or the *Italiens* during the season. Strangers who visit the American theatres seldom fail to be struck by the elaborateness and extravagance of the toilets. American ladies are notable, even in Paris, for the excellence of their taste in dress, and that taste is carefully developed in the costumes which they assume in going to places of amusement. Not only is this to be noted among the audiences of American theatres; the stage vies with the boxes and parterres in the genuine costliness and brilliancy of attire. A young American actress, who is as well one of the most accomplished of American female writers and lecturers (Olive Logan) assures us from her own experience that, notwithstanding the very large salaries which the more talented of her sister artists receive, they are, from the expensiveness of their wardrobe, oftener in debt than in funds, and are forced to look forward to the annual benefit night to balance their accounts. One New York actress of wide popularity (Miss Henriques), declares that her salary was hardly enough to keep her in boots and gloves; and Mrs. Hoey, a beautiful and most sparkling artist, for many years the darling of the New York theatre-goers, who made a wealthy marriage and continued on the stage, was wont to appear adorned with dazzling "brooches, rings, and necklaces, and stomachers of gems." Her rivals and successors on the New York stage are emulative, and satins, silks, velvets, real ermines—coronets of veritable gold set with veritable jewels—are, to the actress who would be tolerated by a fashionable New York audience, a *sine qua non.* The same may be said of the costumes of the celebrated actors. Mr. Booth, although an actor of unsurpassed powers, always attracts by the exceeding richness and appropriateness of his apparel, in a degree only inferior to the remarkable power of his impersonations. Forrest, Booth's elder rival, has long been famous for his costumes, particularly in *Macbeth*, *Metamoras*, and *Richelieu.* It is probable that the London theatre-goer did not fail to remark the exquisite taste and elegance with which Mr. Joseph Jefferson attired himself for the stage; particularly apt is his costume in such parts as *Dr. Pangloss* in the "Heir-at-Law," *Ollapod*, and the other high-comedy characters in which he is so excellent; and one can hardly suggest an improvement in Mr. J. S. Clarke's "get-

up" as *Major Wellington De Boots*. Mr. Sothern, with whom the reader is doubtless familiar, is another model of good taste in dress. The tendency of America in these days—and it is a very rapid tendency—is towards luxury and sumptuousness in all things, and the theatres are every day becoming more splendid, commodious, and comfortable, keep pace with great spirit with the popular thirst for improvement, and, what is most commendable, are emulating each other, not only in the material excellence of their houses, but as well in the completeness of their arrangements, the merit of their stock companies, and the securing of the most popular star artists on both sides of the Atlantic.

The same reason why America has already produced many brilliant orators, may be given for the development in that country of dramatic talents of the highest order. In a young country, all those qualities and arts which are produced or aided by the imagination, to which fancy and sentiment lend a material aid, mature early, and with great exuberance. The orator and the actor are less dependent upon traditional definitions and the traditional experience of what is excellent in their art. Thus they are free to originate a style of their own, and may with less fear of condemnation appeal to nature in their auditors for their approval. The American stage was never so crowded with brilliant artists as it is now. Every phase of the art has been studied and developed, and it is difficult to say whether the leading tragedians or the leading comedians bear off the palm. The two foremost illustrators of tragedy are unquestionably Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth; and these two have long divided the theatre-loving community into two enthusiastic parties, of which each is respectively the champion. But the heyday of Forrest's powers is gone; he is no longer the great Thor of the American stage which he once was. He does not act wisely to keep to the stage, now that he has passed his three score years, and has lost that wonderful energy and that physical prowess which once electrified his audiences in *Macbeth* and *Metamoras*. While he betrays the decline of his powers, his rival is in the lusty freshness and enthusiasm of younger manhood; and so, this great advantage on his side, Booth at the present day certainly surpasses Forrest. The manner of the two is much in contrast. When Forrest was at his zenith, he was noted for the blustering, the loudness, the ranting of his movements and utterance. He was full of faults, constantly overdid the tragic scenes, and, to the superficial spectator, it might have seemed that he wanted the discrimination and quick appreciation which must be, in a great artist, almost instincts. Faulty and

extravagant as he was, however, there were scenes when his genius shone out luminously and grandly from the midst of his loudness and his ranting. He had pre-eminently that gift of exhibiting a reserved power, of giving the impression that there was a force behind greater than the force displayed, which proved his artistic greatness. Forrest was not a polished actor; he was not an artist according to rule; but in the power and strength, the passionate might, the lion-like impetuosity, and the impressive, nobly-sustained declamation of his performance, America has never seen his equal. Edwin Booth, the son of the famous Junius Brutus Booth, and, perhaps, more than the inheritor of the elder's dramatic genius, is, on the contrary, the most finished and elaborate of artists. He possesses an ultra-refinement of style, which sometimes brings his action to the verge of tameness. He is too studied, too painfully graceful, easy, and even. He thus fetters himself; and while fewer critical faults can be found with his performances than with those of any living American actor, he never reaches that grandeur of overwhelming passion which Forrest again and again, in the course of a tragedy, could attain. Booth has everything in his favour—youth; great manly beauty and grace of person; a pale, melancholy, intellectual countenance; a deeply-susceptible and keen-feeling temperament. He is the best of *Hamlets*, the best of *Iagos*; but he is second to Forrest in the more stormy characters of *Othello* and *Macbeth*, *Damon* and the *Gladiator*, even of *Richelieu* and *Shylock*. It may be said that *Hamlet* is the most difficult part in all the range of tragedy, and requires the largest combination of dramatic genius; and if this is a test, Booth certainly has no superior on the stage. Booth does not, however, confine himself to tragedy; his *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and *Petruchio*, in "The Taming of the Shrew," are exquisite performances, and prove the rare versatility of his talent.

The leading tragic actresses in America are few, in comparison with their fellow artists of the other sex; but several of them have exhibited powers which entitle them to a place beside Forrest and Booth. Charlotte Cushman, who long since retired from the stage, but who still happily lives to prove what noble natures are sometimes to be found among the votaries of the drama, and to call forth the blessings of the poor for her beneficence, was a great actress, bringing large intellectual and æsthetic gifts to aid a wonderful physical, almost masculine, power of frame and voice. Her *Meg Merrilies* was a creation so strange and weird, so impressive in its every detail, and so almost awful in its more thrilling passages, as to make it a performance entirely by itself, inimitable, not to be attempted by any other. Her *Lady Macbeth*—that part which it is vain for any actress

who has not the very highest artistic genius to attempt—was a noble illustration of the dramatist, and left upon the mind—even the most critical—a sense of the deepest satisfaction. Her hoarse, agonized whisper, in the "walking-in-the-sleep" scene, resounded through the house, thrilling every heart, and was vividly distinct in the remotest corners of the galleries. Her *Romeo* was almost equally striking; and, indeed, she undertook no part in which she did not almost accomplish a revolution—replacing old ideas of the characters by a new and far keener appreciation of their import. Of Miss Bateman (who, however, comes far behind Charlotte Cushman) it is hardly necessary to speak; for she has been fully tried and proved before many London audiences, in her favourite impersonation of *Leah*. There are many others deserving of mention—among them Miss Heron, Miss Maggie Mitchell, Miss Henriques, Mrs. Hoey, and Miss Lucille Western; but there is not space to more than mention them.

Of American comedians, the London public has had an opportunity of judging of two of the best examples. Mr. Joe Jefferson, in high comedy, and in characters of mingled humour and pathos; and Mr. J. S. Clarke, in lighter comedy, and in characters which come near to being caricatures, are good representatives of their departments on the American stage. Jefferson inherits the dramatic talent, for his father and grandfather were actors before him. J. S. Clarke married a daughter of the elder Booth, and is as notable for broad humour and facial expression as his brother-in-law, Edwin Booth, is for the more sombre delineations of *Hamlet* and *Shylock*. A more finished and brilliant comedian is Mr. Lester Wallack, the manager of Wallack's Theatre in New York, and one of the pillars of the drama in America. His manner on the stage is as polished and elegant as that of any courtier in the days of Louis Quatorze. His favourite parts are those of *blasé* men of the world, fashionable fops, and graceful and witty cavaliers of romance and society. *Claude Melnotte* is, perhaps, his greatest success. As a master of dress, in all its details, he is unequalled, and knows no rival in America. There are other comedians of almost equal merit—the organ of humour is largely developed in the transatlantic brain, despite the Puritans and their "blue laws"—but enough has been said to give some idea of the drama as it is in the Republic, the talent which has been developed there, and the progress which the art is making in the land where the Pilgrim Fathers once denounced it as a sin almost inexpiable.

George Makepeace Towle,
American Consul.

# Among Fruit and Flowers.

EXCEPT when the turf reporters annually compare the array of jackets at the starting-post for the Royal Hunt Cup "to a bed of tulips," we are not too apt to associate Ascot Heath with botany. A friend of ours certainly once accompanied us, in spectacles, across the Park from Windsor, and after stationing himself specially at the bottom turn to enjoy the Cup struggle between Fandango and Rataplan, he wandered off, about the critical moment, after a juncus, "a most delightful specimen," and returned to town with his Turf mission unfulfilled. This was in '55; but it was not until seven years after that Mr. John Standish, one of the most celebrated nursery gardeners and hybridists of the day, moved here from Bagshot, and gave Ascot something more than blooming heather and gorse flowers to boast of. The spot he selected is on the opposite side of the road to the Swinley Course, where Nature still held rule over 180 acres of wild forest ground. The whole was let to the Jockey Club at 5*l.* a year, and the gallops on it were used by Ben Land, Death, and other local trainers. No racehorse sets foot there now except during the meeting, when Tom Jennings's and Blanton's lot stand at Mr. Standish's stables. Of this "kennel allotment," as it was generally termed, Mr. Standish (with whom Mr. Ashby is now in partnership), secured about eighty-four acres, and stubbed up and trenched about half of them to begin with, at an expense of about 30*l.* per acre. The soil is very varied; the lower part of the allotment, near the royal kennels, is bog and peat, and therefore especially suited to rhododendrons; while the upper is more of a sandy loam, and grows fruit trees, as well as ornamental shrubs and trees, including the plants collected by Fortune in China and Japan.

As regards hybridising, the rhododendron has been one of Mr. Standish's specialties, and by a series of crosses between the American-Caucasian as the female, and the various Indian species as the male, he has brought all the gorgeous colours of the Indian to flourish in the open air in June. The rhododendron requires very fine soil; beds are specially prepared for it, about three feet wide, with high evergreens on both sides; and a slight sprinkling of heath

is put down at first to shade the seed from the sun-rays. Under this treatment the plants come up not unlike mustard and cress in appearance, and after a year spent in the ground, they are transplanted in April, and placed in sunk pits about nine inches deep, at a distance of three inches from each other. The lights are put over the pits, and the plants shaded from the sun, and gradually hardened off until September, when the lights are taken off, so that the plants may become acclimatised and able to bear the winter. Another April will, with reasonable care, find them ready to be put out in beds in the open air, and they must be planted sufficiently thick to prevent the summer sun from getting at the soil, but yet not too close for fear of drawing up too weak. If they are done well by, they will be ready in about six years, when they are twelve to fifteen inches high, and *Rhododendron Ponticum* is well adapted for planting out as cover for game. Rabbits and hares will never touch this plant; and if the *Berberis Darwinii* is somewhat to their taste, it grows so fast, when protected for a year after planting, that their assaults on it are hopeless. It also bears such a quantity of berries that the pheasants find it both a cover and a storehouse as well. Its beautiful flower makes it very popular for gardens, and, as the berries are ripe at the same time as the currants and gooseberries, it proves a very valuable counter-attraction. No birds in the kitchen-garden while the *Berberis* berries hold out, is becoming quite a maxim with fruit growers. Where the ground is very poor and sandy, and nothing else grows, *Polygonum Japonicum* also makes an excellent cover, and grows from five to seven feet.

In hybridising plants and fruits, great care is taken by the masters of the art to avoid the slightest approach to consanguinity, or the loss of constitution is the certain penalty. Amongst the latest hybrids raised at Ascot, the male plant has had the complete ascendancy, both in the foliage and colour of the flower; but the form of the latter has in most crosses remained intact. About four years since Mr. Standish made a cross between *Rhododendron Aucklandi* and a hardy white. They have not yet bloomed, but so far the foliage takes after the male, the hardy white, and there seems every probability that the female will transmit its sweet scent. Geraniums have been extensively hybridised during the last two years, and with good success. Of the scarlet class several are already blooming in the open air, measuring two inches across each pip and perfect circles. They vary from orange-scarlet to scarlet and deep crimson, and there are also some golden tricolors, which kept their hues well through the heat of summer.

Variegation in all kinds of plants is almost universally held to be more or less a disease. Provided you have plenty of colour on the upper surface, and plenty of green on the under, you have less disease, as no plants can really thrive without a goodly portion of green in the leaves. Tricolor geraniums should have the small centre circle of green quite perfect, right through to the upper surface without any running, and the green should spread all over the under surface except the bordering on the edge, which should be golden or silver right through. In this way they grow as well as the green ones. The white geranium is invariably the most diseased; although the seedling leaves are as healthy as possible, as soon as they begin to break into silver they curl and burst in a manner most ungrateful to the eye. It will be many a day before the horticultural eye is charmed by a really good, smooth, and flat-leaved silver tricolor.

The first male *aucuba* was introduced into this nursery from Japan, and the females may be seen, both variegated and green varieties, covered both in winter and spring with their bright coral berries. They can be put into the beds after the scarlet geraniums are taken up, and in general effect they have the best of them. The variegated ones, along with the variegated *euonymus*, take the place of ribbons, and as *retinosporas* come in well for the same purpose, we shall ere long see our geometrical gardens as gay in winter as in summer. The *retinosporas* are remarkably hardy, and as they grow to a great height, they may in time supersede the *cedrus deodara* and the *araucarias*, &c.

A few oaks and beeches have survived the trenching, and under a group of the latter some labourers were busy stacking fern, which is well suited, on account of its not slipping, for packing round the ball of plants, when they are sent out. It wanted yet a month to Holyrood Day, when the fern harvest generally begins in the Royal Forest, and

> "hound to horn
> Gives note that buck be killed;"

but old customs gradually pass away. And so thought old Mr. Davis, the late huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, when he saw the common broken up under his very garden hedge. However, there was no help for it; his right of way over the new garden to the road was preserved, and he had the privilege of walking there and cutting flowers for his button-hole. The old man, who was a perfect Beau Brummell about the fit of his clothes, and would send back a coat three times to have the collar altered, was never seen without his posy. *Thuia aurea* was the invariable background of his choice. He was so partial to this plant, that on his death bed he asked to

have a piece of it laid on his breast when he was in his coffin, and Mr. Standish fulfilled his old friend's wish.

In our rambles under glass, of which there are at least some 40,000 feet, with forty men at work in and about them, we met with a large quantity of the *gladiolus*. Owing to breeding in and in for some years past, it has been rather losing constitution; but a new cross, called the *crocatus*, has been recently procured from the centre of Africa, and bids fair in a couple of years to be the founder of a more robust race. There is also a Japan lily, or *lilium auratum*, with a spike bearing a hundred flowers, and rising 11 ft. 3 in. above the pot; a success very much owing to potting every year without shaking the bulb out as in the ordinary way. We also noticed the bright scarlet bouvardia, with its long, delicate petals, which will flower all the year round with a little gentle heat.

It is said of Pæstum that—

> "Twice a year its fabled roses blow,"

but

> "The winter here a summer is;
> No waste is made by time,
> Nor doth the autumn ever miss
> The blossoms of the prime."

They are blowing for button-holes all the year round, and the hunting men now wear yellow ones in their scarlet coats, with a background of Neapolitan violets. From February to August, from 500 to 2000 yellow roses are sent up per week by the first train in the morning to the establishment at Knightsbridge, for the button-holes and bouquets of the day. The yellow roses are eight months in flower, and four at rest. Their three principal varieties are *Madame Falcot*, a deep copper yellow; *Isabel Sprunt*, which is perhaps the prima donna, with its lovely pale straw colour; and *Marshal Neil*, "a fat flower," of a rather more decided yellow. The button-hole business has increased immensely during the last two or three years, and as *à la Russe* dinners have rather gone out, the flower has become far more profitable than the fruit trade. Bridal bouquets have the pure white gardenia to encircle the orange blossom, stephanotis (which is in bloom for eight months) next to it for the general ground work, and then *Hoteia Japonica*, which gives a feathery appearance and breaks up the flatness, white *bouvardia*, with its star-like variety, white orchids, with their oriental caste, and fairy pink rosebuds set on silver springs, the whole being backed up with fern and myrtle, &c. More gardenias are employed in the composition of court bouquets, and

the place of the orange blossom is often taken by a camellia. For general business, there is also a run on the *eucharis amazonica*, stephanotis, jasmines, carnations, picotees, Neapolitan violets, *anthurium scherzerianum*, orchids, camellias, heaths, lilies of the valley, myosotis, and double geranium. Perhaps no flower does more service than the bouvardia, the white for bouquets and the red for button-holes. The *anthurium scherzerianum* is a very favourite crimson, with a horn like a shepherd's crook from the centre: as the flower fades, the horn grows larger and hardens, and becomes the pouch for the seed. Maiden hair, with its minute black stems, comes well into a bouquet, and the amazonian lily is first favourite for ladies' back hair, along with flowers and ferns. We found a plant of it in one of the houses, with fifteen spikes, and seven flowers on a spike. When it is rifled of these treasures, it will rest till Christmas, and then take the place of white camellias, and with rest, it will flower three times a year. The Italian tuberoses last for five months, and afford a nice autumn white flower; and forget-me-not, blue hyacinth, and dark myosotis have a heavy run on them when the Oxford and Cambridge boat race comes round. *Thuiopsis borealis alba* takes its part among the white division all the summer, and in winter the "Ascot yellow" picotees flourish bravely. The City folks generally wear a small flower or single bloom in their button-hole, whereas the West-enders like a much larger.

Bouquets and button-holes are sent all over Great Britain and the continent, and the last Baden-Baden races produced a large order. The regular London supply is cut over night, and packed in tin boxes with wet cloths round them. Bouquets are fixed at night in tin boxes, with moist moss and paper shavings or wadding below to keep them firm, and silver paper, sprinkled lightly with water, is placed above them. The cardinal object is to admit no dust, and to allow of no evaporation.

Hybridising nectarines with peaches has been a most successful experiment, and though the nectarine is the female, only one seedling out of twenty produced a nectarine. The seedlings are reared indoors, and budded out. Two varieties, the Early Ascot and the Marquis of Downshire, are especially early and fine, and produce peaches nearly equal in size and colour to the Royal George, which is quite the monarch of the peach world. They are capital in flavour, and rather earlier than the Royal George, much stronger growers, and not so subject to mildew. The late Marquis of Downshire, who was very fond of gardening (a taste which has sadly gone out since "plunging" came in), always gave the two varieties, his namesake

and the Early Ascot, the palm for taste, as they have such a beautiful combination of the peach and the nectarine. The Early Ascot has been fruited in May.

Within the last seven years, no less than five hundred seedling grapes have been raised here; they have all fruited, but only about eight kinds have been kept. One is the Royal Ascot, which has been raised between two whites, the Muscat of Alexandria and the Trouveron, to which it seems to throw back. The result has been a jet black grape, with large berries, and bunches of from one to two pounds. It is a most prolific grape, and of delicious flavour: grows well in a cold house, and keeps well after it is ripe. It seems well calculated for a vineyard grape, as before it is quite ripe it has a very fine, brisk, acid taste; and next winter it is to be tried in the French vineyards to that end. As a proof of its capacity, a large house was planted with it at Ascot, on May 28th, 1868, which produced a nice lot of fruit in the January of this year; and a second and a very good crop is just ripening. About a hundred vines were planted very thickly in the house, which will give about 500 cwt. of fruit. Another seedling has proved itself to be, perhaps, the earliest of all grapes, and of the most delicious Muscat flavour. It is called the Early Ascot Frontignan, and seems likely to be a boon to every grape growing cottager, as it will ripen out of doors earlier than the Sweetwaters. Large quantities of the Muscat grape are also grown here for the London season. They are forced with bottom heat, so as to be ripened by the middle of May. Five houses are devoted to grapes, and the supply is kept up for ten months of the year. Mr. Standish has generally found that two hybrids are more prolific, but that they have less constitution.

Melons and pines have been given up since a more profitable demand for flowers set in; but strawberries still hold the ground. They have been raised from seed, and two varieties, the Early Ascot Pineapple and the Scarlet Queen, have, as at Chiswick, done good service. A large quantity, including the Sir Charles Napier and *Le Constant* (which is very fine and bears carriage well), are forced in pits. Some few are ready earlier, for invalids and ices; but the bulk do not come into the London market before Easter, or, as that is a very "moveable feast," about the 5th of April on the average. Such are the notes of an August ramble on the borders of Ascot Heath.

H. H. D.

# The Picturesque in Literature.

To see ourselves as others see us, may now and then, perhaps, be a privilege. But what moral centaurs we shall look in history if the Froude or Macaulay of the future colours his portrait of us from the palette of contemporary criticism—attempts, that is, to picture us as we are in the habit of picturing ourselves. The *Times*, when it gets on the stilts to talk of our achievements in science, of the spirit of intelligence and enterprise that presides over our trade and commerce, of the diversified ingenuity of our inventions in the arts of war and peace, sketches us in one of our most satisfactory moods. But if the historian of the future turns from the *Times* to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for an analysis of the character of our City men; to the *Telegraph* for a description of the Girl or Boy of the Period: to the *Saturday Review*, or Miss Braddon's novels, for a few hints upon the morals of the drawing-room; and to the *Church Times* and the *Record* for an illustration or two of the religious spirit of the age, I am afraid he will sketch us in anything but a flattering light. To say that our intellect is godless, that we are sceptical and, perhaps, something worse in religion, that the morals of Lombard Street and Mincing Lane are the morals of the Old Bailey, that the morals of the drawing-room are those of the Haymarket, that our commerce is a gigantic system of fraud, and our trade a petty system of peculation, that our literature is immoral and our arts mediocre, is only to enumerate, in comparatively mild and pointless language, a tithe of the dark and sinister traits that stand out in garish colours in the pen-and-ink-portraits that the artists of the press are etching of us as thinkers, merchants, novelists, divines, and poets. And if French plays and American finance, short petticoats and Mr. Boucicault's original dramas, Dr. Colenso and the Cancan, Overend & Gurney's prospectus, and Miss Braddon's novels, are to be laid to the charge of all Her Majesty's lieges, I have nothing at all to say against this pleasant and picturesque enumeration of the characteristics of the age. Perhaps, however, if it were necessary to do anything more

than enter a gentle protest against this slapdash criticism, a very dull and valuable paper might be written upon the injustice of haphazard generalisations. But that is not my object to day. All I wish to say upon this criticism is that I know at least one individual who has not yet broken every commandment in the Decalogue; and to suggest that, probably, after all, we may not be caricatured in history by our grandsons very much more than we ourselves have caricatured our own grandfathers.

I, too, have a theory of the age; and perhaps, in the cabal of criticism, I may be permitted to take up the brush and add one more touch to the picture of ourselves which we are handing down to our grandchildren. It is not particularly novel; and I have a disagreeable suspicion in my own mind that I shall be told it is not strikingly profound. (Critics are so sagacious and so candid!) But with Mr. Tupper's "Philosophy" in my bookcase, and the *Daily Telegraph* on my table—the first in its seventieth thousand, and the second with "the largest circulation in the world"—I have yet to learn that it is the eternal duty of a man to keep his thoughts to himself until he has ascertained beyond all controversy that they are novel, or that they are profound, or that the world will, perhaps, be a trifle the wiser for their publication.

What, then, I wish to point out, without more ado, is the extent to which the taste for portraiture—the taste, that is, for picturesque writing—is characterising our literature. To be read now, a writer must, above all things, be vivid and picturesque. He may borrow the plot of his novel from a French *feuilleton*. He may pick up the hints for his poem from an old number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He may go to America for his incidents. He may translate his dialogue from the German. He may construct a theory of creation out of sunbeams, and a theory of history out of dreams. All this and much more may be forgiven, if you can only work up your materials afresh in a sensational and picturesque form; for the theory of the hour is that "all flowers are open to the bee." But there is one limitation to this license. To be dull and well-informed, is to be damned. Everything but that may be forgiven. That is the one sin for which there is no forgiveness, not even by the *Athenæum*. Photography is the sovereign art; and I know no more striking peculiarity of the literature of the day than its tendency to become photographic. Poetry and fiction are photographic; history and politics are photographic; art is photographic. Even Venus must be tinted to make a sensation. In other words, the taste of the hour is a taste for the picturesque; and the spirit that ministers to

this taste is the spirit of Pepys and of Boswell, of Macaulay and Ruskin.

To know all that is to be known of the mysteries of history and politics, to discover the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, to fix upon the author of "Junius' Letters," to discover the sex of the Chevalier d'Eon, to decipher the inscriptions at Karnac, to discover the origin of Lord Byron's quarrel with his wife, to explain the scandal about Queen Elizabeth, to trace out in all their windings the intrigues of courts and cabinets and parliaments, to explain all the personal rivalries and cross purposes of statesmen, to see how sovereigns and their secretaries reconstruct the map of Europe over a cigar and a bottle of Rhenish wine, to know how cabinets discuss round a green baize table high questions of state policy, to know every incident in the inner life of the House of Commons, how this or that statesman walks into the House, and how he sits cross-legged, or with his hands in his pockets, or his head in the air, how he speaks, whether he drops his h's, like Sir Robert Peel, or hums and ha's like Lord Palmerston; to know how an author looks, how he dresses, how he talks, how he writes, how he corrects his proofs for the printer, and what bargains he makes with his publishers about his copyrights: these are the points upon which people now especially look for information in works of history, biography, and criticism; and it is in proportion as a book supplies this kind of information, that it is read and talked of, or permitted to lie uncut for a day or two on the table, and then relegated to that purgatory of literature on its way to the trunkmaker and the upper shelves of the British Museum, Mr. Mudie's "Catalogue of Surplus Copies for Sale." To suit this taste, half our history, and nearly all our biography, have had to be re-written; and Herodotus and Thucydides are again the models of all successful writers of history. The wheel has gone its full circle, and we are again as we were in the infancy of literature and art. Anecdote has replaced analysis. The picturesque has superseded the philosophical. History once more is romance, and biography fiction—only fiction now and then, perhaps, slightly adulterated with dates and original letters.

Lord Campbell has been criticised right and left—criticised by dowager chancellors, by quarterly reviewers, and by the whole phalanx of the light brigade of literature; and I, at least, have not a word to say in his defence. He is a petty, garrulous old gossip, frequently malignant, and hardly ever honest for ten pages together. Yet, with all his faults, and mainly, perhaps, in consequence of his faults, I think, if I were asked to represent the muse of modern

history, I should sketch Lord Campbell in all the majesty and mystery of horse-hair and ermine, with his "Lives of the Chancellors" piled up at his elbow, and the bespattered figures of Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst lying at his feet, marked in death, as they were in life, with all the striking traits of greatness in their character; but marked also, and marked conspicuously, by all those petty vices and foibles that, after all, formed the grit of their moral nature. Add Lord Lyndhurst's *jeu d'esprit*, "Campbell has added one more to the terrors of death; for if I do not outlive him he will write my life," and the muse of history stands forth complete in all her characteristics—in her intense love of anecdote and gossip, in her taste for the tittle-tattle of diaries, and the scandal of table talk and private correspondence. For Macaulay, with all his taste for the picturesque, for piquant illustration, and for the vivisection of character, was, after all, a man of culture, and rarely forgot, even with a pen in his hand, what, as a writer and a man, he owed to good sense and to good taste; whereas, Lord Campbell thought of nothing, cared for nothing—neither for his own reputation nor that of his subject—but the lights and shades of his photograph. And that is the spirit of all modern history and biography—the spirit of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Russian War," of Lord John Russell's "Life of Moore," of Moore's own "Life of Byron," of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte," of Mr. Spedding's "Life of Bacon," and, in a lesser degree, even of Lockhart's "Life of Scott." To say that the taste that is ministered to in these works, and works of this description, is a petty taste, the taste of valets, is simply to inveigh against one of the instincts of our nature, the instinct which—to quote the words of Moore—"leads us to contemplate with pleasure a great mind in its undress, and to rejoice in the discovery, so consoling to human pride, that even the mightiest, in their moments of ease and weakness, resemble ourselves;" and, perhaps, I may add, to inveigh against one of the strongest charms of history and biography, against the charm without which all history and all biography is, in the fine phrase of Plunkett, little more than "an old almanack."

In itself it is probably to the mass of readers a matter of very little interest to know that Dryden was very fond of wearing a black velvet coat, talked very little, but took snuff constantly, ejaculated, "Egad," and was much given to anxious gesticulations in instructing the players at the rehearsal of his tragedies; and, except in as far as it refers to men distinguished in letters and politics, it can be of no interest at all to anyone to know that the crooked little thing that

asked questions, and translated the Iliad on the backs of old letters or odd scraps of paper, always kept a candle burning at his bedside, in order that if a thought or a phrase struck him in his dreams, he might get up at once and make a note of it; that Macaulay, like Gray, had his moods for writing, and threw down his pen and put on his hat for a walk when he had worked out his vein of thought or criticism; that Buffon was wont to shave and put on clean linen when he sat down to write: that Johnson did most of his work upon a three-legged chair; that Gibbon wrote three volumes of his history under the shade of a beautiful acacia overlooking the Lake of Geneva, and sent his first rough MSS. to the press without any intermediate copying; that Byron, after reading the *Edinburgh Review* of his youthful poems, sat down and drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner, took "a deep study of Milton," and then relieved his soul by writing his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;* that Petrarch was excessively fond of turnips, and wept as he read over his sonnets to Laura; that Tasso had a peculiar affection for Malmsey, and thought it favourable to poetic inspiration; or that Sheridan finished the "Critic," locked up in the manager's room of Covent Garden, with a bottle of Madeira and an old stage copy of the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal. Thrown together pell mell, in a volume of ana or a packet of old letters, these notes sound very insignificant, the mere gossip of tea tables. Yet trifles like these often possess a distinct value of their own; and after all it is only by the light of this tittle-tattle of tradition that we can make the dry bones of history live, that we can re-endow the great soldier and the great statesman with flesh and blood, reproduce Napoleon in our imagination as Sir Niel Campbell has pictured him in his cabinet at Fontainebleau, dressed in his old green uniform, with gold epaulets, blue pantaloons, and red top boots, unshaven, uncombed, with particles of snuff scattered profusely upon his upper lip and breast, impatiently pacing the length of his apartment, and shrinking in his soul from his fate; or that we can see Lord John Russell sitting down at his desk to draw up his scheme of Parliamentary Reform on a sheet of note-paper, or reproduce in our mind's eye Lord Melbourne and his cabinet discussing the Corn Laws, the easy and witty premier planting his back against the door and carelessly putting the question to the vote—"Now, what is it to be, an eight-shilling sliding scale or free trade? It does not much matter which; but, mind, we must all say alike!" It is only by the light of this gossip, too, that we can see Lord Derby and his colleagues in St. James's Square, settling the points of their Ten Minutes' Bill; or picture a great writer to

ourselves in his library, see and know him as his friends saw and knew him, look over his MSS., and chat with him over the fire; stand with Gibbon, for example, in the ruins of the Capitol, and plan the History of the Decline and Fall; stroll along Fleet Street with Dr. Johnson to the Mitre Tavern, or to the Kit-cat, to meet Burke, and Beauclerk, and Gibbon, and Goldsmith, and Boswell; spend half-an-hour with Cowper in his "workshop," in the garden at Olney, where he wrote his letters and fabricated his verse, "the grass under the window all bespangled with dewdrops, and the birds singing in the apple trees among the blossoms;" walk down the High Street of Edinburgh with Professor Wilson, to his class-room, "with a book under his arm and a week's beard on his chin," to lecture on Moral Philosophy; or sit at that old desk in the *Morning Chronicle* office, and look at Dickens as he turns out the Sketches by Boz, or Pickwick; or look over poor Thackeray's MSS. as they were returned by publisher after publisher, and speculate with him whether it is worth while to try one more house, or burn the MSS., congratulate him at last on finding a publisher, laugh with him over the petty vexations of criticism, especially at that sagacious description of himself as a second Oliver Goldsmith, with a dash of Horace Walpole, and share with him the gratification of seeing his work on every drawing-room table, and in every hand.

The works of these men, of all men of genius, rank among the friends and companions of every man of thought and culture, and through them "friendships profound and generous are formed with men long dead, and with men whom we may never see. The lives of these men have quite a personal interest for us. Their homes become as consecrated shrines. Their little ways and familiar phrases become endeared to us, like the little ways and phrases of our wives and children;" and any trifle that illustrates their character, any note that brings them nearer to us, is treasured up in our memory as we treasure the mementos of friendship and affection, the lock of hair and the packet of faded letters. Brougham wrangling in court all day upon some petty point of law, afterwards sitting down in his chambers to write an article on Phlebotomy for the *Edinburgh*, or to smash Professor Young's theory of light, by denying the accuracy of the experiments of one of the most careful and patient of inquirers, dining at Holland House and talking till eleven o'clock "de omni scibili, French cookery, Italian poetry, and so on;" Gray writing his Elegy with a crow quill, and perfecting it line by line; Sheridan telling the watchman who found him under the Piazzas of Covent Garden, half seas over, that he was "Wilberforce;" Charles Lamb,

taking up the candle to go and examine the bumps on the head of a man who sententiously remarked that "Mr. Milton was a great poet;" Tom Hood, propped up by pillows on a sick bed to quiz his own portrait in the preface to his poetry; Theodore Hook laying down his knife and fork at the end of the fourth course at a Lord Mayor's dinner, and offering to take out the rest in cash; Bacon finishing off a chapter of the "Advancement of Learning," and taking up his diary to make an entry, "to have in mind and use the Attorney-General's weakness," or "to have ever in readyness matter to minister taulk with every of the great counsellors, both to induce familiarity and for countenance in publike places;"—what can be more characteristic of these men than anecdotes of this description? They are like those pen-and-ink sketches of Leech, where the whole character of a man is condensed in a single stroke of the pencil. They are, in a word, biography in hieroglyphics. Even with the help of these traits, "how pale, thin, and ineffectual" do many of the great figures of history stand out before us! Without them, where we now at least have men we should have only shadows, or men "like Ossian's ghosts in hazy twilight, with the stars dim twinkling through their forms."

Perhaps if we were quite wise, and therefore a little less curious, we should be content to know these phantom companions of ours only as phantoms, to know the orator by his speech, the author by his book; for in these we generally find them in their happiest moods, and most of our attempts to know them closer, to know them at their own firesides, end in disappointment and vexation. Here and there you may meet with a man who is as delightful over a bottle of claret, or at a country house, as he is in the House of Commons addressing Mr. Speaker, or in his novels or poems. But these men are the exception, not the rule. As a rule, men of genius are, as Pope said, only to be admired, not to be loved. The great wit may be very dull over a bottle of port. The great poet may be very prosy during a morning walk, and the epigrammatist whose *bon-mots* are in all mouths, may be a bit of a bore at a dinner table. Jeffrey once manœuvred to get a seat at Holland House next to Talleyrand, anticipating a delightful *tête-à-tête*, and found to his chagrin that even Talleyrand with a plate of soup before him could be as tame as a glass of ladies' champagne. "Apropos de votre celebre potage de cock-a-leekie, Mon. Jeffrey, faut-il le manger avec des prunes ou sans prunes?" was the only observation of the diplomatist and wit that Jeffrey could recollect the next morning to jot down in his diary as a reminiscence of Prince Talleyrand. And that

is only one of a thousand disappointments of the sort that might be noted; for, except in moments of rare exaltation, many men, even of distinguished genius, are nothing more than Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Emerson thinks that even "if we should meet Shakspeare we should not be conscious of any deep inferiority, but of great equality; only he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying, his facts, which we lacked; for, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce anything like 'Hamlet' or 'Othello,' we see the perfect reception this wit and immense knowledge of life and liquid eloquence find in us all." Of course there is a touch of exaggeration in that. But this is a case where there is no need to draw upon the imagination for illustrations. Byron, for instance, always repelled the notion that he was at all influenced by poetical associations, except when he had a pen in his hand and a bottle of Hollands on the table. "You must have been very highly gratified," said a gentleman to him, "by the classical remains and recollections which you met with in your visit to Ithaca." "You quite mistake me," answered Lord Byron, "I have no poetical humbug about me. I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme." And it was exactly the same with Scott. Moore once proposed to go and see Melrose Abbey, as Sir Walter had described it, by moonlight. "Pooh, pooh," said Scott, "you don't suppose I ever saw it by moonlight." And this is not the only source of possible disappointment. The literary nature is not always made of porcelain. Now and then, indeed, it is hardly human. Byron had "no genius for friendship." Pope was irritable and malignant. Gray was a prig. Fielding was something worse. Burns was a compound of "dirt and diety." Milton had but one friend—a gloomy Quaker with a taste for Greek. His first wife ran away from him before the honeymoon was over, disgusted with "his spare diet and hard study." The poet Young was a false friend, a harsh father, and not a particularly affectionate husband. Sterne was only sentimental when he had a pen in his hand. He preferred, any time, as Byron said, whining over a dead donkey to relieving a living mother. Madame de Staël was a bore of the first water. Erskine and Coleridge were intolerable when they got upon "Trial by Jury," or metaphysics. Curran was half buffoon, half wit. Grattan was "a sentimental harlequin." I might extend the list all through the page. But it is not necessary. These instances are enough for my purpose, to illustrate the assertion that only the very purest and noblest characters can be painted, like Cromwell, with all their spots and all their *flaws, without* the risk of aversion, and in many cases

perhaps of exciting even a stronger sentiment than that. The taste of the day, however, is for vivid portraiture, for microscopical criticism; even the editor of the *Athenæum* insisting that memoirs are not worth the paper they are written on "if they do not contain something that partial friends would disapprove of, good taste would revolt from, and the nearest and dearest would be shocked at;" and the result is before us. Lord Campbell's "Lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst" and Russell's "Life of Moore," are at once an illustration and a caution.

It cannot be a particularly pleasant reflection for a man who knows that his life is worth writing to compare his own recollections of Moore, "the epitome of all that is pleasant in poetical and personal accomplishments," with Lord Russell's description of him, with all his faults and all his foibles, and to think that he, too, may one day have to pass under the lens, to stand

> "In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
> And blackens every blot,"

to be photographed exactly as he is, with all his ugly little peculiarities, all his eccentricities, all his faults and foibles. But "Campbell has added one more to the terrors of death;" and the only consolation that I can suggest to any man of genius predestined to be a victim of this taste for the picturesque is that personal chit-chit, when deftly dealt with by a skilled handicraftsman, makes very pleasant reading for an idle hour. Lying-in-state is, after all, one of the privileges of royalty; and what is this taste for picturesque biography but the popular form of extending the honours of royalty to men distinguished in letters, or art, or politics?

C. PEBODY.

# Our Life-Boat Service.

In the year 1761, when this Magazine was a mere stripling, having attained only to its thirty-first volume, we inserted amongst our items of incidental news, the following (p. 426):

"Was found, near the Spaniard, below the Nore, a fisherman who had been cast away seven hours, and saved his life by means of a cork jacket."

Antiquarian research is no doubt yet competent to find out what was meant by "the Spaniard below the Nore;" but not competent, we fear, to say where that lucky fisherman bought his cork jacket. If, however, Mr. Greenwood should happily discover that it was made by anyone whose descendants still carry on the business, he will doubtless make known the address.

In 1764 we recorded, again (vol. xxxiv. p. 448), that

"Several new inventions to preserve men's lives in shipwrecks near shore were tried at London Bridge, namely, the cork jacket, the air jacket, and the marine collar and belt; and all of them seemed to answer the intent. The persons employed to make the experiments played a number of tricks in the water to the no small diversion of the spectators."

In the first fifty years of our existence these two notices comprised all we had to say on the subject of appliances for saving life at sea.

There is not wanting, in fact, abundant evidence of a general concurrence of public opinion that the dangers of the sea were fixed beyond all human power of diminution, and that any attempt to battle with the watery forces savoured of impiety. It might be allowable to put up a few dim lights along the coast by which the shipwrecked mariner could make a rough guess as to where it was that he was being drowned. But when that was done, all was done. And, moreover, as the greatness of England depended to no small extent upon her marine, it would be well to keep the whole subject of loss of life at sea as quiet as possible, lest a check should be given to the supply of sailors.

The first we hear of a "life-boat" is in 1785, when a Mr. Lukin took out a patent for one of his invention. In 1789 this was greatly improved upon by Mr. Greathead, whose boat, stationed at the

mouth of the Tyne, had, by the year 1804, saved 300 lives,—a service which the Society of Arts rewarded by a grant of its gold medal and fifty guineas.

About this time, and for some years later, our columns were occupied at intervals by correspondence in which the most prominent names are those of Lukin, Greathead, Wouldhave, and other pioneers of the life-boat movement, and in which these gentlemen impugned each other's veracity, and decried each other's inventions in good round terms, as, we believe, inventors usually do. The subject, however, appears to have been generally considered a bore, and roused only a very languid sort of interest in our subscribers. Not, indeed, until the "Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck" (whose name was shortly changed to the more manageable one of "Royal National Life-Boat Institution") was fairly established in 1824, does there appear to have been anything more than a passing curiosity entertained amongst the public as to the objects of this philanthropic organisation. From that date, however, began a new order of things. The Institution grew in public favour and in usefulness at a pace which from the first was remarkable; but which was never so remarkable as it has been within the last few years.

It is not our intention, nor at all necessary, to trace that growth step by step. We assume a certain amount of information on the part of our readers, and a willingness to have that information increased. And we place on record a few brief notes of the present position, and of the work which has been done by a very noble institution, in the simple hope that by so doing we, too, may contribute our mite to a good cause.

In these days of sensation we would recommend any one who finds his favourite novelist growing tame to get hold of the wreck chart of the British Isles, which is compiled and published annually from the Board of Trade Register. It is one of the most thrilling and plain-speaking productions that can be put into a reader's hand. In shape it is a mere outline map of these islands, on which is indicated opposite each place on the coast, by black dots, the number of wrecks which have taken place there in the past year; and by red dots the localities at which a life-boat is stationed. The red dots are disposed easily enough, forming a delicate little fringe between land and sea. But the black dots crowd together unmanageably; and at some points, as Tynemouth, Flambro', Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, it is so impossible to extend them in a line opposite the place to which *they* refer, that they are bracketed together in dark masses out at sea,

looking not unlike scraps of intricate music [every note of which, to pursue the simile—could any instrument be found on which to play it—might come out as the wail of an uncounted sinking crew]. Beneath the Forelands the sea itself is too narrow to afford space for the signs of wreck. Generally, as might be expected, the more romantic the scenery, the greater the number of wrecks. The magnificent coast which extends from the Humber to the Tyne, the beautiful headlands of Devon and Cornwall, the white cliffs of Thanet (under which the nigger sings, and the Londoner lounges on his penny chair through the long summer day);—these, all alike upon our chart, appear in deep mourning.

For high stakes or for low (and considering that the stakes are always human lives, he would be bold who calls them low at any time), all round the coast, and all round the year, this great game of *rouge et noir* is being played between the life-boats and the sea.

And as the element of chance, or what seems chance to us, unhappily enters largely into the game, it is played with varying results. In 1865, the lives saved through the instrumentality (more or less direct) of the Institution were 714. The lives lost upon our coasts in the same year, as nearly as could be ascertained, were 698. [*Rouge gagne.*] In 1866 the boats won 921. The sea won 896. [*Rouge gagne*, once more.] In 1867 the boats won 1086,—a noble winning surely. But that was a terrible year. The sea swallowed up 1333. [*Noir gagne.*] In 1868 the boats rescued 862. The sea kept hold of 700. [Red uppermost once more. We find the game quite exciting, and for our part we mean to back red to the end.]

In the earlier years of the Institution we are afraid the winning colour must have been uniformly black. We have not at hand any record of the number of lives supposed to have been *lost* round our coasts further back than 1865. But the Institution has a record of all the lives *won* by its boats, or "by special exertions, for which it has granted rewards" from 1824 to the present time, and the following little table summarises the result, and shows the progress that has been made:—

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 | Years, | ending 1843. | Average lives saved per year. | | | 283 |
| 10 | ,, | ,, 1853 | ,, | ,, | ,, | 320 |
| 10 | ,, | ,, 1863 | ,, | ,, | ,, | 470 |
| 5 | ,, | ,, 1868 | ,, | ,, | ,, | 856 |

If the reader is one who has ever dropped even so much as a threepenny piece into one of those little receptacles which we have all seen at the watering places, he will feel a personal pride and

satisfaction in the average of these last five years, as at a result which he has helped to bring about, and he will mentally resolve that the very next time he sees one of the open, convenient slits, he will drop in not a threepenny piece, but a shilling.

Twice only have we been present at the ceremony of launching a life-boat; but on each occasion have we seen so much quiet enthusiasm that we could wonder how threepenny pieces ever get into life-boat boxes at all. On the first occasion the boat was drawn, gaily decorated, with music, flags and banners, through the streets of Birmingham, on a cold November day, followed by thousands upon thousands who had never seen, and never would see the sea. After which the "launch," (about which the less said the better) took place in a quiet, convenient pool.

On the second occasion the launch took place from the little old-fashioned pier of Broadstairs, under the blaze of a hot summer sun, the sea lying smooth as a mirror, and hardly the plash of a wave disturbing the quietness. Not soon shall we forget that solemn prayer beside the solemn sea; or the quiet reverence of the hundreds who stood bare-headed, and gave their silent blessing to the boat. As she glided off, with a cheer from the smart, clean, blue-jacketed, red-capped, bronze-faced, crew, not one looker-on but thought of the stormy days and nights on which these same men would sit in her, and battle with the beautiful, deceitful waters, which lay then so peaceful and so calm, and could be so cruel and so hard.

The brave volunteer fleet which is at present owned by the Institution consists of exactly 200 boats, and for the last four years the rate of increase has been about twelve per annum. The boats are stationed, as we all know, all round our coasts; the exceptions being the western coast of Ireland, from Valentia to Greencastle, and the north-western coast of Scotland, from Southend, in Cantire, to Thurso. On these two great lengths of storm-beaten, but thinly peopled coast, there are no life-boats: and happily the chart shows but few wrecks, the great highways of the ocean being far away. The boats may increase at the present rate for many years to come before the Committee of the Institution will find any difficulty in assigning new stations, or be justified in crying "enough."

At each life boat station there is a local committee, who have the immediate charge of the boat, such committee consisting, where practicable, of five residents, of whom the nearest coast-guard officer is *ex officio* one.

Each boat has its appointed coxswain, at a salary of 8*l.*, and

assistant, at 2*l.* a year. The crew consists of these two, a bowman, and as many boatmen as the boat pulls oars.

The members of these volunteer crews are registered, and, wherever practicable, at least double the number of men required are entered on the register.

Such men are mostly resident sailors, fishermen, and the coast-guard. We all know exactly what they are like. We have all seen them lying on their backs for hours in the hot sun with their big hats over their faces, or lounging clumsily by their boats with their hands in their pockets. Dickens, in a graceful little paper called "Our Watering-place" described them in his own happy way as having "the appearance of perpetually strolling—running being too inappropriate a word to be thought of—to seed," and yet as being at any moment roused by the signal-gun of a ship in distress "into activity so dauntless, so valiant, and heroic, that the world cannot surpass it."

On every occasion of going afloat to save life, the coxswain and each of the crew receive alike from the funds of the Institution (whether successful or not) 10*s.* if by day, and 1*l.* if by night; and for every time of going afloat for exercise—which they must do not less than once a quarter, and preferentially in nasty weather—4*s.*

Where money is received for salvage of property, a proportion equal to *two shares* goes to the Institution, to cover risk of damage to boat; the remainder being divided equally amongst the crew.

Where local subscriptions are made to reward any special act of gallantry, the Institution recommends that the whole of the money be divided amongst the crew in equal shares.

A reward of 7*s.* is given to the man who first brings intelligence of a wreck at such a distance along the coast as not to be in sight from the coast-guard or other look-out.

A flag hoisted by day, and the firing of a carronade twice, quick, by night, are the well-known signals for calling the crew together.

The boat is kept on her carriage with all her gear in her ready for use.

There are three keys to the boat-house, kept in different places, with the address of each painted on the boat-house door.

On boarding wrecks, the preservation of life is the sole consideration. Should any goods or merchandise be brought into the life-boat, contrary to the coxswain's remonstrance, his first business is to throw them overboard.

Such is a brief summary of the chief of the regulations under which the life-boats are worked. How faithfully, and with what result, they

are carried out, let the journals of each life-boat station and the annals of the Institution tell.

Every year the Institution publishes in the "Life-Boat Journal," of which, probably, the reader never heard, a list of the rewards voted for the past year, whether in the shape of money to the crews of life-boats, the crews of shore and fishing-boats, or to other persons, in the shape of gold or silver medals, honorary clasps, or votes of thanks on vellum.

We have before us the lists of the last four years. They are closely-printed, business-like records, admirable for their terseness and brevity. From the list for 1868 we select three reports of cases in which the silver medal has been awarded. We might easily have found more thrilling narratives even than these. We give them as being amongst the more recent services; and because we do not think our readers will recognise in them any old newspaper stories with which they have become tiresomely familiar.

It will be observed that these are services for which only the *silver* medal has been awarded. The gold medal, which is the Victoria cross of the Institution, is bestowed very charily, and has been granted only once within the last four years, namely to the Rev. Charles Cobb, of Dymchurch, for an act of heroism of which all England heard in January, 1867. A well-written narrative of the several services for which *gold* medals have been granted would make a book worth reading.

I. *February 6th*, 1868 :—

"Voted, the thanks of the Institution, inscribed on vellum, to Captain J. R. Pim; the Second Service clasp to Mr. R. O. Johns, coxswain of the Tramore life-boat, and the Silver Medal of the Institution to Martin Norris, in acknowledgment of their highly meritorious and persevering services in going off in the Tramore life-boat, and assisting to save twenty-one persons from the ship *Oasis*, of Liverpool, which was wrecked in Brown's Bay, on the Irish coast. It was late in the evening of the 12th January, when the signal-gun was fired from the battery, calling the crew of the life-boat together. It was blowing a strong gale of wind at the time from the S.E.; but within half an hour of the booming of the gun the life-boat was gallantly breasting the heavy seas on her way to the wreck. Her crew had great difficulty in getting her clear of the breakers and into deep water. She carried a bright light, which was watched with intense anxiety by the spectators on shore as the boat rose and fell with the swell of the sea. Several times it was entirely lost to view, and then again would appear on the top of the waves as the boat was impelled forward by her strong and gallant crew. The vessel was found on the rocks, about five hundred yards to the west of the Metal Man, where the surge of the wild Atlantic beat with full force upon her. The life-boat gave the rocks a full berth, and, having dropped her anchor, drifted slowly under the bows of the vessel, upon the jibboom of which no less than twenty poor fellows were

clinging. Having thrown a rope to them, they, one by one, dropped into the life-boat, each in turn, as he reached the boat, exclaiming, 'How cold!' As no one else appeared on board, the life-boat left the wreck, and after a hard pull round the Head, got into the bay, and then ran quickly before the wind, reaching the shore in safety about three o'clock in the morning. When the daylight came another poor fellow was seen crouched down in the rigging of the wreck, apparently quite exhausted and helpless. Again the life-boat was launched, and on nearing the spot the man could be seen on the cross-trees of the foremast, but appeared quite lifeless. The crowds of people on the cliffs above, seeing the poor fellow take no notice of the presence of the life-boat, gave a loud cheer, which had the effect of rousing him. He soon joyfully saw the life-boat, and began to descend by a rope, but seeming to lose what little remaining strength he had, he let go and fell on to the deck. The rope by which the vessel's crew had reached the life-boat from the bowsprit was still dangling in the air, tossed about by the wind. The life-boat gradually got under it, and Martin Norris, one of the crew, after several attempts, caught hold of the line, and the boat, just then sinking in the trough of the sea, left him swinging in the air. He soon, however, began to ascend, hauling himself up hand over hand with the greatest ease until he reached the bowsprit, from whence he got on to the deck of the vessel. He then lashed a rope round the body of the man, throwing one end to the life-boat and retaining the other himself, and, pitching him overboard, the poor fellow was quickly hauled into the life-boat. Norris descended as he had gone up, by the rope, amid deafening cheers from those on shore, who had remained silent but deeply-moved spectators of the scene enacted below. The life-boat regained the shore in safety with the rescued man, who proved to be an Algerian, who had been sick with the ague. The ship soon afterwards began to break up. The captain and two of the crew were unfortunately washed overboard and drowned before the arrival of the life-boat. The life-boat was reported to have behaved admirably on the occasion.—Expense of service, 28*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*"

II. *November 5th*, 1868:—

"Voted, the Silver Medal of the Society to Edmund Gray, Esq., son of Sir John Gray, M.P., M.D., and to John Freeney, coachman, in addition to 2*l.* to the latter, for swimming out in a heavy sea, on the 25th September, and bringing a line on shore, and by other means assisting to save five men from the schooner *Blue Vein*, of Portmadoc, which, during a strong E.S.E. gale, had stranded opposite Ballybrack Railway Station. A pecuniary reward was also granted to some persons who assisted on the occasion. The vessel struck on the rocks about 200 yards from shore. A line was attached by the crew to a spar and let down from the vessel, in the hope that it would be brought to shore by the waves; but the spar advanced only about one-third of the way between the ship and the land, and the line, consequently, did not come in. A fisherman tried to swim out to the spar, but he did not advance more than a few yards, having been immediately driven back by the waves. Mr. Edmund Gray, who is an expert swimmer, then undressed and attempted to swim out, having a line attached to his waist; but when he got out about sixty or seventy yards he was driven back. He tried a second time; but though he succeeded in getting out farther than at first, he was again driven back. The crew on board then attached a cable to the ship's boat, and, having launched the boat, it was driven in on the beach, where the rope was

secured. Two of the five men on board reached the shore by this means. When the third man was passing from the ship to the shore the rope broke about midway, and he was carried along parallel to the shore by the tide, and rescued by Freeney, who swam out with a line and dragged him in. The ship still lay among the rocks, and, as she thumped heavily, seemed in imminent danger of going to pieces. The captain and the other man, who were still on board, having hauled up the cable, which was broken, attached a spar to it, and cast it off; but from some cause the spar made very little way in its progress towards the shore after it advanced about thirty yards from the ship, possibly owing to its not offering sufficient surface for the wind to overcome the friction of the rope in the water. Mr. Gray, seeing this, again undressed, and, having attached a line round his waist, one end of which was held by some men on the beach, swam out about eighty yards, and grasping the spar, turned towards the shore; but, having soon become exhausted, he was hauled in, bringing with him the end of the rope. For about the last twenty yards he was drawn to shore quite powerless, lying on his back, and was almost insensible when he reached the land, but speedily recovered his self-possession. By means of this rope the captain and the other man were enabled to reach the shore in safety."

III. *December 28th*, 1868:—

"At about 1 p.m., Joseph Cox, the coxswain of the *Hope* life-boat stationed at Appledore, was informed by the coastguard that two vessels were embayed, and would probably go on shore. He instantly assembled his crew, obtained horses, and dragged out the life-boat on her carriage, ready for action. The vessel most in danger was the Austrian barque *Pace*; and, as she tried to work out of the bay, the life-boat and her crew kept along the shore directly under her lee, moving along with her. At length she grounded. The life-boat was launched without delay over the Pebble Ridge, and dashed into a most terrific surf. The crew behaved most nobly; the boat at times was as upright as a ladder against a wall, and seas swept through her from stem to stern; but they stuck to it, reached the barque, after anchoring ahead with the drogue, and managed to make fast to her. The crew were all assembled under shelter of the cuddy, and not one would give a stern rope to the boat, or move from his position, excepting one boy, who ran to the side and dropped into the boat all safe. More than five minutes elapsed without a soul stirring on board; at length eight of them made a rush together for the life-boat, jumped helter-skelter over the side, missed the boat and fell into the water, but were all picked up but one. A tremendous sea now struck the boat and drove her under the counter, where the rudder was carried away, and old Cox all but killed, as he was jammed up against the counter; but his life-belt saved him, it being broken, however, by the collision. In vain did the life-boat crew appeal to the remainder of the men on board the barque to come to the boat, they would not stir; so the life-boat, seriously damaged and with the loss of her rudder, was obliged to return to the shore, where she landed safely her crew and nine of the *Pace's* men. Old Cox, notwithstanding the severe nip he had received, and the damaged state of the boat, called for another crew of volunteers, and once more manned the *Hope*, he and his son and one other of the old crew going in her, and, to prove the readiness of the brave volunteers of North Devon, the boat was launched with one man too many on board. On this second trip young Cox steered with an oar in place of the rudder, the stern of the boat having been

damaged. In this state they had nearly again reached the ship when a wave broke over the bow, swept over the crew, and carried young Cox (who was standing up steering with the oar) right over the stern. The loss of the steering-oar made the boat broach-to, and the next wave found her broadside on, and rolled her over, throwing all the crew into the surf. As she righted, the younger Cox managed to get into her again, and one by one the brave fellows all got on board, excepting old Cox. He had drifted some distance, and they had only three oars left; with these, however, they managed to turn the boat's head round, and at last the brave old coxswain was enabled to clutch the blade of an oar, when all but done for, and was got into the boat. The life-boat again reached the shore, and was dragged up on the Pebble Ridge. For the third time volunteers came forward to man the life-boat; but a difficulty now arose. Besides the rudderless state of the *Hope*, unfitting her for service, the oars (save three) were all lost. Instantly a lot of horsemen galloped off, with Mr. Yeo at their head, for spare oars, and in due time each horseman returned, bearing an oar. And now preparations were made to launch again the disabled boat; but it was discovered that the tide had turned, and had already dropped two feet; the danger was rapidly passing away; the remainder of the crew of the barque had climbed up to the mizentop, and moreover, the third crew was not composed entirely of sailors. Those on the spot (including Mr. Yeo) most wisely interfered, and would not allow the boat to be launched. The crew of the Braunton life-boat, which also belongs to the Life-boat Society, not having been able, after a most determined and gallant attempt, to get their boat to the wreck, now came over-land, and were clamorous to launch the Appledore boat, so that there were *four* distinct crews of volunteers—two of which went off, and the third and fourth were forcibly and wisely stopped. Eventually three men, one of whom was the captain, were brought ashore by men who waded out to the barque as the tide fell. Three others perished, in addition to one man who was lost in getting into the life-boat. Thirteen in all were saved. All might have got into the boat and been saved when she first went alongside, and all in the rigging might have been saved had the men lashed themselves there. It appears that the Austrian captain would not allow his crew to go into the life-boat when she got alongside, nor suffer them to throw a rope to her. If the bold and self-devoted conduct of the North Devon volunteers failed to achieve complete success in dealing with this wreck, it is a satisfaction to know that they did what they could, and did it nobly. Ordinary life-boat service is one of no light peril; service in a disabled boat is still more hazardous.

"Voted the Second and Third Service Clasp and 5*l.* to Coxswain JOSEPH COX; the Silver Medal and 4*l.* to JOSEPH COX, jun.; the Silver Medal and 3*l.* to J. KELLY; and 1*l.* 10*s.* each, service payment to the crew."

These are selected from more than a hundred cases which form the record of the year's work. No one will think that either Martin Norris or Edmund Gray earned their medals too easily. And in the Appledore case the only regret that is likely to arise will be that such lives as those of the Coxes should not have been staked against those of braver-hearted men than the crew of the Austrian barque *Pace.*

This, then, is the nature of the work done; and the total number of lives *saved by the Society*'s boats, or by other agents to whom the

Society has granted rewards, is, to the end of 1868, no less than 17,849. The committee in their annual report point also with pardonable pride to the fact that this great army has been rescued from death with the smallest possible loss of life on the part of life-boat crews on actual service; being, indeed, less than *one per annum* since the improved life-boats, now in use, were introduced in 1852. This would appear to indicate the maximum of excellence in the boats, and most judicious regulations on the part of the Society.

It is also to be borne in mind that the return of lives saved is not in any way an exhaustive statement of the good done by the Society. Nothing is commoner than for a ship in distress to signal for the life-boat, and for the boat to remain by the ship for hours, encouraging, by its mere presence, the crew to make such renewed exertions as ultimately enable them to go on their way. Such prevented wrecks do not in any way swell the records of the Society, but swell its expenses only.

How those expenses are met is a question on which it is desirable that we should say a word. Every one knows, in a general way, that the Institution depends entirely on voluntary aid; and every one, we trust, joins in the hope that it may be long before the Society is reduced to the necessity of asking the State for a subsidy. But every one does not know the extent of the public benevolence or the various sources from whence it flows. Like all other institutions which are dependent on voluntary aid, its income is subject to great fluctuation, according as men prosper or fail to prosper. The Society's income and expenditure for the last four years has been as under:—

| | *Income.* | *Expenditure.* | *Balance.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1865 | £28,932 | £28,476 | £ 456 |
| 1866 | 41,718 | 34,872 | 6,846 |
| 1867 | 39,305 | 34,874 | 4,431 |
| 1868 | 31,667 | 26,916 | 4,751 |

These are probably larger figures than the reader was prepared to see. The income of 1866, when every one believed himself to be making money, is the highest the society has ever attained.

It is to be explained, also, that the above amounts, set down as annual receipts, do not include legacies, these being very properly capitalised, and interest only brought into the account of revenue. Such balances, too, as remain over the annual expenditure are in like manner invested in stock, and, together with the legacies, form at the present time a reserve fund, in the shape of Three per Cent. Reduced Annuities, to the value of 75,643*l*.

We are not at all afraid that by showing in this way that the Society is financially prosperous, we shall in any way check the flow of public benevolence. Giving is stimulated by giving; and we do not doubt that we shall soon see the reserve of Government stock valued—as it ought to be—at not less than 100,000*l.*

Hardly anything shows in a more striking way the hold which the Society has attained on public confidence than the list of legacies which have been left to it since its establishment. In the first twenty years of its existence it had but five legacies, of a gross value of 3,977*l.* In the next twenty years it had thirty-two legacies, of the gross value of 16,987*l.*;—one of these being of the handsome sum of 10,000*l.*, left by Captain Hamilton Fitzgerald. In the *five* years ending 1868, the Society has received ninety-two legacies, of the gross value of 23,632*l.*, and varying in amounts from 5*l.* to 2,000*l.*

The form of bequest is very simple. We give it here for the convenience of any one who may be about to make his will.

> "I give and bequeath to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, founded in 1824, London, the sum of £        , for the use of the said Institution; and I do hereby direct that the same be paid out of my chattels personal."

It is only, however, when we come to look into the annual subscription lists, and the lists of special donations for life-boats at specified places, that we fairly realise how various are the sources from which the Society derives its funds, or how wide-spread and pervading is the sympathy of the English people. Probably in no subscription list could there be found evidence of purer or more disinterested benevolence than in this. Side by side with the sixpences of the Sunday scholar and the factory boy, are the hundreds and the thousands, of which the giver is described only as "A Friend," or "A Lady," or permits himself to be identified only under the modest concealment of initials. Others, again, will send their cheques under the description of a "Sister's Memorial" or "A Thank Offering." Nowhere could we find less of ostentation in the giving than we find here. The great friendly societies,—as the Odd Fellows, the Foresters, and the Licensed Victuallers, each contribute their boat or boats. So, too, do the Commercial Travellers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the members of the London Coal Exchange, and of the Corn Exchange. Hardly an inland town of any magnitude but has now its namesake and representative at some point of danger on the coast. Such boats usually receive the name of the place or association whose gift they are. And in this way a direct bond of sympathy is established

between places far apart,—the givers keeping up always a special interest in their own boat, wherever it may be stationed;—the receivers cherishing in return a kindly feeling for the distant city whose name is always before them. The facilities which are possessed for helping a good cause by the cheap and largely circulating periodicals of the day has been shown most remarkably in the case of "The Quiver," the many littles of whose readers made up no less handsome a sum than 1,878*l.*, and established three new life-boats at Margate, Queenstown, and Southwold. In like manner the "Dundee People's Journal" raised 822*l.*, and has its boat at Peterhead. Other publications, as "Routledge's Boys' Magazine," and the "Working Man," have also been the means of raising special subscriptions to a smaller amount.

The subject of the names which are selected by the donors is not without a pathetic interest. Gentle female names seem to be those most commonly given to the boats, whose duty is to be so rough. These, for the most part, are memorials of departed wives or sisters or beloved daughters. Or, on the other hand, it is the widow who commemorates her husband, or the father who is remembered by his children. The Appledore boat, which bears itself so bravely in one of the narratives we have reprinted, has the beautiful name of "Hope." It was not given to it, however, entirely for poetic reasons, but because Hope was the family name of the lady donor. The "Olive Leaf," which is stationed at Hayling Island, was the gift of *Messrs. Leaf, Sons, and Co.*, of London. The boat, "George Davis," stationed at Sennen Cove, in Cornwall, was so named by Mrs. Davis, a widow, in memory of her husband; and by a very remarkable coincidence, the most arduous and notable rescue which it has ever effected, was that of a poor fellow whose name, like that of the boat itself, proved to be "George Davis."

ROBERT HUDSON.

## SAINT CUTHBERT'S BURIAL.

HIGH Mass was said in Lindisfarne,
And o'er the moonlit wave,
The outline of the hallowed fane,
Cloister and arch and tinted pane,
A bright refulgence gave.

The *De Profundis* rolls on high,
And solemn dies in rest,
As from the porch that opens wide
The monks like stately spectres glide,
Hands crossed upon their breast.

Fitful and low the chant ascends,
As two by two they file;
The abbot, with his mitred brow,
Leads forth the bier with stole and bow,
And mutters aves the while.

Down where the waters seething break
Upon the pebbly strand,
They put to sea with prayer and praise,
The corpse beneath its sable dais,
The breeze from off the land.

The flaming torches borne aloft
Fade silent out of sight,
Save where St. Cuthbert in his shrine
Irradiates the phantom line
That follows in his flight.

Slow past the towers of Bamborough,
Where eddying sea-mews shriek,
Past many a fisher's distant gleam—
Like specks upon their weather beam,
A phosphorescent streak!

At dawn of day the watchers spy
  Them from the rocky coast ;
All through the darkness and the deep,
Pale with the vigil that they keep,
  A wan funereal host.

Sad toll the bells of Coldingham,
  A mournful dirge profound,
As, safely moored, they disembark
St. Cuthbert's bones from out their ark,
  And lay in sacred ground.

His amulet slipped overboard,
  Which grieved the brethren sore ;
But pilgrims, I have heard, declare
St. Cuthbert's beads are everywhere
  Along that rugged shore.

And chroniclers there are affirm,
  With more belief than guile,
That in his coffin'd shroud of stone,
The saint oft steers his course alone,
  Towards the Holy Isle.

JOHN GRAHAM STUART.

# Will He Escape?

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

NOW the door opens undecidedly, as under undecided hands, yet such as would outpour blessings on all the world. "The gentlemen were coming up!" That blessing, too long denied, was to be restored. Below, their ears had been dinned by the coarse trumpeting of the gentleman who was entertaining them. It was "the duke's coachman," over and again, and in a most ingenious variety of shapes. Those fine grapes—the duke's coachman—*i.e.*, Sir J. S—— has the same. Those silver branches, so tall and spreading in their foliage, that a small guest could repose under it, and literally find shelter from the tropical glare of the Hardman gas—— Duke's coachman again. "Alcock had supplied the identical fellow to it" to one of the royal princes. These dessert-plates, in the shape of scallop-shells, the duke's coachman explained *their* presence also; through some mysterious channel, the host had discovered that that "identical pattern" had been chosen as a wedding present for the beautiful and high-born Lady Amelia Winter. They would have found out for themselves, without the assistance of this eternal coachman, that it was tolerable claret which had been set before them, but for the wearying proclamation of their vapouring host—"Bulmer sent me that; I gave him his own terms. He divided the lot with the duke, and his royal highness, and with me. Just our three cellars. In six years, every glass will be worth a guinea."

"D—n his swagger," said one of the gentlemen, with rude hunting manners, very far down, to his neighbours. "This ain't an auction room. He don't want us to bid for his wine, does he?"

But some of the more rustic were vastly impressed, and, by an instinct, even disbelievers and good judges began to sip, in a jury-man-like way, and smack their lips, and shake their heads.

We have not yet arrived at that beginning of wisdom which shall make us indulge in our rare and delicate wines, not at the end of many

courses, and of sauces and sweets, but at the beginning, with an unvitiated palate. His lordship does not much care, though he knows a good glass of wine. He has a story about the late Bishop of ——, "poor old Stinger"—when some workmen broke into what proved to be an old cellar, stocked by his grandfather—perhaps the best connoisseur of his day. The son thought he had drank it all out, when they came on this find. The late General Dobbs went to dine with him,—scenting a good thing, you know,—and, to his disgust, found the common poor stuff set down before him. You know they were notorious at the palace for bad wine; even the curates could hardly be got to drink it, though they knew, poor devils, what depended on it.

"But surely," says Dobbs, literally making a face as he took the first glass, "this can't be——"

"O, that old stuff," says Stinger, the old stager; "it has no body in it. I got them to change with me at the hospital."

The "gentlemen" being now dispersed in skirmishing order about the room, the usual business of that season was going forward. The three or four elders or prophets—lean pantaloons, unslippered for the occasion—were clustered in the back drawing-room, their heads together, jerking like birds over a fountain, talking in pleasant confidence. For those old souls, so red of face, so inflamed in eye, this is one of the few pleasures left; and it is wonderful how, with all their other organs so palpably perishing, this last sense of relish remains with them. Such veterans we see dining out to the last, taking their wines and rich dishes where far younger men are cautious.

His lordship was still in a circle on the rug, whispering his little story, which seemed an extract from some old scandalous memoir. "It was notorious the likeness of young Boothby to the old Dean of Cheltenham. Same eyes, same nose, eh? Well, there were reasons for that likeness. He was tutor, when a young man, at poor Lady Jane Boothby's, and an uncommon good-looking fellow then; and she must take lessons in Latin from the tutor. An old housekeeper saw what was going on; and he was quietly *chassée*. Never knew so sensible a fellow as Boothby."

The rest of the room was, indeed, an encampment. Mr. Hardman was very happy. His own full-length came down from the frame; and, stalking about, he felt something like a minister who had thrown open his rooms, and was receiving and felt it his duty to go about from guest to guest, "to make every one feel at his ease," though no one seemed to value, or sometimes even to notice, such attentions. *He* was proud of having as his guest such a distinguished woman as "the Honourable Mrs. Talbot," and was unusually gracious to an

obscure stranger or two, as there was an opportunity of explaining to them who she was. His eye, however, rested with some displeasure on his son, who was in an effusion of boyish adoration before the pretty daughter of Mrs. Talbot—a foolish and unprofitable proceeding, the lad only making himself "ridiculous with such follies." The Honourable Mrs. Talbot was one thing, but her daughter was quite another; and there were so many rich young fellows, with expectations, who presently *would* destroy their father's plans by rushing off and marrying mere paupers. For the scion of his house he had quite other designs; and he could not even allow of any foolish waste of time in such matters. It was irreverence to the great purpose of life and his vocation. Shortly, when he had cemented intimacies with many persons of rank, he intended making an arrangement—seated in his cabinet-minister attitude, behind his papers, despatch boxes, &c.—with some noble person for a daughter. This would conduce to *his* influence and position. It was an incident in the important career he saw fast opening before him. That picture of himself in black, his hand under his waistcoat, and perpetually gliding about gilded and gorgeous drawing-rooms—an eternal host, as it were—was always before him. It was with a sort of arrogant rudeness that he called off his son.

"Here, sir! have you no duties in my house to do? Chattering folly in this style! You'll never learn. Go, and attend to my guests, sir; you have no manners!"

And yet, had this son been forward in company in attending to the leading guests, his father would have rudely thrust him aside, telling him he was "infernal officious," and took too much on himself. "He'd have him know his place, and that he wasn't master of that house quite, yet." Such is the inconsistency of arrogance.

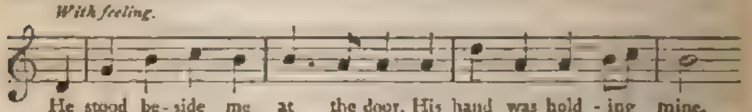
The gentle Phœbe had taken up a sort of advanced post near the door, so as to have a desperate chance of cutting off her warrior. The colonel was a gentleman, but quite an old campaigner in many senses. He had "hacked about" from garrison to garrison, and "knew girls and their tricks by heart." Had he really been originally taken by the attractive Phœbe, and was now turned away from her, or had he been merely paying her those gracious civilities with which a selfish man must fill up his time and amuse himself on a desert island? Or had Phœbe, too sanguine, coloured up into gorgeous pictures what was merely indifferent? It is hard to tell. It is certain that the colonel was detained by the daring outpost only a few seconds (who was alert, bold, and hazardous in her advances), and then was seen to break away; "to escape," as he ill-naturedly

would have said, and make for her with the large eyes. An experienced matrimonial physician, who conducted "cases" of that sort, if called in, would have pronounced, after a hopeless glance at the patient, that "all that" was nearly over, and that human skill could avail little or nothing. The patient, alas! would be the last to see this, or to know her danger.

Now the Hon. Mrs. Talbot is called over to the piano. Everyone is round, pressing the Beauty to give one of his "little" songs; though why they were so styled, being of the same length and pretensions as others, it was difficult to say. The young "nursery" girl was the most eager, the author himself was the least disinclined; indeed the music was actually below in the hall, enwrapped somewhere in his coat, and he looked about for his wife and faithful accompanyist.

Immediately she had glided to the piano. There was all but a silence, save in the voice of Lord Northfleet, who was afar off on the rug of the next room, telling a clergyman, in low, confidential tones, with other admirers, a strange story he heard from the late Bishop of the Leeward Isles. Looks of expostulation were turned towards him; but, in truth, his lordship looked on music much as he did on the noise of the tea cups and spoons which the footmen had been bringing round,—a disagreeable accompaniment, but still not enough to interfere with conversation.

So the Beauty begins in a faint, delicate voice, but with an air as though he were a Mario, his head back, his soft eyes languishing towards the nursery young lady. He is very particular as to the accompaniment. It was called, "He gave one last and lingering smile." Words and music by W. Talbot, Esq. It ran something to this effect:—




He stood beside me at the door,
His hand was holding mine,
The waiting carriage o'er and o'er
They'd called along the line.

Oh, lips so arched! oh, glossy hair!
Ah, look that knows not guile!
I could not go—we could not part:
He gave one lingering smile,
One smile,
One smile,
One last and lingering smile.

This line he addressed point-blank to the lustre, as though he could not trust himself to look lower. Mrs. Talbot, always nervous in accompanying the Beauty's songs, had hurried a little too much at the end, and received a hoarse whispered reproof, which was perceived by all; and many, ignorant of music, felt that she was not quite up to the thing. It is surprising, indeed, how easily the good-natured player is sacrificed to the selfishness of the one he serves; and the singer who has failed will be sure, by a look of reproach, to throw the whole blame on the innocent assistant. As the intermediate symphony moved on, there was a sharp recitative from the next room.

("The bishop said to him, 'My good man, I can do nothing for you, I really can't.' And who do you suppose this apparent beggar turned out to be?" &c.)

Every one was conventionally charmed at this melody and the words of the little incident, which seemed to be a picture drawn from the singer's own experience. Some of the men looked at each other privately, with a tendency to grimace, as who should say, "What fun this Beauty was." But they were under the influence of the society, and dared not openly be contemptuous. Even as he finished, the unauthorised recitative fell on the last chord with a jar.

("I can tell you he never would open his lips to the bishop again.")

There was one certainly who might have played for him with more effect, but Livy would not have interfered with this pet and special department of her mother's. The young officer, the son of the house, was greatly attracted by her—as indeed who was not likely to be?—having devoted himself to her during the dinner, and told her all about himself—one of the fashions in which our poor human nature believes it is favourably impressing others. Yet, as has been mentioned, the wretched "Birmingham plating" of the father and mother was not overlying his soul, that cold, showy, glittering, and worthless ware which his odious parents were flashing in everybody's eyes. How he escaped having such an ornament

bound up on his system, cramping and tightening his feelings and sympathies, was a marvel. But he could talk, and talk with the pleasantness of a young fellow not yet spoiled or grown affected. Livy was amused and interested, and showed that she was interested. Nature has always this certain spell; but nature also, or perhaps the complacent personality of selfishness, makes the manly heart mistake such indulgence for something belonging to "Love's kingdom." He was quite delighted with himself, and in the mood for being rallied, quizzed, punched on the chest, or treated to any of those shapes of compliments with which men greet their brothers in such cases. He had not seen much garrison service, but had encountered many a garrison girl—irregular horse of the drawing-room—those forward, loud ladies of industry, who are in their own ranks pretty much as are barmaids and their manners in a lower one. Miss Livy was to his eyes quite of another pattern. And indeed these creatures who come spurring up to men quite boldly in rooms, challenging them to this and that, have their use as foils to their perfect sisters.

But all were now about moving, when the colonel showed signs that his cruel, stony heart had been softened, and came over to the lorn and lone Phœbe. He was all smiles and good-nature, and it must be said quite unconscious of his previous baseness.

"You have heard," he said, "what we are going to do? Our officers want to give a series of Wednesday dances. You come, as a matter of course. I ask you, and won't send even a formal invitation."

The slightest signs of grace in these cases, makes the most outrageous past be forgotten. The downcast face beamed again with smiles and trust. Is it love that does this? love that forgives, trusts all, and hopes for all, or simply a sense of mistake, an acknowledgment that what had passed meant nothing; or a decorous self-interest which is content to overlook all and begin again fairly, provided there is a sincere change of conduct? Into these niceties we need not pry; but the result was the hopeful Phœbe went down to the carriage with the old dreams before her eyes. There was the usual procession, Mr. Hardman leading, with Mrs. Talbot and his enraptured son still with her daughter. "Now you will be sure to come to the dance. I count upon you, and I know you will enjoy it." Mr. Hardman while sweeping across his own hall in this function always seemed to himself ducal rather, and almost ancestral. He was the lord of the house seeing "his guests" out. He was particular that all "his menials" should be mustered about that time, so as to *impress* the departing guests. It gave a baronial air. Phœbe, happiest

of women, was waited on by the colonel. True, the keener eye of Mrs. Talbot had noted that he was going away also, and that the lamps of his little "trap" were flashing in the open door; but we must not search too narrowly, or look these rare gift horses too jealously in the mouth. Double motives may, and do, accompany many an act in life; interest may go with inclination, in the most convenient way; but the sensible person will accept the satisfactory result. She got into her carriage elated. But what goaded her really was the insolence, the air of command, the victory even "of that low woman," and who seemed to hint at something to be in the future. A sort of claim for dominion, she, a low manufacturer's girl, about, as it were, "to contest the county" with her, the queen of the district.

In that girl's eyes there was a challenge, and a venomous one. The whole party, the low rich man, and airs of money and show, were simply contemptible, not in the least dangerous, not indeed that she had much care about social pre-eminence now; but there was something in those steady eyes that meant even more. These were her thoughts as she found herself in her room, taking off her gold and silver armour before the glass. Beauty Talbot looked up from his own personal reverie; and coming fresh from that gew-gaw house and coarse finery, may have been struck by the contrast; the air of refinement and breeding, in that well-shaped face, and delicate arms, above all in the dress, which was a masterpiece of design and execution. The first was her own, and the wealth of the Hardmans could not have got quite the same touches. Whether he thought this or no, he was looking at her, and the watchful Livy, full of delight, saw him and struck in, "*Doesn't* she look well, after those people!"

With some little enthusiasm—it reflected praise on him, his property—the Beauty answered, "Really, yes, she is quite handsome to-night."

The lady looked round on both with a smile, her elbow on the chimney piece, her arm and wrist arched. So might Bicknell have painted her for the Academy. The delicate green of her dress, and the lace, would have worked up finely. He was in good humour, his humour always giving the tone to his little society.

The party in that small travelling chamber travelled home very happily. Mrs. Talbot was a little silent. She had a *conviction* that for Phœbe the day *was* lost. There was all the trouble they had taken, the labour, the positive hard work, all spent for nothing.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "OLD DICK LUMLEY."

ON the next day there was still a palpable gloom over the ladies' side of the household. There were councils and consultations. Of these Mr. Talbot was quite unobservant, being in good spirits and good humour. He was pleased with his performances of the night before. Mrs. Talbot had an air of trouble and dissatisfaction. Perhaps it was founded on the idea that in that house she must not be seen to be defeated in anything or by anyone. She was "thorough" in all things; a gallant creature that would do battle to the last with years, and the mean little shabby attacks of old Time's toadies and jackals—namely, wrinkles, fading colour, loss of hair, teeth, &c.—fight them inch by inch, repairing the damage until, as the good-natured "Old Dick Lumley" said, who often dined with them, "She would all crumble and collapse one fine morning, like the one-horse shay." To be defeated in that little corner of their county, and by a "low" girl, meant a defeat in her own house, in her own rooms. She knew how slight was the allegiance of her own troops, of that domestic force which she had to try and turn out and keep from insubordination. At any moment there might have been a revolt, which only endless watchfulness could prevent. He, too, though not much interested in so slight an affair, and one that did not concern him, had been led to believe in certain victory, and would be sure to harp on the defeat as something that showed him wiser than anyone else.

That day, also, was to be a day of new disaster and discouragement, for about noon arrived a letter from Colonel Labouchere, with many regrets that he could not present himself at lunch on some particular day, "as he had forgotten that he had engaged himself at The Towers." When this news came, Phœbe flung the letter down passionately, as though the game were up, and with tears in her eyes said she would go away that very evening. Mrs. Talbot was biting her lips, and her foot was patting on the carpet.

"I have a trifle more spirit than that," she said. "She shall come to your feet, Phœbe, and beg your pardon yet."

"She!" repeated the other in amazement. "Who do you mean?"

Mrs. Talbot was not thinking of the lover, nor of the gentleman they wished to make into a lover.

"That low girl—that fellow's daughter. Can't you see it is against *me* she means all this? She wants to raise that family of hers by

their money; she wants to make them the first people in this part of the county. But she shall not depose me, if I die for it."

Here entered Livy, and just caught these last words.

"Depose you, dearest; you who look so magnificent and so like your picture this morning?" And she smoothed her mother's golden hair softly, and kissed her on the forehead, as if she were a younger and petted sister. The picture was of the now exploded Chalon pattern—faint, delicate water colouring—celestial diaphanous floating in the air, as the chief artists of that school loved to present their heroines.

This, indeed, done in the full heyday of her charms, when she was "in the service," and a colonel-like belle, was always the standard of comparison used by this faithful soldier. It was amazing, indeed, considering the interval of years, how little difference there was between the two. In fact, the picture had not lasted nearly so well. It was her mirror, and she consulted it as often as the one on her dressing-table. Pale, faint, pink, delicate watery blue, jewels, laces, floating away in the breeze—it can be seen engraved in an old Book of Beauty.

Towards five o'clock Mr. Talbot came forth, and said he would stroll down and meet "Old Dick Lumley," who was coming out by the train about that time. He took his daughter with him, as a matter of convenience, just as he would have taken down his hat or his umbrella. He fell into this, not from any profound affection, paternal or otherwise, but from simple habit. He could not endure walking alone, and she, affectionately artful, contrived to be as adroitly flattering in her innocent adulation of his looks and gifts as some old courtier, and had at least the merit of putting him in good humour.

On the road, when they got to the top of the hill, they saw a small figure in a light grey shooting-coat and garden-hat trotting briskly towards them. Any one might have said, "Here is some officer from the garrison—some young active fellow." Afar off he took off his hat, and waved it cheerily like a Jack Tar, then broke into a jerky run. This was "Old Dick Lumley" coming up, whom every one about town knew well, and who people could take any number of affidavits, and prove by documents, to be at least seventy-six years old, and yet as young as any boy in the country.

"Old Dick Lumley" was in the same office (Board of Green Cloth at Buckingham Palace) with Mr. Talbot. He had originally filled the strange office of "Gentleman at Large" at Dublin Castle, where there are *as many* curious little court berths as at some German

Pampernickel, had hung on under various viceroys, and had at last been "discharged with all wages paid him," as a malicious snarler of the place said. This sort of pleasant grass-hopper is quite a species; it chirrups with delight about the daisies and buttercups which have "handles to their names." Sometimes they allowed him to nibble at their leaves, and one obtained him this "little berth," which came in very satisfactorily. He had been in the service of Rank, "from his childhood man and boy," for years. In that dear campaigning he had accepted halfpence, kicks, rebuffs, snubs, actual privations; yet still would not have exchanged the life for *plebeian* ease and luxury. It was the only air that suited his old lungs. To "The Castle" had been always coming a stream of visitors, more or less aristocratic, and these the "Gentleman at Large" duly breathed, inhaled, felt, and patted all over. He adhered to them like mussels. He would have been glad to do menial offices for them, would they have permitted him. He never let them "go" afterwards, waited on them in town, trained himself to be amusing, prattling, and useful, and at last got recognised—the *grand point.* To be recognised was to be found at *other* houses; an argument to you for having him at *yours.* About society flutter many of these little insects, *chiffoniers* of gossip, who are repaid for their really useful labours by admission to the more select shows. Ten minutes with a baronet is a lunch; five with a lord, a good dinner.

But there was another side to "Old Dick Lumley's" character, more human, for which we may have some sympathy. Like Mrs. Talbot, he was doing battle with Time, decay, weakness, and had fought even more successfully than she had done. No one knew him to be ill; he never allowed himself to be ill. It might be suspected that he withdrew to some lone garret, where no one could see him. There was no stooping, no decay, no neglect; yet his age was undoubted. His dress was more surprising still,—like that of a man of five-and-twenty, and more gay. Even as Mr. Talbot and his daughter came down the hill, they saw him glittering in his bright blue tie and his brighter face. In his voice there was a metallic ring, not the wheeze of old age, and in his eye a roguish twinkle.

"Here I am! come down to you, and made out a day at last. Ah, Miss Livy, I wish you had been at Lady Mantowers' last night. They wanted beauty, I can tell you—a set of ogresses. Well, Talbot, I am so glad to meet you."

On this, "Old Dick Lumley" launched himself into an account of his doings, just as a political man might unfold quite a budget of important news. He walked so fast and briskly they could hardly

keep up with him, while his voice left them a long way behind. Livy delighted in listening to him—she thought so at least; but the reason more likely was, that she saw he was so welcome to both her father and mother. A visit from him introduced new vitality into the house, and kept *him* in pleasant acceptance of the existing order of things.

In the little round library—cosiest of regions, and which became infinitely more so during the dark hour before dinner—they found the ladies sitting at the fire, arrayed in what might be called the elegant regimental undress kept for that hour of the day. The iron grey of the evening was seen outside, through the windows, with the twinkle of the lamps from the passing coach or cart; while a shaded lamp in the corner spread a quiet half-light over the colours and properties in the room. Presently Old Dick Lumley was in a little low chair—not by any means an "arm" one, which he left to the "old" men—sitting at the feet of the ladies, amusing them "so much." He unpacked all his little boxes and bundles rapidly, telling them of this country house and of that, where he had put up, as at a series of inns, and where he "picked up" people with stories of that nice Lady Grace, and dear Lady Mary, which are in a certain degree welcome, and which elevate our humanity and complacency, provided there be no object of self-glorification on the side of the relator. With such aid the time slipped by pleasantly, until dinner came.

These little entertainments "Beauty" Talbot knew how to do very well—so his friends said. Rather he himself could talk about what had been arranged, with quite an air of authorship. Yet it was the skilful forethought of his daughter—even her more skilful touch—that contrived the whole. She could even believe—though a partial filial delusion—that he had contrived the whole. Everything was small, hot, choice; everything came up swiftly, by "a lift;" a neat-handed Phyllis waited. No ancient stomach appreciated these rare qualities so sincerely and gratefully as that of Old Dick Lumley. It oiled the very wheels of his elocution.

"Now this *is* wonderfully good. The last time I had such a *vol au vent* as this was at Linderston, where, I assure you, we all suspected that Lady Linder's own fair fingers had—now, don't smile, Miss Livy—had held the fork, or whatever it was. It is now coming up a good deal among our fine ladies, cookery is. You know Lady Emily St. Luke's little book—the prettiest thing in the world—she gave me a copy herself—"Toothsome Things"—not bad as a title! We had a regular consultation over it, your humble servant in the

chair, and they did me the honour to approve of mine. 'If you were but one of the dishes, Lady Emily,' I said. That carried it."

This was a specimen of Dick Lumley's "powers," as he would have called it—his style, as it were. As in Lady Emily's cookery, the chief elements were the seasonings, condiments, essences, garnishings—not the vulgar meats and poultry—so the chief strength of his talk lay in the garnishing of good names which he sprinkled thickly over it. He was going to Brierly next week, where there were to be theatricals; and, "only think," they had got the duke to take a part! Lady Whitman could make him do anything. The week after, there were to be great doings at Greenhunt—the son, you know, coming of age. Next month there was Lady Susan's marriage with Longacre, of the Guards. Lucky dog!

So he proceeded with this fashionable diary, which he would be delighted to keep pencilling in day after day, as if he was just starting in life, until one morning or night, a skinny, strong hand was to be put over his shoulder, and snatch it from him.

He asked about their life down there.

"I heard there was a manufacturing man set up here. Just like 'em, daubing on the splash and colour, and all that; as Dudley said, the other day, very happily, too, they'd paint and varnish their houses in panels, like Lord Mayors' carriages, with arms and gold, if they could. Dreadful people, my dear Miss Livy. They've such a coarse touch, you see. Their money is positively worth to them about one-fourth of what it is to us well-born people. They don't know how to use it, and," added Old Dick Lumley, dropping his voice mysteriously, as if he was about to announce a secret of the cabala, "you'll mark that in the way *they give to the servants*, you know. I give you my honour, Baker, Lord Greenman's valet,—a house absolutely like an hotel all the year round,—told me he'd sooner have a gentleman's shilling than your Manchester person's guinea."

Mrs. Talbot listened with pleasure.

"For anything I have seen of them, they are terrible. I really can't understand them. You may pity us here."

"Not a bit," said Mr. Lumley, heartily. "It will be a little excitement. You can snub 'em and snub 'em again: all before the neighbours, too, which gives a whet. *That's* true luxury, as Lady Towler used to say. They *will* go blundering on, daubing their plate and money about in their disgusting way. Now, I'll tell you what occurred a year and half ago, at Strachey's, over in the wilds of Ireland, where Lady Emma Strachey had asked *rather* a mixture, between ourselves; but we all knew what it was for—to get Strachey

*in.* All the parsons, you know, and that sort of thing. Heavy as dumplings! Ah! ah! Miss Livy. *What* a Macedonian! If there be a thing I adore—but there's an artistic touch about *this*,—I must have some of that old East India with it."

This was one of the secrets of Old Dick Lumley's vitality—he always eat the best and choicest things that were served, taking care to dine at what he called *guaranteed* houses, where there were notorious cellars, cooks, &c. Once give Dick Lumley a bad dinner and his active tongue gave the author a bad name for ever. He seemed to think thus had been shortened his precious fag end of a life, by some days or hours.

"Well now, to come back to our *foie gras*—as old Lord Hartop used to say, they might have chosen a real delicacy when they went about it, and not vulgar sheep. Well, I want to tell you about my adventure at Strachey. It will amuse you all." And Old Dick Lumley, smiled and smacked his lips, and showed white and even teeth, and took all the party in at a glance, to see that he had their attention—a regular prologue and manœuvre of his before beginning a choice story.

"A very good house, I assure you," he went on, apologising for Ireland; "things very well done, you know—groom of the chamber, and all that. She was a Greenman: took a fancy to Strachey, and quite formed him. Well, a sort of manufacturing girl, then, who came over with someone. Just in the way that class of girl is brought to keep things lively; Webster says it's a regular profession, and a host who has to fill his house two or three times in the year, is very glad to hear of these supernumeraries, who know the business, and go to anyone and for anything. Ah, Miss Talbot, that astonishes you. Well, Strachey did the thing uncommonly well—good style, and all that; but that was Lady Emma, you know, who really had tact, and knew how to mix her company and bring the right people together."

(Mr. Lumley spoke as if some delicious beverage was being compounded before him.)

"There were a good many of the Irishry—Lord Mountattic; Sir Hercules Jackson; a man who called himself, God knows why, The O'Daly; Lord and Lady Boreena; more Irish; and St. Maurice; with a few of us English, you know, to keep the mass sweet. Ha! ha!"

Like some of his countrymen, old Lumley was fond of speaking in this contemptuous way of this class of his fellow subjects.

"We had very fair shooting," he went on; "and good horses, and

I had really some very pleasant drives about, with Lady Boreena, who, by the way, asked me to go and see them at Boreen whenever it suited me. I declare I never thought of it until this moment! The first slack time I have I must put in at Boreen. Ha! ha!"

Olivia was more interested in the dramatic part of the story; saw that her mother was, and brought him back to the subject. Sometimes "the old man part" would overpower him; and people said "Old Dick Lumley" took a fit of rambling.

"Well, the manufacturing young lady, Mr. Lumley!" she said.

"Oh, yes. I had my eye on her the whole time; and I assure you it was worth it; a kind of demure creature, but with an air of business. There was a genuine Irish barrister there—a rough, forward, amusing fellow—who fell head and ears in love with her. I believe she had a fancy for him, too; he had met her somewhere before, at some other house, and had actually got himself invited here.

"Well, they were giving a ball, and some officers came out for it with their colonel, a man whose face and name I remember perfectly. Gore was the name, and he had a very striking face, the sort ladies admire, you know; eh, Miss Livy!—a bold eye meaning conquest,—and a steady stare, and a good complexion."

Livy, who, with quick instinct, saw her father's look, replied,—

"Not *our* style, Mr. Lumley. Those sort of faces are odious, and neither handsome nor likeable."

"No," said the Beauty, pettishly; "that's the regular healthy ploughman sort of thing. Any country bumpkin, I am sure, could get *that* up."

Sometimes, but not often, Old Dick Lumley thus "put his foot in it."

"Well, you, the ladies, are the best judges of that. What can we know about it, except exhibit our phyzes in competition? Let the best be taken. Can I say more? But I am too long over this story of mine; and so I come to the last day, when I was going away.

"The barrister fellow had told me, with a foolish confidence, that he had all but got her consent, and was in the greatest jubilation; but you know I am sharp enough in my way, and I had seen something else going on, as it seemed to me, between my gallant colonel and the girl. As I said, I could not recal the story about him, or stories; but the ladies, I am bound to say, respected him highly. And why, ma'am? Someone had given out that he had been distinguished as a love-maker and heart-breaker, Miss Livy; and, 'pon my word, I don't know whether I ought to mention such a thing to

this circle, but the rumour was, he had taken to running off—with married ladies. And I assure you it amused me to see the curiosity and horrified interest there was about him among the ladies."

Beauty Talbot simpered and arranged his collar, as if *he* could quite understand that trait of human character.

Mr. Lumley himself noticed something like awakened attention even in the two ladies who were listening to him, and thus supported his unflattering description of a corner of our human nature.

Mrs. Talbot said,—

"I could see no attraction in such a man, and would shut my *doors* against him, as if he were a wild beast."

"Ah, yes; but we were in Ireland, where love, war, and hunting, they told me, was everything. But now I am really coming to the point. I pass over a good deal of what I saw, and what I guessed was going on; but on one grey evening, my Lady Boreena asked me would I take a drive with her and her niece, in a private outside car that Strachey had? I was delighted to take charge of them, and we had a pleasant drive that really was most agreeable.—(I wish these things were more introduced with us.)—We were talking a good deal over the colonel and his doings, and I assure *you* my lady did not take precisely your view of that officer. But as we talked, I suddenly, by a sort of Providence, recollected all about him. He was Gore of Gore *v.* Gore and another, do you know. You see that makes all the difference; it being quite a serious thing then, as Lady Boreena said. I remember perfectly, no divorce could be got.

"We were turning back, afraid of being late for dinner, and putting the horse to it, for we had a good seven miles to go, when we came close to the station: and at that moment a common outside car passed us, with two people on it. Now it was not very dark—only grey, you know; but I assure you I have the best eyes in the world, and I said, aloud,—

"'My God! why that's Gore and that——, the manufacturer girl.'

"I forget her name; so Lady Boreena always called her. She said to me,—

"'Oh, impossible!'

"'There could be no mistake,' I said; and these were my very words—'and it really has the look as if they were trying to catch the train.'

"I had stopped the car; the same idea was in both our minds.

"'I think, Lady Boreena,' I said, 'it is almost a duty that we should see a little more of this, as guests of our friend Strachey.'

"And so we turned back, I declare we did; and went towards the station.

"Now I really like getting on a track of this sort, for, you see, it makes an adventure. Things are generally a little tame, you see.

"So I got down, went into the station, and there what do you think I saw—or who do you think I saw standing on the platform? Why, my young lady. She started, but then looked at me wildly.

"'Not going away?' I said; 'and with that colonel? Most singular!' I said.

"'Why should you assume that?' she said, coldly.

"'Because it looks so strange,' I answered; 'the tableaux coming off to-night you were to take a part in, and——'

"'I am leaving that house,' she said, 'where I have been insulted, putting up with long insult from you. I have met genteel people who have been kind to me.'

"'To be sure,' I said. 'But really you ought to reflect, our excellent friend, Strachey, and Lady Emma, such a *thing* taking place *from* this house, and all the talking, and your friend a *married man*—'

"She gave a cry, 'married! no.' At that moment he came up, and heard the word. 'Now, what do *you* want?' he said, in a very rude way, I must confess. But he was a bad style of fellow.

"'Is this true?' she asked, turning to him.

"'My good sir, you can't. We about town know of "Gore and Gore." It's absurd. At this corner of Ireland, of course, it was very natural it should not have transpired.'

"'You have deceived me, then,' she said, 'it is true; I see. But what was I near doing?'

"'Nothing,' I said. 'I have been taking a drive with Lady Boreena; why should you not have joined *us*, and why may we not have picked up Colonel Gore on the road, or better still, why could not he have gone away on duty or sick leave?'

"On that he broke out in very abusive language. But I always heard he was a low fellow, a man not to know, exactly. So I took no notice. We took our gay lady up on the car, and jogged home most comfortably, talking of the weather. And, would you believe it? she was the coolest, best trained creature I ever met, and not in the least grateful to me; actually challenged us to tell it out if we dared—what if she *had* driven on a car with an officer? other young ladies had ridden out with gentlemen—that no one would believe it; and actually appeared this very night in the charades, and brazened it out *before* the company. I never told anyone then or there—behaved

with unnecessary honour. So did Lady Boreena; and she may thank me if she's respectably married to one of her own class, which no doubt she has schemed out by this time. For she was decidedly clever. Now there's a story you wouldn't meet in a novel!" The ladies were rising to go.

"A most curious history," said Mrs. Talbot, "and very dramatically told. But you never mentioned the name."

"Oh, come, that would not be fair, you know; honour."

Mr. Lumley was standing up, and holding the door open. Many gentlemen make this effort with an air as if it was the highest act of gallantry known.

"Oh, you must, really," said Mrs. Talbot, decidedly, and stopping short in the doorway.

Mr. Lumley looked at her from head to foot in deep admiration. Olivia was gazing fondly at her mother, and thinking how handsome in figure and brilliancy *she* was. The light played on her fine hair, complexion, and the graceful arch of her neck. Even Mr. Lumley wondered at the "preservation."

"Well," he said, shaking his head, good-humouredly, "someway the name *has* slipped out of my memory. I know so many people just merely met in that fashion. But it will come back to me."

"I shall expect you to tell me," she said, turning away.

Then the two gentlemen sat down, and "drew in" the chairs close to the fire, and Old Dick Lumley unpacked a little private and scandalous wallet of stories, such as these old fellows carry about with them, and from the choiceness and rarity of what they offer, keep up their credit with the men, and old ladies not too nice. These related to conquests and "awkwardnesses," and what is described in a newspaper as, "a most painful occurrence in a family of distinction." In the middle of which Mr. Lumley suddenly called out, "Ah! I have the name! I knew it would come back. I never lose anything altogether. Suppose we go upstairs."

Beauty Talbot felt that they were on a subject in which he was an expert, and would have liked to add some old experiences of his own, before he had gone into paddock, as it were, of more innocent sort. He always grew melancholy as he thought of past glories, the brilliant days of his life, the choice annual, bound in silk, now closed fatally, it would seem, for ever. He went upstairs a little depressed.

Mr. Lumley walked over briskly to Mrs. Talbot, who was in her most graceful sitting attitude, like the tinted Chalon rival. "I have got the name for you. Memory must obey your directions; there is no help for it. It *was* Hardman."

Mrs. Talbot half rose, from the start, a light was in her eye, "What! not *Rose?*"

"I declare, yes, though. How did you know?"

"Why, they are neighbours of ours."

"My goodness, no;" said Mr. Lumley, in a little alarm. "But I must ask you to be a little careful, it's so long ago, and things get magnified; and—really I am not sure."

But Mrs. Talbot was scarcely attending to him. She was in a reverie. When later, Mr. Lumley was taken up to the snuggest of bedchambers, she remained up by her own fireside, looking really brilliant, and like her picture.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ROSA'S HOUSEHOLD.

It being now known that the little settlement was to lose the agreeable —th Regiment and its colonel, who were ordered off to Malta, there was much regret expressed. The local paper expressed the conventional eulogium of "both officers and men having endeared themselves to all by their courteous bearing, soldier-like steadiness," &c. The "men" were of the usual type, getting drunk about as often or as seldom as other regiments; occasionally using their belts in a public-house row, and making themselves as acceptable as they could to the maids and wives of the place. Colonel Labouchere and his officers, however, deserved more commendation. They were really a "nice" set; gentlemanly, and with a simplicity and good nature which sits so attractively on a soldier. They had made many friends: had taxed their purses handsomely to return all civilities by many dinners and little entertainments. They were thus really regretted. Regiments, indeed, have quite as distinct dispositions as individuals; and in the service there are corps which are overbearing, empty-pated, and ungracious; extravagant, dissipated, and good-for-nothing; selfish, getting all they can and returning nothing; with not a few that are open-handed and amiable, and of the pattern of Colonel Labouchere's —th.

The commander himself often gives the tone. Sometimes he is a hardened old campaigner—a modern Dalgetty—whose life in love, war, money, and everything has been one steady forage party, in which he has made everything turn to "provend." To hear him at the head of his mess-table, giving sound advice to his children,—cautioning them, instructing them how to get all they can, and

smiling over anything that seems like "a do" of a civilian, is scarcely wholesome training. It is when he hears of some honest attachment in a young fellow that his fatal influence most prevails; and he grows brutal almost in his ridicule, and even threatens. "Leave her there," he says: "it's her own lookout: a scheming lot they all are. I know 'em well. I wonder you can be such a d——d fool! Come, sir; I'll have no pauper marriages in my regiment. No women hoisted on the baggage-carts coming after us. Leave her! and serve her right."

The others, well trained by these excellent lectures, join in the contemptuous cry. The youth grows abashed, and the victim generally is left. "Bless your lucky stars in your prayers, if you say 'em, that I saved you, my boy, from that parson's daughter. She's gone off by this time with some attorney's clerk."

Of quite a different sort was Labouchere—a man more like an agreeable country gentleman than a stern chief of a regiment. In unmarried men of his time of life and of his character, and in that service, there is a certain charm. Indeed, a certain famous and witty lady has said that no man ever could begin to be agreeable until forty-five years old. So have young ladies been heard to declare that they admire this class of man something grave enough to look up to, and yet quite familiar enough to associate with and love. The colonel's age was not so much as this; he was liked by all, though there were but faint hopes of his being secured in the honourable tie of marriage. It was understood that there had been some early disappointment, which had driven him from the plan of entering the church into the army, where he had, perhaps, hoped—so the young ladies arranged it—for an early death.

He had been foremost in encouragement of the hospitality of his corps, and stimulated those drawings on their modest resources which furnished forth—not coldly, by any means—their repeated luncheons and balls. His subscription was always the handsomest. The good people of the country, seeing him always with the Talbot family, arranged, as the manner of such is, that he had designs on Miss Livy. In such a society the presence of motive is always insisted on for the most indifferent action,—as well dance a valse without a partner, as do an act without a motive.

When news of this farewell entertainment was spread abroad there was sincere regret. At The Towers Mrs. Hardman received the card, and brought it in to her husband in his gilt study, as it really might be called. There he affected a ministerial air of office: answering "my letters," receiving interviews with "my servants,"

and, very often, with the duke's coachman, who had become very exacting and exorbitant in his demands, and, on the slightest demur, would present his resignation, like a pistol, at the head of his employer. How that employer longed and prayed that he could have *genuine* work of the real something official, or *quasi* official, membership—the most trifling office. But, then, a contest was fearful to think of; and, it being known that he had money, his very presence at any borough was a challenge. He was willing to give a certain sum, but actually hesitated at a thousand or so more; for meanness, avarice, and the foolish improvidence which will lose the thousand pounds already spent, rather than try and save it by two hundred more, all sat together side by side in his miserable soul. He spent, and then grew unhappy and saved. His house was really only a theatre: at most times dark, cold, mean, shabby, and, on a few occasions, lit up with a false and tinsel splendour, and the public admitted.

Yet he was romantic in a certain sense, and lived in quite a world of dreams. He was always picturing himself as his picture in the dining-room. He would sit hours in his study, besides having nothing else to do, with his elbows on the arms of his chair and his fingers touching, seeing himself in his official room. "I regret, gentlemen," he would say to the deputation, "it will be out of my power to recommend Government to do anything for you in this matter. Irrigation is, no doubt, a great matter; and the state can never be indifferent to the claims of waste lands. But I should deceive you and deceive myself were I to hold out any hopes," &c. He had a hundred various attitudes of this sort; and would, as it were, wake up wearied and disheartened. He had, however, an old mercantile pertinacity—an obtrusive offering of his good offices and services, which sometimes extracted, even for shame's sake, some return from those he so obliged. There was a certain "lord" whom he had met at some board, who had a son in Parliament and some influence himself, and on whom he had quite fastened. His perseverance was long-continued, without result; but at last he contrived to be of some practical use, by a sort of "fluke," as it is called, and succeeded in laying Lord Bindley under a positive obligation.

On this very morning we are speaking of, a letter had come from that nobleman, asking him to Bindley, the first house of genuine condition he had succeeded in breaking into. He held counsel in his room: his hand under his waistcoat, as in the famous picture. The lord—his lord—would now do everything for him; would get *him* office—a seat, perhaps—anything. This was all he asked; one foot

on the first round of the ladder, once *that* established, others should draw him up. With a really powerful mind such a "first round" *is* the first step to success, and not the victory itself; but with minds of this gentleman's pattern it seems the *last* round of the ladder. Their stupid vision confounds means with the ends. And thus Mr. Hardman sat in his pompous throne of an arm-chair, looking at space with an official scorn, refusing places and dismissing deputations. Everything would follow as a matter of course. Bindley was seriously embarrassed; he had a younger son, Reginald, the Hon. Reginald Bindley, who should marry *her*.

He sent for his daughter. It would be impossible to give an idea of his inflated reception of her. It was as one who should say, "What would you all be without *me;* I plan everything." Yet, on more ordinary occasions it was believed that he stood in awe of her. She had a quiet and superior manner, in presence of which he was abashed.

"Well, papa?" she said.

"I have sent for you," he answered, "to tell you of a very important matter. I have received a letter from my friend Lord Bindley, asking us to his house—to stay—to stop with him for a week. I expected this, and I knew he would. There will, of course, be all sorts of influential people there."

"Well, I suppose you will go and stay the week. Is there anything else?"

"Of course, you can't understand these things; it can hardly be expected, as you have taken no trouble in bringing it about, or leading up to, or planning——"

"Leading up to a visit—planning it?" she repeated, as if in astonishment.

"Yes. All seems quite smooth, and as of course, to you. You only enjoy the fruits. I have the labour. However, you and your mother will get ready to go."

"Of course," said she. "But I shall find no pleasure in such things; nor will you, papa. We shall be out of our sphere; these people will look down on us. No expenditure of money, no time or labour can ever triumph over that. I know it—see it in a thousand little things that escape you. With all that forcing our way and struggling, they are sure to turn at last, if we at all interfere with them; and a word or a look is enough to drive us down again. Ah! you know it is, papa; for I have seen you suffer from it."

"Oh, I don't follow this at all; you are talking of what you cannot understand."

"I have always said," she went on, as if talking to herself, "that it would be a far more honourable, and a far more successful, way of getting on, to try and rise in our own sphere; to try and cope with our own set, and compete with them. These lords don't suit us, and are of no use."

Mr. Hardman trembled with rage. "We shall go to Lord Bindley's on Monday next; so you will be ready. I did not send for you to hear *your* views, but to state mine. If you are a fool, I am not one."

"I could not go on Monday next," she said, quite calmly, her round eyes fixed on him passively, and without any defiance. "You know we have promised Colonel Labouchere for Wednesday."

"I don't care about that. Do you dare to oppose me in this way?" he said, rising up. "What is this coming to? What is the meaning of it?"

"I would not disoblige him for a thousand lords. He is going away the next week, and he is giving it for us—for *me*."

"Yes; that is another thing," said her father, very red and excited, and walking about. "A fine person you are taking up. But don't begin thwarting me, I warn you. I have put up with that game long enough in my own house."

"I don't want to thwart you, papa. But I am determined not to appear ungracious and ungenerous——"

"I don't want this at all. I don't choose to enter on it. If you like to take up with beggarly fellows of this sort you may; but you pack out of this, ma'am, and without a farthing; and we shall see what he will say *then*. Ah!" he saw her colouring, "I have you there, I think. That brings it to a focus."

"Yes; in the usual way," she repeated with scorn. "But I do not know what Colonel Labouchere's views are. I have no idea of 'taking up,' as you call it, with anyone. But I am determined that we must not appear ungracious or unkind, or give them *cause* to say that people of our condition are as *vulgar* in mind as they think us in other directions."

"This settles it!" he said in a fury. "Things are coming to a nice pass, indeed. Then, I tell you, I mean to have my way. It was I who made my money and my house, and you would be a beggar but for me. You shall do as I bid you, or take your own way; and if I wish you to marry anyone—Lord Bindley's son, the Hon. Reginald—you shall do it, or be a beggar."

She smiled. "The Honourable Reginald! When has he come on the scene? Where is he?"

"Nothing to you, or to anyone but me. You shall go with me to Bindley, and no bones about it."

"Not until Thursday morning, papa. I am sorry to go against your wishes in so trifling a point, but you will be glad of it yourself later."

He was speechless now. He had not a strong will, no force in bearing down opposition. He had only bluster, which is a brush of feathers.

So the matter ended—as she knew it would, and, as he had an uneasy feeling all through, it must—in his giving way. His poor pride would not let him do so openly, so he was mean enough to invent the arrival of "a put off" from Lord Bindley "until Thursday or Friday morning, whichever was most convenient." This he affected to read out. He might have seen in his daughter's face, only he had not courage to look there, how well she knew the untruth of this subterfuge. No wonder she was considered a "strange girl," or "the duke's coachman" pronounced her an "etarnal jibber." No one understood the secret of her singular mind, or what thoughts and theories were working within her—how sensitive she was on the score of the very thing she affected to make little account of, namely, their rise and their having "made their money." Not but that she would have accepted and adorned a poorer position; but it was the mean, paltry strain, the really "vulgar" aping of what was above, which had attended their family all through—from the very earliest days of her childhood—that had worked into her very inmost soul. This never-failing spectacle—this ogre, which never deserted them—was to her one of positive horror. It had embittered everything. Figuratively, as it were, she had seen her father struggling, suffering, agonising, crawling on all-fours, to win "a shake-hands," or "shake-finger" even, from a person only two rounds on the ladder above him. When he was the small partner, with a small house, he was crawling and agonising to be noticed by his gentleman neighbour. It took him a whole year of labour and meannesses to get this gentleman to dine with him—a person who would have been glad, on a week's acquaintance, to have a plain, honest man, who had made his own money, sitting at his table. The gentleman was disgusted with the mixed servility and arrogance of his host, and never dined with him, or had *him* to dine, again. When he grew wealthier, and had plate, there was the baronet, whom he worked as hard to gain, and almost failed as egregiously in that case, except that the baronet had some object in view, and stomached "the *offensive vulgarity* of the fellow, thrusting his staring, silver

Birmingham stuff on a gentleman in that way." In that household there were no soft pleasures, no tranquil current of smooth life, drifting onwards; and the young girl, as she moved upward, lived as on a stage, with deception and trickeries all about, and meanness and bitterness and sourness (carefully concealed from the audience), hollowness, jealousies, and quarrelling. Had she started under other conditions, she would have been a warm, even romantic girl, with prodigious sense, and even genius; and had her dull, low, boor of a father wit enough to learn something and forget a good deal, he would have found her a better auxiliary than all his plate, and daubed gilding, and powdered servants. She might have led him gently and successfully on to those charming and select *parterres* for the *entrée* to which he would almost have given one of his eyes. She would have done a thousand times more for him than his duke's coachman, and the wretched machinery which that figure represented. The vulgar pride of the "fellow," for such he was, prevented him seeing anything; and the truth was, he had a jealous suspicion of this power of hers, and he would have almost preferred to have remained as he was than be indebted to her. From her childhood, then, at every turn, she was thus met; every honest impulse turned back, turned in upon herself,—just as a painstaking gardener would lop and clip a luxuriant bush. Every hour almost of her life had been marked by some such check. There was no kindly and genial cultivation; everything was dry, cold, hard, miserable, uninteresting. The only breaks were the victorious acquisition of "shake-hands," or a call even, from some of the illustrious above; and the coarse jubilation, the arrogant exultation was as bad. With surprisingly quick eyes she looked on, and like the blind, whose sense of touch is preternaturally sharpened, her vision, before which there was a cloud at home, became sharpened as she looked abroad; and it was like a revelation, as every moment she saw, or guessed at, the looks of contempt, of meaning, of amusement, as her father made his fruitless and contemptible efforts. And this feeling of being quite degraded produced in her a hostility, a bitter rage against the world, a wish to punish, to indemnify herself for what she *felt was deserved*, yet what she resented. This was the secret of her character, of her manner, of a slow and ever-burning resentment, and what also made people say she was "a strange sort of girl;" and it is for this reason that so much time has been given to her description.

Therefore it was that to the family of "Beauty Talbot," and for the "Lady" of Beauty Talbot, she had a special repulsion. The clear eyes of the well-trained lady of fashion seemed to read off the

whole story of their life, as from a well-printed book. No one knew what agony this process was to her, no one could guess it. The quick eyes and quick ears saw and heard the revealed piece of vulgarity, the burst of "low" nature gushing forth, the grave face with the smile of amusement and contempt, scarcely concealed, nay, even the sense of enjoyment in these escapades; all tortured the heart of the manufacturer's daughter. She grew at last to regard the other as a dreadful devilish enemy, because associated with such *refined* tortures. Nor was it surprising that the other lady, conscious of this power, should amuse herself by the exhibition, and find in the exercise of this Indian-like torture, an assertion of her superiority in those country districts, and reflected old, old triumphs. The son had much of this sensitiveness rubbed off by mess, not military life. He was very little at home, and did not see much of the ways of his father. Had the brother and sister joined forces, the rebellion would not, perhaps, have overpowered her state; but would certainly have led to a break-up of the whole. For her father had no decency in his resentments, and, to carry some petty household point, would not scruple to exhibit his animosity before the whole public, and shamelessly "gird" at his daughter in a low, brutal way, with gills glowing, and fishy eyes flaming. Sooner than give in, on some wretched point, where his dignity—this with his child—was concerned, he would have had a scandal, a turning out of doors. He did not know the refined art of hiding the wolf of a domestic quarrel under one's coat or cloak; nor could he with smiles allow the brute to gnaw his entrails out, sooner than reveal to others the discredit. This Spartan self-sacrifice is the highest the world can expect; and though in this matter of the ball he would have pushed affairs to extremity, the sacrifice of her visit altogether affected his selfishness too nearly, and he consented to the compromise. This, then, was the atmosphere, malaria rather, of that household: with all their wealth they were poor, with all the struggling to rise, they remained low, with all their luxuries they had no enjoyment of comforts, though the minds of some of the household often possessed the idea that it was something like that conventional "Hell upon Earth."

## CHAPTER IX.

### "AD MISERICORDIAM."

THE morning of this ball, which even for persons in the district who had long ceased to care for such entertainments, had an interest, from the very rarity, Old Dick Lumley went out for a walk, to keep himself in health and tone. He did not mind going by himself, as he could walk with an extraordinary and unnatural rapidity. This process he fancied kept that dreadful enemy of his, "Old Time"—the thought of a worse one he never let near him—effectually at a distance. People were amused to see his brisk, jerking figure rattling along at express speed. Here he went by, quite blown with his exertion, in a young man's wide-awake, a light lounging suit, and his gaudy tie. He always said that "you can wear what would be considered staring vulgar colours, if you make it a habit, part of yourself, as it were." He, too, was looking forward to the ball. As he was returning home, very wheezy indeed after his exercise, he noted the great coach, gaudy and heavy, which seemed to quite fill up the little enclosure, and whose wheels had torn absolute trenches in the soft gravel. The great horses looked embarrassed, as if they had got into some little inconvenient cage or enclosure. The duke's coachman was on the box. Miss Hardman had come to pay a visit of state to Mrs. Talbot. She had been there about a quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Talbot had a grim look, quite unlike the elegant vacuity of the Chalon picture, as she went in. She assumed she was going to battle. Yet she was surprised at being met with quite a deferential and submissive air. The look on Mrs. Talbot's face seemed to say, "What an extraordinary visitor! you have paid your formal visit already, and it has been duly returned; we honoured you by going to your dinner. You are not going to encroach now?" The accompaniment to this was an air of cold insolence in which, as mentioned, she was unrivalled. The other, for a moment, returned it, and seemed inclined to join battle. Mrs. Talbot, waiting for her to explain the object that had brought her there. In a cold way that showed that her heart was not in the subject, though she was trying to make herself agreeable. Rose Hardman spoke of the event of the time, the military ball. "You, of course, are going?" she asked, "Colonel Labouchere told me so."

There was a proprietorship in her tone that Mrs. Talbot did not like.

"I suppose so," she said; "it seems to be an event of vast im

portance. It convulses the country far and near. So he is leaving? The old story, 'they love and they ride away!' From the little drummer, even, up to the field officer. What grief, what tears there will be!"

The other was listening abstractedly. "Our maid," she said, quite seriously and naturally, "is sighing after a faithless corporal lover."

"Then your father, who is so rich, would do a charitable act in buying his discharge and setting them up. But it is always the poor people who do such acts of generosity, not your millionaires. Though I should not blame him after that funny expedition he made here the other day. It was so goodnatured of him; but there was a simplicity about the proceeding that has amused me ever since. The great carriage and the picture carried out; we did not know what was coming next."

Rosa's eyes flashed. "Goodnature seems always ridiculous. It was meant well, I know." Then she seemed to put a restraint on herself.

"It was so droll," went on Mrs. Talbot, in polite enjoyment. "I did not know what to make of it. It was very kind and all that; but I am surprised your father would not have known. I could not have accepted such a present after a few hours' acquaintance."

"My father," said the girl, calmly, "is a simple, rough man, and you know by honourable ways he has become what he is. To raise himself as he has done requires virtues and gifts that are honourable, and rare, and must be respected. Now, what I would ask you, and what I have come to ask you for, is this. You have seen what is called fashionable life, and know all the refinements of ceremonial. They are, as far as I can see, merely on the surface; but be that as it may, I am sure you will not refuse me this."

It was strange the instinctive dislike Mrs. Talbot had to this girl. That cold superior gaze challenged her. She felt her lip curling, and something prompted her to exercise her tongue.

"What is coming?" she went on. "Good gracious, this solemnity is quite alarming. You are not going to ask me to accept a picture, are you?"

Rosa coloured; but again restrained herself.

"I say," she went on, "we are of the 'Newly rich class,' as the French say; and we have not had experience of many things, which those more fortunate in their birth and education have been gifted with. They may be advantages or not—I cannot tell. But there are redeeming things, and in this district, this little place, I would ask you to be forbearing and generous to my father and to our household. For these things are felt acutely, trifling as they are."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Talbot, growing nettled at "being preached to" by the girl. "This is growing quite melodramatic! I really don't follow you, for of course you have learned, or at least your father has, that everyone in this world must take their chance, and not be *too* sensitive."

"It is for *him*, not for us! There can be no pleasure in telling things about, and holding honest people up as ridiculous, and," she added, earnestly and significantly, "I could repay you in a way that you might like."

"Repay me!" repeated the lady of the house, haughtily; "repay *me*, Miss Hardman? I am at a loss to understand you. This is nearly as amusing as Mr. Hardman's picture."

Rosa looked at her with scorn. Suddenly was announced at the door, "Mr. Lumley!" and in fluttered and bustled that cheerful gentleman. As Rose Hardman turned pale and half rose, Mrs. Talbot looked with smiling triumph on the situation. She really had instinctive dislike to the girl. "Mr. Lumley, Miss Hardman," she said.

It was hard to surprise Old Dick Lumley, or, at least, make him *show* surprise. He had great tact, too, and at once fell into a neutral tone which might express that he had known her well, or had just met her in a crowd. It was indifferent, and no one could decide. Dick Lumley was rattling on about his walk, and the fine air, and about all he saw, and the clergyman who asked him in "to have a glass of wine," and how the clergyman's wife was curiously connected with his dear old Lady Hubbard—"so we got on famously." The truth was, we might set Mr. Lumley down in any district of the kingdom, and he would be certain to "root out" some one connected with a "dear Lady Hubbard." This amazing charm is given to few, and is worth vast sums of money; while there are many who might be in the same hotel with their own father and mother, and not find it out. He was too adroit to recal their acquaintance; but Mrs. Talbot did "You told us, you know, you had met this lady in Ireland, I think."

"Yes; long ago, though," said Dick Lumley, bowing to Miss Hardman with a confidential air, that said, "Ah! Traitor! you are safe." "The quantities of young ladies I meet, it is amazing. The mammas bring them out now, in flocks, five at a time. Like old Lady Annible. It confuses a man, and it's not fair."

"Yes,—you told us of that Mr. Strachey's house in Ireland," she went on, pitilessly.

Dick Lumley was quite a match for her. In his walk he had seen The Towers, and respected it, as an establishment. He had asked and learned a good deal about it also. The carriage and horses

spoke for themselves. So did the Duke's coachman, with whom, had he chosen, he could have found out some mysterious *rapport*. He was much provoked he had been betrayed into that foolish story. He would be more careful in future: alas, during these months he was wagging on to eighty. "My dear Mrs. Talbot, I was a devoted slave of a certain young lady at that time, and she certainly recals to me Miss Hardman—a cousin?" he asked, in an insinuating way.

Rosa tossed her head; then rose to go. "I thought," said Mrs. Talbot, "Miss Hardman had come to offer me a picture which Mr. Hardman was good enough to surprise me with——"

Rosa, as she said "Good morning," gave her a look there was no mistranslating, which meant "You shall repent this, you have made me humble myself in vain!" then swept out, and was borne away in her great carriage. Mr. Lumley said, gravely, "O come; I say, that wasn't fair on me. A fine girl, too! I tell you it can't be the same, now that I think of it. You oblige me, my dear Mrs. Talbot, to find that out. But I tell you what, don't offend that girl, if you have not done so already—eh?"

"O!" said Mrs. Talbot, contemptuously rustling her dress, "the low creatures! Why, I could have them brushed off, as I could get my maid to brush the dust off my boots. I should like nothing better than to put the whole set down; it would be like my going-out days, when I put down so many!"

But Old Lumley was pettish. Any risk of annoyance, any possible loss of dinners, stopping in houses, &c., was so disagreeable, and as he thought, "chopped a bit out of his life." "Such a childish thing, going about repeating things, and to the very girl herself! Dragging me into such a business; quite a want of taste and tact!" Thus Old Lumley afterwards grumbled to himself as he dressed for the ball. But with all the satisfaction of a little malice, he nodded to Mrs. Talbot. "That's a clever and dangerous woman, that, trader's daughter as she is. I'd be rather afraid of her, and if I was you I would give her the right hand of fellowship, or even, ha! ha! the tip of the little finger of toleration, ha! ha!"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Talbot. "She only wants to be kept in her place. And I think I have given these people a lesson that will keep them in their place all the time they are in the parish," and Mrs. Talbot, smiling complacently at herself in the glass, and leaning on her arched wrist, felt not a little the flush of a triumph. She had the true training, after all; she looked and was a high-bred, handsome, elegant woman still.

(*To be continued.*)

# NOTES & INCIDENTS.

GOOD-BYE to the mystery which has of late been wrapped around the great pyramid of Egypt, and to the "extravagant nonsense" which has been written about the divine origin of weights and measures. The Ordnance Survey folks have dispelled the recent fanciful theories of inspired mensuration, by a few accurate facts. Sir Henry James, in a terse statement just printed, gives us the latest measures of the whole four sides of the pyramid's base, as marked by the corner sockets in the solid rock, from which it appears that the average length was 9120 inches; which is exactly equal to 500 Egyptian cubits, according to the best estimate of the cubit's length. This round number Cheops hit upon without knowing or caring about the earth's dimensions. The inclination of the sides, says Sir Henry James, was determined solely by making the rise at the corners 9 feet in height to 10 in horizontal length, which gradient may have been determined upon as a convenient one for "setting out," or, presuming that Cheops was a bit of a geometrician, because a pyramid with this rise has this property—that its height is to the periphery of the base as the radius to the circumference of a circle. The builders fixing upon the 9 to 10 rise, never bothered themselves about the exact degrees and minutes at which the sides inclined. As to the entrance passages with their (supposed) astronomical angles, our authority shows that they were simply made at an inclination a little greater than that known as the "angle of rest," because gigantic blocks of stone had to be slid down them; and down the selected incline this could be done with safety and little exercise of pushing power. So palpable are Colonel James's deductions, that he commends his pamphlet to the school-room; but with its excellent photo-zincographs of the pyramids it will be welcome in higher places.

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WE nineteenth-century Britons, practical common-sense folk as we profess to be, ought to amend our manners in the matter of prefixes to our letters. It is high time that that universal but meaningless "Dear Sir" should be in great part abolished. Droll as it may appear, the "Dear" is tolerable only because it is entirely without meaning. Attach signification to it, and it becomes either spooneyism or affront; the former if it is addressed to an intimate friend, the latter if to a comparative stranger. In your whole range of friends and acquaintances, how many are there whom you regard as *dear*, in any sense of the term? Our language is not

so devoid of blandishing adjectives but that we might find one to suit any degree of friendship or esteem, high or low—that is, if an adjective is a necessity; for a simple "Sir," or the addressed one's name, with a courteous or flattering subscription, would be sufficient in many cases. Our forefathers were liberal enough in their selection of prefixes; according as their correspondents were respected, esteemed, honoured, revered, beloved, so they addressed them. Now-a-days if we open a letter and find it headed "Honoured Sir," we expect a begging petition or a toadying request to follow. Why cannot we all write to as we think of one another? And when we have reformed the heads of our letters, we may with reason attack the tails, and find substitutes for the "obedient servant" and the "yours truly," which are so often absurdly misused. If I write to my tailor, custom makes me say I am his obedient servant, which is a falsehood.

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No wonder the dwellers in towns almost instinctively seek sea-air whenever business ties are in any way relaxed. The fact is, that citizens are well-nigh poisoned month after month by the bad chemicals poured into the atmosphere by domestic and manufacturing fires; and it is only on or near the sea that you can breathe the unsophisticated breezes of heaven. Rain-water contains the washings of the air through which it falls; test it, and you are testing the stuff that you take into your lungs. Now, when the cloud-drops from over the sea are analysed, they are found to contain nothing but a little common salt, which won't hurt anybody. As you go inland they yield sulphuric acid, in combination with mineral substances; and as large towns are approached these adulterants rise to formidable proportions. At Manchester, for instance, as much as seven grains of acid have been collected from a gallon of rain-water, a quantity fatal to vegetation, and certainly not without effect upon human health and the rate of mortality. No wonder, too, that our stone buildings so soon decay, and our public monuments wear such woe-begone aspects. Wherever acidulated rain is caught, the cause of it is traceable to coal-burning or chemical manufactures. These particulars come out of inquiries into the working of the Alkali Act of 1863; inquiries which are still being pursued, and which will by-and-bye tell us something certain and important about the relative healthiness of towns and suburbs.

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Some of the latest applications of electricity are worth budgeting, as instances of our readiness to ride a willing horse to death. We shall have literally, if not logically, ridden electricity to death when we apply it to destroy life; and the suggestion of this application has really been made, both against man and beast. Instead of the barbarous system of hanging offenders, a humane philosopher proposes that we should give them an electrical shock, powerful enough to kill without pain. There is no denying the fitness of this system for a scientific nation. But if the law

will not take human life by lightning, it might compel cattle slaying thereby; a battery and coil would be far more effective, and far less cruel, tools than the pole-axe or the sticking-knife. I suppose the angler would consider his occupation gone if he had to fish with an electric line and a torpor-producing bait; yet the whaler has a notion that he can catch his monsters upon an analogous plan. From experiments upon lesser fish, it is anticipated that a whale would be stupefied by such a shock as could be given from a moderate battery carried in a boat, with the aid of a harpoon with double points connected to the battery by conducting wires. The harpoon, upon striking the whale, would complete a circuit through its two points, and electrify the fish to torpor point, thus rendering his capture easy: at least, so the inventor says. As to the electric light, we in England are shamefully neglecting it, in the opinion of other nations. The French are trying it everywhere, and twitting every maritime country with not using it on shipboard, improving the occasion whenever a collision occurs at sea. One American Railway Company is about to light up its tunnels *a giòrno* by electricity, and illuminate the awkward curves of the line at night. The engines, too, are to carry electric lamps. Mr. Morse, famed in telegraphy, is experimenting upon the production of electricity by the friction of the carriage wheels at their bearings. The medical galvanists—quacks, mostly—are asking for greater faith in their asserted cures. One of them, in France, declares that he can render children, bodily and mentally weak, physically and intellectually strong. The dull girl or the stupid boy can be brightened, and their aptitude for learning vastly increased, by stirring their brains with electricity. There may be something in this: clever surgeons know that the fluid stimulates the action of sluggish nerves and muscles of the body. Why not those of the brain? Schoolmasters, lay aside the birch, and buy a battery!

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ARE letter-carriers so ill paid that they cannot get enough to eat? and do they in consequence ever devour the missives they are engaged to deliver? This is why I ask. Some months ago a friend of mine was married, and, according to custom, his representatives sent small slices of wedding cake through the post to his friends and relatives about the country. Curious to relate, in several cases *the parcels were never delivered*, although they were correctly addressed, properly packed, and fully prepaid. Now, in any batch of twenty or thirty ordinary letters, I should say it rarely happens that as many as four or five miscarry. Where did my friend's cake go? He can't help thinking that the postmen smelt the packets, and put them elsewhere than into letter-boxes. Or did some vicious postmaster crush the parcels into utter spoliation with his office stamp? I once knew one of this class (he is dead now), who was wont to vent his anger at the extra work entailed by valentines by smashing with his die anything like a fancy box that came under his hand on the 14th of February. You will say he was an ill-tempered brute; but does not

postal business make men ill-tempered? What is the proportion of civil to uncivil postmasters? I imagine that they are forced to be ill-mannered by the pestering that they receive from idlers, gossips, and trivial question-askers, if they are civil. Talking of postal matters, I may ask a brace of questions of those whom they may concern. First, would it not be advisable to construct letter-boxes upon the principle of some mouse-traps, so that letters could not be abstracted from them by long arms or pointed sticks? I know a box—doubtless one of a thousand—which could be emptied by a long-armed child or a small-handed man. Second, how long will it be before our rich Post-Office gives us something better than the present nauseous and poisonous penny labels? Poor little countries and states give their peoples as good ink and gum on cheap stamps as we do on dear ones.

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THERE were signs in the sun in July that made the country folk of France and Italy talk of expecting a grand catastrophe, a plague, a war, or even the end of the world. The luminary was not eclipsed, but for many days its eye had a sickly glare; it was darkened as it was at the time of the Crucifixion, and at the death of Julius Cæsar. There have been many instances recorded of these solar obfuscations. In 536 there was one which continued a whole year, and in Pope Leo the third's time "the sunne lost his light for eighteen days, so that the shippes often on the sea wandered to and fro." At the time of the battle of Mülbach (April, 1547) the sun appeared for three days as if suffused with blood, the stars remaining visible, according to the historians. These are but a few cases: of course when the darkening has occurred at or about the time of a calamity on earth, the two have been linked together as related or interdependent events. The obscurations have a little puzzled philosophers: it has been thought that they were real failures in the light emitting power of the sun: then they have been referred to clouds of volcanic or cosmical dust floating in our higher atmosphere, and to swarms of meteors coursing between us and the sun. But a recent investigator, Professor Roche of Montpellier, who has carefully discussed every recorded case, concludes that the cause is purely atmospheric, the veiling medium being what is called a dry-fog—a mist without aqueous components. But a mist of this nature is a mystery; no one can account for its origin unless recourse is had to smoke or dust in the air. The meteorologists of Italy look to these matters to explain the solar paleness that has lately scared their peasantry. It was not witnessed in England.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## THE GREAT CHESHIRE POLITICAL CHEESE.

MR. URBAN,—How few English or American readers can see or hear the name, *Cheshire*, without thinking of the rich and golden cheese associated with it! The mind, at the mere mention of the word, darts off to those great doubloons of the dairy which so distinguish the famous pastoral county of England. So indissoluble is the association, that the eldest daughter of the county in America, Cheshire, in Connecticut, a little Puritan town, felt, in taking and wearing the name, that next to the religious faith of its English mother, it ought to do honour to her reputation as a cheese-making community. And this it did. The Connecticut Cheshire was hardly a dozen years old, when it became noted as a dairy town, and turned out cheeses which would have done credit to Old England's Cheshire. Nor was this all, nor the best. So fully and faithfully did the early settlers of the place cherish this relationship and association, that when a small colony of them pushed their way up into the hilly interior of Massachusetts, they not only called the town they planted and peopled there Cheshire, but they made it more famous still for cheese. One, the joint production of all the dairies in the town, was the greatest prodigy probably that was ever recorded in the history of milk and its manufacture; especially taking the motive into consideration.

Early in the present century, to use a popular saying, "politics ran high" in America. The nation was hardly a dozen years old as an independent State. Its most vital institutions were in process of erection. There was a sharp division of opinion between the chief architects. One set were for building all the States into a rigid quadrangle, with the national capitol in the centre overshadowing and dominating them all. These were the "Federalists." The Jeffersonian builders were for lowering the capitol by a story, and for giving the individual States more local independence and more unrestricted sunlight of liberty. These were called "Democrats;" and the contest between the two parties waxed exceedingly fierce. From the first a religious element was thrown into it, and made it glow with the hottest combustion of theological odium. Thomas Jefferson, the great democratic leader, was charged with being an infidel of the French revolutionary school. Never did the "No Popery" tocsin stir a Protestant community to deeper emotion than did this war-cry against democrats and democracy in the New England States. The Puritan pulpits thundered against them and their chief with all the large liberty of pulpit thunderbolts. Only elect Thomas Jefferson President of

the United States, and there would be an *auto-da-fé* of all their Bibles, hymn-books, and sermons; the altars of New England would be demolished, and all their religious institutions would be swept away by an inrushing and irresistible flood of French infidelity.

In the little town of Cheshire, nestling among the middle hills of Massachusetts, a counter voice of great power was lifted up from its pulpit against this flood of obloquy and denunciation that rolled and roared against Jefferson and democracy. One of the most remarkable men that ever filled a pulpit stood up in this, and beat back the fierce onset of this odium against the great political chief he honoured with unbounded trust and admiration. This was Elder John Leland, one of the most extraordinary preachers produced by those stirring times. He was a plain, blunt man, of keen common sense, trained for action by a combination of extraordinary circumstances to that extent that he could hardly be called a self-made man. His whole reading and thinking were concentrated upon two great books—the Bible and Human Nature. He knew by heart every chapter and verse of these two vital volumes of instruction. The rude and rough energy of his mind, which his religious faith did not soften, made him a kind of Boanerges in the New England village in which he was born. But these characteristics assumed a more pronounced type under the peculiar discipline to which he was subsequently subjected. He commenced preaching in Virginia while still a very young man: and it was to him the pursuit of usefulness under difficulties, which few ministers in civilized, and few missionaries in uncivilized, countries ever met and overcame. Society in Virginia and the other slave States at the time was morally in a kind of inchoate form, and "the poor whites" were more ignorant and demoralised than at a later period of their condition. To gather up a congregation of such a motley character, especially in the rural and thinly settled districts, and to fix their attention upon religious truth or serious subjects of reflection, was a most arduous undertaking. At first the young men, he said, would gather together in the large square pews in the corners of the church and commence playing cards, being screened from general observation by the high wooden boarding of their pews. To get their ears, he had to resort to very eccentric anecdotes and illustrations, in which he managed to convey some religious instruction. What was at first a necessity became at last a habit; and his pulpit stories, and his odd but impressive manner of telling them, soon attracted large congregations, and made him famous as a preacher throughout the State. He was a very sedate man, and his grave countenance never relaxed or changed expression when he was relating anecdotes that melted his audience into tears, or half convulsed them with suppressed laughter. Still he never fell into such wild oddities of manner or matter as distinguished the unique and inapproachable Lorenzo Dow; but, with all his eccentricities, he maintained to the last a consistent Christian character and deportment. Indeed, he said, towards the close of his life, that he never smiled but once in the pulpit, and the occasion was enough to justify a slight departure from the rigid rule of gravity. He was preaching on a very warm Sabbath in Virginia. The church was situated on a large green, and the great door, which was

directly opposite the pulpit, was thrown wide open to admit the air. "I saw," said he, "a man come staggering along and take a seat on the steps directly in front of me. He soon fell asleep and commenced nodding. A large goat that was feeding on the green took it as a challenge, drew back, and prepared himself; then, coming up with great force, he struck the poor man in the head and knocked him almost into the church. I then had to stop, for it broke the thread of my argument, and I could but smile, while I was recovering my equilibrium, and the poor drunkard was scrambling out of the way of his antagonist." Surely few clergymen could have blamed him for that temporary smile under the circumstances.

Such was the preacher who made an intimate acquaintance with Thomas Jefferson while he was in Virginia. The great father of American democracy reciprocated the Elder's esteem, and unfolded to him his public life, and all the principles and opinions on which he sought to base the structure and institutions of the young Republic. Leland returned to New England, and settled down as pastor for life in Cheshire, Massachusetts. Soon after he commenced his ministry there, the country was shaken from north to south and east to west with the most vehement agitation that it has ever experienced. Jeffersonian Democracy or Hamiltonian Federalism was the question and issue depending upon the struggle. Leland threw himself into it with all the energy of his political convictions and mental life. He gave the Federal preachers a Roland for their Oliver, and more too. His pulpit shook with the thunder of his rough and ready eloquence. Never did a mesmerist so shape and control the will of a subject as he did the mind of his whole congregation and parish. The influence of his opinions and eloquence reached far out beyond the limits of the town, and impressed thousands. Cheshire to a man followed his lead, and followed his convictions long after he ceased to lead or live. For several generations they were born and they died democrats of the Jeffersonian school. No presidential election in America, before or since, ever evoked or represented more antagonisms. The religious element was the most irrepressible and implacable of them all. The whole religious community in New England especially had recoiled from the principles and sentiments of the French revolutionists. Most of the New England ministers led or sought to lead their congregations against the enemy that was coming in like a flood. If the term may be allowed, they sandwiched the name of Jefferson between Voltaire and Tom Paine. Democrats and infidels became equal and interchangeable terms of opprobrium. But the Puritan politicians were outvoted, and Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States by a large and most jubilant majority.

No man had done more to bring about this result than Elder John Leland, of the little hill town of Cheshire, in Massachusetts. Besides influencing thousands of outsiders in the same direction, he had brought up his whole congregation and parish to vote for the father of American democracy. He now resolved to set the seal of Cheshire to the election in a way to make the nation know there was such a town in the republican Israel. He had only to propose the method to command the

unanimous approbation and indorsement of his people. And he did propose it from the pulpit to a full congregation on the Sabbath. With a few earnest words, he invited every man and woman who owned a cow to bring every quart of milk given on a certain day, or all the curd it would make, to a great cider mill belonging to their brave townsman, Captain John Brown, who was the first man to detect and denounce the treachery of Benedict Arnold in the Revolution. No Federal cow was allowed to contribute a drop of milk to the offering, lest it should leaven the whole lump with a distasteful savour. It was the most glorious day the sun ever shone upon before or since in Cheshire. Its brightest beams seemed to bless the day's work. With their best Sunday clothes under their white tow frocks came the men and boys of the town, down from the hills and up from the valleys, with their contingents to the great offering in pails and tubs. Mothers, wives, and all the rosy maidens of those rural homes, came in their white aprons and best calico dresses to the sound of the church bell that called young and old, rich and poor, to the great co-operative fabrication. In farm wagons, in Sunday wagons, and all kinds of four-wheeled and two-wheeled vehicles, they wended their way to the general rendezvous all exuberant with the spirit of the occasion. It was not only a great, glad gathering of all the people of the town, but of half of their yoked oxen and family horses; and these stepped off in the march with the animation of a holiday.

An enormous hoop had been prepared and placed upon the bed of the cider press, which had been well purified for the work, and covered with a false bottom of the purest material. The hoop, resting on this, formed a huge cheese-box, or segment of a cistern, and was placed immediately under the three powerful wooden screws which turned up the massive head-block above. A committee of arrangement met the contributors as they arrived, and conducted them to the great white, shallow vat, into which they poured their contingents of curd, from the large tubs of the well-to-do dairyman to the six-quart pail of the poor owner of a single cow. When the last contribution was given in, a select committee of the most experienced dairy matrons of the town addressed themselves to the nice and delicate task of mixing, flavouring, and tinting such a mass of curd as was never brought to press before or since. But the farmers' wives of Cheshire were equal to the responsibility and duty of their office. All was now ready for the *coup de grace* of the operation. The signal was given. The ponderous screws twisted themselves out from the huge beam overhead with even thread and line. And now the whey ran around the circular channels of the broad bed in little, foamy, bubbling rivers. The machinery worked to a charm. The stoutest young farmers manned the long levers. The screws creaked, and posts and beam responded to the pressure with a sound between puff and groan. It was a complete success. The young men in their shirt sleeves, and flushed and moistened faces, rested at the levers, for they had moved them to the last inch of their force. All the congregation, with the children in the middle, stood in a compact circle around the great press. The June sun brightened their faces with its most genial beams, and brought into the happiest illumination the thoughts that beat in their hearts. Then Elder Leland, stand-

ing up on a block of wood, and with his deep-lined face overlooking the whole assembly, spread out his great, toil-hardened hands, and looking steadfastly with open eyes heavenward, as if to see the pathway of his thanksgiving to God, and the return blessing on its descent, offered up the gladness and gratitude of his flock for the one earnest mind that had inspired them to that day's deed, and invoked the Divine favour upon it and the nation's leader for whom it was designed. Then followed a service as unique and impressive as any company of the Scotch Covenanters ever performed in their open-air conventicles in the highland glens. "Let us further worship God," he said, "in a hymn suitable to this interesting occasion." What the hymn was, whether it was really composed for the ceremony, could now hardly be ascertained. But, as was then the custom, the Elder lined it off, with his grave, sonorous voice; that is, he read two lines at a time, which the congregation sung; then he gave out two more, thus cutting up the tune into equal bits, with good breathing spaces between them. The tune was *Mear*, which was so common in New England worship, that wherever and whenever public prayer was wont to be made, in church, school-house, or private dwelling, this was sure to be sung. It is a sober, staid, but a brave tune, fitted for a slow march on the uphill road of Christian life and duty, as the good people of New England found it in their experience.

Now, here was a scene worthy of the most graphic and perceptive pencil of the artist; and no English artist could do it to the life, unless he had actually seen with his own eyes, or could photograph in his own fancy, the dress, looks, and *pose* of that village congregation singing that hymn around the great cheese-press of Cheshire. The outer circle of ox carts, farm and Sunday wagons; the great red cattle that ruminated with half-shut eyes in the sun, and the horses tied in long ranks to the fences,—all this back-ground of the picture might well inspire and employ the painter's best genius. The occasion was not a sportful holiday. Nothing could more vividly and fully express the vigour of political life in the heart of a town's population. The youngest boys and girls that stood around that cheese-press knew the whole meaning of the demonstration, and had known it for six months and more. The earnest political discussion had run from the church-steps to the hearth-stone of every house, however humble, up and down those hills and valleys. The boys at their winter school had taken sides to sharpen the warfare, although they all went with the Elder and their parents in opinion. They shortened the appellations of the two political parties, and resolved themselves into *Dems.* and *Feds.*; though the most high-spirited boys were very loth to take the obnoxious name of *Feds.*, even as a make-believe. For two or three winter months at school, they had erected snow forts, and mounted upon their white walls the opponent flags of the two parties. From these they had sallied out into pitched battle. Many a young *Fed.* and *Dem.* had been brought down, or had the breath beaten out of his body in the cross-fire of snow-balls; some of which had been dipped in water and frozen to ice in the preceding night. Amid shouts and jeers, and garments rolled in snow, the village youngsters had fought these political battles from day to day and week to week; and now they stood around

the press with their parents and elder brothers, with as clear a perception and with as deep an interest as the best-read politicians of the town could have and feel in the demonstration. Such was the congregation in the midst of which Elder John Leland stood up and dedicated to the great political chief, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, the greatest cheese ever put to press in the New World or the Old. He then dismissed his flock with the benediction, with as solemn an air as if they had been laying the foundation of a church; and they all filed away to their homes as decorously and thoughtfully as if they had attended a religious service.

When the cheese was well dried and ready for use, it weighed *sixteen hundred pounds.* It could not safely be conveyed on wheels to its destination. About the middle of the following winter, when there was a good depth of snow all over the country, the great Cheshire was placed on a sleigh, and Elder Leland was commissioned to take the reins and drive it all the way to Washington. The distance was full five hundred miles, requiring a journey of three weeks. The news of this political testimonial had spread far and wide, and the Elder was hailed with varying acclamations in the towns through which he passed, especially in those where he put up for the night. The Federals squibbed him, of course, with their satirical witticisms; but they caught a Tartar in the Elder, who was more than a match for them in that line of humour. Arriving at Washington, he proceeded immediately to the White House, and presented his people's gift to President Jefferson, in a speech which the Elder only could make. He gave him some of the details of the battle they had fought for his election and reputation; how they had defended him from the odium and malicious slanders of the Puritans, and how they all, old and young, gloried in his triumph. He presented the cheese to him as a token of their profound respect, as their seal-manual to the popular ratification of his election. It was the unanimous and co-operative production of all the people of Cheshire. Every family and every cow in the town had contributed to it.

The President responded with deep and earnest feeling to this remarkable gift, coming from the heart of a New England population; receiving it as a token of his fidelity to the equal and inalienable rights of individual men and states. This portion of his speech has been preserved: "I will cause this auspicious event to be placed upon the records of our nation, and it will ever shine amid its glorious archives. I shall ever esteem it among the most happy incidents of my life. And now, my much respected reverend friend, I will, by the consent, and in the presence of my most honoured council, have this cheese cut, and you will take back with you a portion of it, with my hearty thanks, and present it to your people, that they may all have a taste. Tell them never to falter in the principles they have so nobly defended. They have successfully come to the rescue of our beloved country in the time of her great peril. I wish them health and prosperity, and may milk in great abundance never cease to flow to the latest posterity."

The steward of the President passed a long glittering knife through the cheese, and cut out a deep and golden wedge in the presence of Mr.

Jefferson, the heads of the departments, foreign ministers, and many other eminent personages. It was of a beautiful annatto colour, a little variegated in its appearance, owing to the great variety of curds composing it; and as it was served up to the company with bread, all complimented it for its richness, flavour, and colour; and it was considered the most perfect specimen of cheese ever exhibited at the White House. The Elder was introduced to all the members of the distinguished party, who testified warmly their admiration of such a token of regard to the chief magistrate of the nation from him and his people.

Having thus accomplished his interesting mission, Elder Leland set out on his return journey to Massachusetts. The great cheese and its reception had already become noised abroad, and he made a kind of triumphal march all the way back to Cheshire. On arriving there, there was another meeting, hardly second in attendance and interest to that around Captain Brown's cider-mill in the summer. The Elder recounted to his parishioners all the incidents of his reception, and presented to them the thanks of the President. Then they all partook of the great yellow wedge of their cheese, which they ate with double relish as the President's gift to them, as well as theirs to him. Thus, the little hill town of Cheshire, ratified, signed, and sealed the election of Thomas Jefferson, who has been called justly the father of American democracy. It was a seal worthy the intelligence, patriotism, and industry of a New England dairy town, and one which its successive generations will speak of with just pride and congratulation.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1869.

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## BY ORDER OF THE KING.

*(L'Homme qui Rit.)*

**A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY: BY VICTOR HUGO.**

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## PART II.—BOOK THE SECOND.

**Gwynplaine and Dea.**

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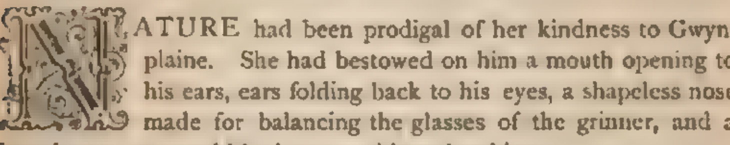
### CHAPTER I.

WHERE WE SEE THE FACE OF HIM WHOM WE HAVE HITHERTO SEEN ONLY IN HIS ACTS.



NATURE had been prodigal of her kindness to Gwynplaine. She had bestowed on him a mouth opening to his ears, ears folding back to his eyes, a shapeless nose made for balancing the glasses of the grinner, and a face that no one could look upon without laughing.

We have just said that nature had overwhelmed Gwynplaine with her gifts. But was it nature? Had she not been assisted?

Two slits allowed for eyes, a hiatus for a mouth, a mouldy-looking protuberance, with two holes for nostrils, a flattened face, all having for the result an appearance of laughter. It is certain that nature alone had never produced such perfection. Only, is laughter a synonym of joy? If in the presence of this mountebank—because that was his profession—the first impression of gaiety wore off, if this man were observed with attention, traces of art might be recognised.

Such a face could never have been created by chance, but must have resulted from intention. To be so highly finished was not in nature.

Man can do nothing to create beauty, but a great deal in producing ugliness. A Hottentot profile cannot be changed into a Roman outline, but of a Grecian nose you may make that of a Calmuck. It is sufficient to obliterate the root of the nose, and to flatten the nostrils. The dog Latin of the middle ages had not created for nothing the verb *denasare*.

Had Gwynplaine when a child been so worthy of attention that his face had been subjected to transmutation?

Why not? Needed there a greater motive than that of speculation as to his future exhibition?

According to all appearance, industrious manipulators of children had worked on this face. It seemed evident that a mysterious science, probably occult, which was to surgery what alchemy was to chemistry, had chiseled this flesh with a master hand at a tender age, and created this countenance with premeditation. This science, clever with the knife at cutting cartilages and ligatures, had enlarged the mouth, cut away the lips, laid bare the gums, distended the ears, cut the cartilages, displaced the eyelids and the cheeks, enlarged the zygomatic muscle, flattened the seams and the cicatrices, brought back the skin over the lesions whilst the face was thus stretched, making a powerful and profound piece of sculpture, which resulted in the mask Gwynplaine.

Man is not born thus.

Whatever had been the cause, the manipulation of Gwynplaine had succeeded admirably. Gwynplaine was a gift made by providence to dispel the sadness of man.

By what providence?

Is there a providence of demons as well as of God?

We put this question without answering it.

Gwynplaine was a mountebank. He was a public show. No such effect had ever before been produced. Hypochondriacs were cured by the sight of him alone. He was avoided by folks in mourning, because they were compelled, on seeing him, to laugh, without regard to their decent gravity. One day the executioner came, and Gwynplaine made him laugh. On seeing Gwynplaine everyone held his sides. He spoke, and they rolled on the ground. He was removed from chagrin as is pole from pole. Spleen at one end; Gwynplaine at the other.

Thus he rose rapidly in the fair ground and in the cross roads with the satisfactory renown of being a horrible man.

It was Gwynplaine's laugh which made others laugh, and yet he laughed not.

His face laughed; his thoughts did not.

The extraordinary face which chance or a special and grotesque trade had fashioned for him, laughed alone. Gwynplaine had nothing to do with it. The outside did not depend on the interior. This laugh which he did not make himself on his brow, on his eyelids, on his mouth, he could not remove. They had stamped for ever that laugh on his face.

It was automatic, and the more irresistible because it seemed petrified. No one could escape from this rictus. Two convulsions of the face are infectious; laughing and yawning. By virtue of the mysterious operation to which Gwynplaine had probably been subjected in his infancy, every part of his face contributed to this rictus; all his physiognomy led to that result, as a wheel centres in the nave. All his emotions, whatever they might have been, intensified this strange face of joy, or to speak more correctly, aggravated it.

Astonishment which might have held him, suffering which he might have felt, anger which might take possession of him, pity which might have moved him, would only increase this hilarity of his muscles. Had he wept, he had laughed; and whatever Gwynplaine was, whatever he wished to be, whatever he thought, from the moment that he raised his head, the crowd, if crowd there was, had before them this impersonation: an overwhelming burst of laughter.

It was that which we imagine of Medusa, but Medusa hilarious. All feeling or thought in the mind of the spectator was suddenly put to flight by this unexpected apparition, and laughter was inevitable. Antique art formerly placed on the outsides of the Greek theatre a joyous brazen face, called Comedy. This bronze semblance laughed and occasioned laughter, but remained pensive. All parody which borders on folly, all irony which borders on wisdom, were condensed and amalgamated in this face. The burthen of care, of disillusion, disquiet, and grief, was expressed in this impassive countenance, and resulted in the lugubrious total of mirth. One corner of the mouth was raised, in mockery of the human race; the other side, in blasphemy of the gods.

Men confronted this model of ideal sarcasm and exemplification of irony which each possesses internally; and the crowd, renewed ceaselessly around this fixed laugh, died away with delight before the sepulchral immobility of mirth.

One might have said that Gwynplaine was this dark, dead mask of ancient comedy, adjusted to the body of a living man. This infernal head of implacable hilarity he supported on his neck. What a weight for the shoulders of a man—an eternal laugh!

An eternal laugh!

Understand, and we will explain. The Manicheans believed that absolute power occasionally gave way, and that God sometimes abdicated for a short time. This must be understood also of the will. We do not admit that it can ever be utterly powerless. The whole of existence resembles a letter which is modified in the postscript. For Gwynplaine the postscript was this: by the force of his will, and by concentrating all his attention, and on condition that no emotion should come to distract and turn away the fixedness of his effort, he could manage to suspend the eternal rictus of his face, and to throw over it a kind of tragic veil, and then the spectator laughed no longer; he shuddered.

This exertion Gwynplaine scarcely ever made. It was a terrible effort, and an insupportable tension. Moreover, it happened that on the slightest distraction, or the slightest emotion, this laugh, driven back for a moment, returned with an impulse which was irresistible in proportion to the force of his adverse feeling.

With this exception, Gwynplaine's laugh was eternal.

On seeing Gwynplaine, all the world laughed. When they had laughed, they turned their heads. Women shrank from him with horror. The man was frightful. The joyous convulsion of laughter was as a tribute paid; they submitted to it gladly, but almost mechanically. Besides, when once the novelty of the laugh had passed over, Gwynplaine was insupportable for a woman to see, and impossible to contemplate. But he was tall, well-made, and agile, and no way deformed, excepting in his face.

This gave a presumption that Gwynplaine was rather a creation of art than a work of nature. Gwynplaine, beautiful in figure, had probably been beautiful in face. At his birth he probably had resembled other infants. They had left the body untouched, and retouched only the face.

Gwynplaine had been made to order,—at least, so it appeared. They had left him his teeth; teeth are necessary to a laugh. The death's head retains them. The operation performed on him must have been frightful. That he had no remembrance of it was no proof that it had not taken place. This surgical sculpture could never have succeeded excepting on a very young child, and consequently on one having little consciousness of what happened to him, and who might easily take a wound for a sickness. Besides this, we may remember that they had in those times means of putting patients to sleep, and of suppressing all suffering; only then it was called magic, now it is called anæsthesia. Besides this face, those who had brought

him up had given him the resources of a gymnast, and an athlete. His articulations, usefully displaced and fashioned to bending the wrong way, had received the education of a clown, and could, like the hinges of a door, move backward and forward. In appropriating him to the profession of mountebank nothing had been neglected. His hair had been dyed with ochre once for all. A secret which has been rediscovered at the present day. Pretty women use it, and that which was considered ugly formerly is now considered to embellish. Gwynplaine had yellow hair. The painting of this hair having probably been done by some corrosive preparation, had left it woolly and rough to the touch. These yellow bristles, rather a mane than a head of hair, covered and concealed a large skull, evidently made to contain thought. The operation, whatever it had been which had deprived his features of harmony, and put all their flesh in disorder, had had no effect on the bony structure of his head. The facial angle had been powerful and surprisingly grand. Behind this laugh there was a soul, dreaming, as our souls dream. This laugh was for Gwynplaine quite a talent. He could do nothing with it, so he turned it to account. By means of this laugh he gained his living. Gwynplaine, as you have doubtless already recognised, was the child abandoned one evening on the coast of Portland, and received into a poor ambulatory caravan at Weymouth.

## CHAPTER II.

### Dea.

That boy was at this time a man. Fifteen years had passed. It was in 1705. Gwynplaine was in his twenty-fifth year.

Ursus had kept the two children with him. They made a group of wanderers. Ursus and Homo had aged. Ursus had become quite bald The wolf was growing grey. The age of wolves is not fixed like that of dogs. According to Molin, there are wolves that live eighty years, amongst others the little koupara, *caviævorus*, and the rank wolf, *canis nubilus*, of Say.

The little girl found on the dead woman was now a tall creature of sixteen years, with brown hair, slight, fragile, almost tremulous from delicacy, and giving the fear that she might be broken; admirably beautiful, and with eyes full of light, yet blind. That fatal winter night which overthrew the beggar woman and her infant in the snow had struck a double blow. It had killed the mother and blinded the child. Gutta serena had for ever paralysed the eyes of

this girl, now become woman in her turn. On her face which saw not the light of day, the depressed corners of the mouth indicated the bitterness of the privation. Her eyes, large and clear, had this strange quality that, extinguished for ever to her, to others they were brilliant. They were mysterious lighted torches burning, but without. They gave light but possessed it not. These sightless eyes were resplendent. This captive of shadows lighted up the sombre place she inhabited. From the depth of her incurable darkness, behind that black wall called blindness, she flung rays. She saw not the sun without, but her soul shone within. Her dead look had something indescribable of celestial earnestness. She was the night, and from this irremediable darkness with which she was amalgamated, she came forth a star. Ursus, with his mania for Latin names, had baptised her Dea. He had taken his wolf into consultation. He had said to him, "You represent man, I represent beasts. We are of the lower world, this little one shall represent the world on high. So much feebleness is all-powerful. In this manner the universe complete shall be in our hut in its three orders,—human, animal, and Divine." The wolf made no objection. It was for this reason that the foundling was called Dea.

As to Gwynplaine, Ursus had not had the trouble of inventing a name for him. The morning of the same day when he had realised the disfigurement of the little boy, and the blindness of the infant, he had asked, "Boy, what is your name?" and the boy had answered, "They call me Gwynplaine." "Be Gwynplaine then," said Ursus.

Dea assisted Gwynplaine in his exercises. If human misery could be summed up, it would have been so by Gwynplaine and Dea. Each seemed born in a compartment of the sepulchre; Gwynplaine in the horrible, Dea in the darkness. Their existences were shadowed by different kinds of darkness, taken from the two formidable sides of night. Dea had this shadow in her, and Gwynplaine had it on him. There was a phantom in Dea, and a spectre in Gwynplaine. Dea was in sadness, and Gwynplaine was yet worse. There was for Gwynplaine, who could see, a heartrending possibility that existed not for Dea, blind, that of comparing himself with other men. Now, in a situation such as that of Gwynplaine, admitting that he sought to take his own measure, to compare himself with others, was no longer to comprehend himself. To have, like Dea, an empty look, from which all the world is absent, is a supreme distress, less however than this: to be his own enigma; to feel, besides, that something was absent, and that something was himself. To see the universe and not to see himself. Dea had a veil over her, the night. Gwynplaine

had a mask, his face. Inexplicable fact, it was by his own flesh that Gwynplaine was masked. What his visage had been he knew not. His face had vanished. They had affixed to him a false self. He had for a face a disappearance. His head lived, his face was dead. He never remembered to have seen it. The human race for Gwynplaine, as for Dea, was an exterior fact. It was far-off. She was alone, he was alone. The isolation of Dea was darkness, that of Gwynplaine was sinister. He saw all things; for Dea creation passed not the bounds of touch and hearing; reality was bounded, limited, short, altogether lost at once. Nothing was infinite to her but darkness.

For Gwynplaine to live was to have the crowd for ever before him and outside him. Dea was the proscribed from light, Gwynplaine was the banned of life. They were beyond the pale of hope, and, had reached the depth of possible calamity; they had sunk into it, he and she. An observer who had seen them would have felt his observations melt into immeasurable pity. What must they not have suffered! The decree of misfortune weighed visibly on these human creatures, and never had fatality around two beings who had done nothing to deserve it, more clearly turned destiny into torture, and life into hell.

They lived in Paradise.

They loved.

Gwynplaine adored Dea. Dea's love for Gwynplaine was idolatry.

"How beautiful you are!" she said to him.

## CHAPTER III.

### "OCULOS NON HABET, ET VIDET."

ONLY one woman on the earth saw Gwynplaine. It was the blind girl. She had learned from Ursus what Gwynplaine had done for her, to whom Gwynplaine had related his rough journey from Portland to Weymouth, and the mingled agonies of his abandonment.

She knew that when she was an infant expiring on her dead mother, a being scarcely larger than herself had gathered her up; that this being, exiled, and as it were, buried under this dark universal rejection, had heard her cry. That all the world having been deaf to him, he had not been deaf to her. That this child, alone, feeble, cast off without any resting place here below, dragging himself along in the waste, exhausted with fatigue, bruised, had accepted from the hands of night this burthen, another infant; and that

he, who had nothing to expect in that obscure distribution which we call fate, had charged himself with a destiny. That naked, in anguish and distress, he had made himself Providence; that when Heaven had closed itself he had opened his heart. That lost, he had saved; that having neither roof-tree nor shelter, he had been an asylum; that he had made himself mother and nurse; that he who was alone in the world had responded to abandonment by adoption; that lost in darkness he had given this example, that not feeling himself sufficiently burthened, he had added to his load by taking that of another; that in this world, which seemed to contain nothing for him, he had found a duty; that where all would have hesitated he had advanced; that where all drew back he consented; that he had put his hand into the jaws of the grave and brought out herself—Dea; that half naked he had given her his rags, because she was cold; that famished, he had thought of giving her food and drink; that for this little creature, another little creature had combated death. He had fought him under every form; under the form of winter and snow, under the form of solitude, under the form of terror, under the form of cold, famine, and thirst, under the form of whirlwind; and that for her—Dea. This Titan, ten years old, had given battle to the immensity of night. She knew that as a child he had done this, and that now as a man, he was strength to her weakness, riches to her poverty, healing to her ailing, and sight to her blind. Across the thickness of the unknown within which she felt herself to be held, she distinguished clearly this devotion, this abnegation, this courage. Heroism in immaterial regions has an outline; she seized this sublime outline. In the inexplicable abstraction where thought lives unlighted by the sun, Dea perceived the mysterious lineaments of virtue. In the surrounding of dark objects moving by her, which was the only impression made on her by reality; in this unquiet stagnation of a creature, always passive, always on the watch for possible evil; in this sensation of being defenceless, which is the life of the blind, she clung to Gwynplaine as something above her. Gwynplaine was never cold, never absent, never eclipsed; Gwynplaine was sympathetic, helpful, and sweet-tempered. Dea quivered with certainty and gratitude, her anxiety changed into ecstasy, and with her shadowy eyes she contemplated on the zenith from the depth of her abyss, this rich light of his goodness. In ideal goodness is the sun; and Gwynplaine dazzled Dea.

To the crowd, which has too many heads to have a thought, and too many eyes to have a sight,—to the crowd who, superficial themselves, judge only of the surface, Gwynplaine was a clown, a merry

andrew, a mountebank, a creature grotesque, a little more and a little less than a beast. The crowd knew only the face.

For Dea, Gwynplaine was the saviour who had gathered her into his arms in the tomb and borne her from its precincts; the consoler who made life tolerable; the liberator, whose hand, holding her own, guided her in that labyrinth called blindness. Gwynplaine was her brother, friend, guide, support; the personification of heavenly power, the husband, winged and resplendent. Where the multitude saw the monster, Dea recognised the archangel. It was that Dea, blind, saw his soul.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LOVERS MATCHED.

URSUS, a philosopher, understood. He approved of the fascination of Dea. He said, the blind see the invisible. He said, inward knowledge is vision. Then, looking at Gwynplaine, he murmured, half monster, but half god.

Gwynplaine, on his side, was madly in love with Dea.

There is the invisible eye, the spirit, and the visible eye, the eyeball. He saw her with the visible eye. Dea was dazzled by the ideal. Gwynplaine, with that which was real. Gwynplaine was not ugly; he was frightful. He had his contrast before him: in proportion as he was terrible, Dea was sweet. He was horror; she was grace. Dea was his dream. She seemed a vision scarcely embodied. There was in her whole person, in her Grecian form, in her fine and supple figure, swaying like a reed, in her shoulders, which might have invisible wings, in the modest roundness which indicated sex, but to the soul, rather than to the senses,—in her fairness, which amounted almost to transparency, in the proud and reserved serenity of her look, divinely shut from earth, in the sacred innocence of her smile,—she was almost an angel, and yet a woman.

Gwynplaine, we have said, compared himself and compared Dea. His existence, such as it was, was the result of a double and unheard-of choice.

It was the point of intersection of two rays; one from below and one from above—the black and the white ray. To the same crumb, perhaps pecked at, at the same time, by the two beaks of evil and good, one gave the bite, the other the kiss. Gwynplaine was this crumb—an atom, wounded and caressed. Gwynplaine was the product of fatality, complicated with providence. Misfortune had placed

its finger on him; happiness also. Two extreme destinies composed his strange fate. He had on him an anathema and a benediction. He had been elected for a curse. Who was he? He knew not. When he looked at himself, he saw one unknown; but this unknown was a monster. Gwynplaine lived in a sort of decapitation, having a face which did not belong to him. This face was frightful, so frightful that it was absurd. It alarmed so much that folks laughed. It was infernally a buffoon. It was the shipwreck of a human face in an animal mask.

Never had been seen so total an eclipse of humanity in a human face; never parody had been more complete; never sketch more frightful had grinned in a nightmare; never had anything, which could repulse a woman, been more hideously amalgamated in a man. The unfortunate heart, masked and calumniated by this face, seemed for ever condemned to solitude under this visage as under the lid of a tomb.

No! Where unknown malice had done its worst, invisible goodness had lent its aid. In this poor, disinherited foundling, suddenly ennobled, by the side of repulsion it had placed attraction; on the barren shoal, it had set the loadstone; it had made a soul fly with swift wings towards this abandoned man; it had commissioned the dove to console the creature whom the thunderbolt had overwhelmed, and made beauty adore deformity. For this to be possible it was necessary that the beauty should not see the disfigurement. For this good fortune ill-fortune was necessary. Providence had made Dea blind.

Gwynplaine vaguely felt himself to be the object of a redemption. Why had he been persecuted? He knew not. Why redeemed? He knew not. All he knew was, that a halo had encircled his brand. When Gwynplaine had been old enough to understand, Ursus had read and explained to him the text of Doctor Conquest *de Denasatis*, and in another folio, Hugo Plagon, the passage, *nares habens mutilas;* but Ursus had prudently abstained from "hypotheses," and had been reserved in his opinion of what it might mean. Suppositions were possible. The probability of violence exercised on the infant Gwynplaine was hinted at, but for Gwynplaine the result was its only evidence. His destiny was to live under a stigma. Why this stigma? There was no answer.

Silence and solitude were around Gwynplaine. All was uncertain in the conjectures which could be fitted to this tragical reality; excepting the terrible fact nothing was certain. In this discouragement Dea intervened a sort of celestial interposition between him

and despair. He perceived—melted and reinspirited by the sweetness which this beautiful girl turned towards him—that horrible as he was a beatified wonder affected his monstrous visage. Having been fashioned to create dread, it had this miraculous exception, that it was admired and adored in the ideal by the light; and, monster as he was, he felt himself the object of contemplation to a star.

Gwynplaine and Dea were united, and these two suffering hearts adored each other. One nest, two birds. This was their history. They had begun to feel the universal law—to please, to seek, and to find.

In this manner hatred was deceived. The persecutors of Gwynplaine, whosoever they might have been—the deadly enigma, from whatever part it came, had missed its aim. They had intended to drive him to desperation. They had succeeded in driving him into enchantment. They had beforehand affianced him to a healing wound. They had predestined him to be consoled by an affliction. The pincers of the executioner had softly changed into the delicately-moulded hand of a girl. Gwynplaine was horrible; artificially horrible—made horrible by the hand of man. They had hoped to exile him for ever: first, from his family, if his family existed, and then from humanity, as an infant. They had made of him a ruin; of this ruin Nature had repossessed herself, as she does of all ruins. This solitude Nature had consoled, as she consoles all solitudes. Nature comes to the succour of all abandoned; where all is lacking she rebestows her whole self. She flourishes and grows green on the ruins: she has ivy for stones and love for man. Profound generosity of shadow.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BLUE IN THE BLACK.

Thus lived one with the other these unfortunate creatures. Dea, relying; Gwynplaine, accepted. These orphans were all in all to each other. The feeble one to the deformed one. These widowed children were betrothed. An unspeakable act of grace had relieved them from their distresses. They were grateful. To whom? To the dark immensity. Be grateful in your own hearts. That is sufficient. Thanksgiving has wings, and goes in the right direction. Your prayer knows more than you can.

How many men have believed that they prayed to Jupiter, when they prayed to Jehovah? How many believers in amulets are listened to by the Almighty? How many atheists there are who

know not that, by the simple fact of being good and sad, they pray to God?

Gwynplaine and Dea were grateful. Deformity is expulsion. Blindness is a precipice. The expelled one had been adopted; the precipice was habitable.

Gwynplaine had seen a brilliant light descending on him, in an arrangement of destiny which seemed to put in the perspective of a dream, a white cloud of beauty having the form of a woman, a radiant vision which had a heart; and this phantom, almost a cloud and yet a woman, clasped him; and this apparition embraced him; and this heart desired him. Gwynplaine was no longer deformed. He was beloved. The rose demanded the caterpillar in marriage, feeling that within the caterpillar was a divine butterfly. Gwynplaine the rejected was chosen. To have one's desire is all. Gwynplaine had his, Dea hers.

The dejection of the disfigured man was exalted and dilated into intoxication, into delight, into belief; and a hand was stretched out towards the melancholy hesitation of the blind girl, to guide her in her darkness.

By the penetration of the two distresses in the ideal, by this absorption, the two excluded were admitted to each other, the two fragments combined to be completed. They were held together by what they lacked: in that in which one was poor the other was rich. The misfortune of one made the treasure of the other. Had Dea not been blind, would she have chosen Gwynplaine? Had Gwynplaine not been disfigured, would he have preferred Dea? She probably would have rejected the deformed, as he would have passed by the infirm. What happiness for Dea that Gwynplaine was hideous! What good fortune for Gwynplaine that Dea was blind! Apart from their providential similarity, they were impossible. A prodigious want of each other was at the bottom of their hearts. Gwynplaine saved Dea. Dea saved Gwynplaine. Apposition of misery produced adherence. It was the embrace of those swallowed in a gulf; none closer, none more hopeless, none more exquisite.

Gwynplaine had a thought. "What should I be without her?" Dea had a thought. "What should I be without him?"

These two exiles made a country. These two incurable fatalities, the marks of Gwynplaine and the blindness of Dea, joined them together in contentment. They sufficed to each other. They imagined nothing beyond each other. To speak to one another was a delight, to approach was beatitude; by force of reciprocal intuition they became united in the same reverie, and thought the same

Gwynplaine and Dea.

thoughts. When Gwynplaine walked, Dea believed that she heard the step of one deified. They tightened their mutual grasp in a sort of sidereal clear obscure, full of perfumes, of gleams, of music, of the luminous architecture of dreams. They belonged to each other; they knew themselves to be for ever united in the same joy and the same ecstasy; and nothing could be stranger than this construction of an Eden by two of the damned.

They were inexpressively happy. In their hell they had created heaven. Such was thy power, O Love! Dea heard Gwynplaine laugh; Gwynplaine saw Dea smile. Thus ideal felicity was found, the perfect joy of life was realised, the mysterious problem of happiness was solved; and by whom? By two wretches.

For Gwynplaine, Dea was splendour. For Dea, Gwynplaine was presence. Presence is that profound mystery which renders the invisible world divine, and from which results that other mystery,—confidence. In religion this is all that cannot be reduced; but this, irreducible, is sufficient. The immense motive power is not seen; it is felt.

Gwynplaine was the religion of Dea. Sometimes, lost in her sense of love toward him, she knelt, like a beautiful priestess before a gnome in a pagoda,—made happy by her adoration.

Imagine to yourself an abyss, and in its centre an oasis of light, and in this oasis two creatures dazzling each other, shut out of life; no purity could be compared to their loves. Dea was ignorant what a kiss might be, though perhaps she desired it; because blindness, especially in a woman, has its dreams, and though perhaps trembling at the approaches of the unknown, does not fear them all. As to Gwynplaine, his sensitive youth made him pensive. The more delirious he felt, the more timid he became. He might have dared anything with this companion of his early youth, with this creature innocent of fault as the light, with this blind girl who saw but one thing—that she adored him! But he would have thought it a theft to take what she might have given; and resigned himself with a melancholy satisfaction to love angelically, and the conviction of his deformity resolved itself into a proud purity. These happy creatures inhabited the ideal. They were married at distances as opposite as the spheres. They exchanged in the deep blue the profound effluvium which is in infinity attraction, and on earth the sexes. They gave the kisses of souls. They had always passed their lives together. They knew themselves not, when not in each other's society. The infancy of Dea had coincided with the adolescence of Gwynplaine. They had grown up side by side. For a long time they had slept in

the same bed, for the hut was not a large bedchamber. They lay on the chest, Ursus on the floor; that was the arrangement.

One fine day, whilst Dea was still small, Gwynplaine thought himself grown, and it was on the side of the youth that shame arose. He said to Ursus, "I will also sleep on the floor." And at night he stretched himself, like the old man, on the bear skin. Then Dea wept. She cried for her bedfellow; but Gwynplaine, become restless because he had begun to love, had decided to remain where he was. From this moment he always slept by the side of Ursus on the planks. In the summer, when the nights were fine, he slept outside with Homo.

Dea was thirteen, and was not yet resigned to the arrangement. Often in the evening she said, "Gwynplaine, come close to me; that will put me to sleep." A man lying by her side was a necessity for her innocent slumbers.

Nudity is to see itself nude. She ignored nudity. It was the ingenuousness of Arcadia or Otaheite. Dea unsophisticated, made Gwynplaine untameable. Sometimes it happened that Dea, already almost a young girl, combed her long hair, sitting on her bed, her chemise unfastened and half fallen off, revealing indications of a feminine statue, and a vague commencement of Eve, and would call Gwynplaine. Gwynplaine blushed, lowered his eyes, and knew not what would become of him before this innocent creature. Stammering, he turned his head, feared, and fled. This Daphnis of darkness took flight before this Chloe of shadow.

Such was the idyll blooming in a tragedy.

Ursus said to them,—

"Old brutes! adore each other!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### URSUS AS TUTOR, AND URSUS AS GUARDIAN.

Ursus added,—"Some of these days I will do them an ill-turn, and marry them."

Ursus taught Gwynplaine the theory of love. He said to him,—

"Do you know how the Almighty lights that fire called love? A match—that is to say, a look—and behold, it is all on fire."

"A look is unnecessary," answered Gwynplaine, thinking of Dea.

And Ursus replied,—

"Booby! do souls require to see with mortal eyes?"

Occasionally Ursus was a good fellow. Gwynplaine, sometimes

madly in love with Dea, became clouded, and made use of the presence of Ursus as a guard on himself. One day Ursus said to him,—

"Bah! do not vex yourself. When in love, the cock shows himself."

"But the eagle conceals himself," replied Gwynplaine.

At other times Ursus said to himself, apart,—

"It is wise to put spokes in the wheels of the Cytherean car. They love too much. This might be inconvenient. Let us avoid a fire. Let us moderate these hearts."

Then Ursus had recourse to warnings of this nature, speaking to Gwynplaine when Dea slept, and to Dea when Gwynplaine's back was turned.

"Dea, you must not be so fond of Gwynplaine. To live in the life of another is perilous. Egoism is a good root for happiness. Men escape from women. And then Gwynplaine might end by becoming infatuated with you. He has such a success! You have no idea what a success he has!"

"Gwynplaine, disproportions are valueless. So much ugliness on one side and so much beauty on another, ought to compel reflection. Temper your ardour, my boy. Do not become too enthusiastic on Dea's account. Do you consider seriously that you are made for her? Consider your deformity and her perfection! See the distance between her and yourself. She has everything, this Dea. What a white skin! What hair! Lips like strawberries! And her foot! her hand! Those shoulders! with their exquisite curve! Her expression is sublime. She walks diffusing light; and in speaking, the grave tone of her voice is charming. But for all this, believe that she is a woman! She would not be such a fool as to be an angel. It is absolute beauty. Repeat all this to yourself, to calm your ardour."

These speeches redoubled the love of Gwynplaine and Dea, and Ursus was astonished at his want of success, just as one who should say, "It is singular that with all the oil I throw on fire, I cannot extinguish it."

Did he, then, desire to extinguish their love, or to cool it even?

Certainly not. He would have been well punished had he succeeded. At the bottom of his heart this love, which was flame for them and warmth for him, delighted him.

But it is natural to grate a little against that which charms us; it is this which men call wisdom.

Ursus had been, in his relations with Gwynplaine and Dea, nearly a father and a mother. Grumbling all the while he had brought them up. Grumbling all the while he had nourished them. This adoption

had made the hut roll more heavily, and he was oftener compelled, in order to drag it, to harness himself with Homo.

We may observe, however, that when the first years had passed, and Gwynplaine was nearly grown up, and Ursus was quite grown old, Gwynplaine had taken his turn to draw Ursus.

Ursus, seeing Gwynplaine becoming a man, had cast the horoscope of his deformity. "*It has made your fortune!*" he had told him.

This family of an old man and two children, with a wolf, had become, in wandering, a group more and more intimately united. The errant life had not hindered education. "To wander, is to increase," Ursus said. Gwynplaine had evidently been made to exhibit at fairs. Ursus had cultivated in him feats of dexterity, and had encrusted him as much as possible with all he himself possessed of science and wisdom.

Ursus, contemplating the perplexing mask of Gwynplaine's face, grumbled out,—

"He has begun well. 'Tis for this reason that I have perfected him with all the ornaments of philosophy and wisdom."

He repeated constantly to Gwynplaine,—

"Be a philosopher. Be wise; it is to be invulnerable. You see what I am. I have never shed a tear. This is the result of my wisdom. Do you believe that occasion for tears would have been wanting had I felt disposed to cry?"

Ursus, in one of his monologues, listened to by the wolf, said—

"I have taught Gwynplaine everything, which comprises Latin. I have taught Dea nothing, which comprises music."

He had taught them both to sing. He had himself a pretty talent for playing on the oaten reed, a little flute of that period. He played on it agreeably; also on the *chiffonie*, a sort of mendicant's hurdy-gurdy, mentioned in the "Chronicle of Bertrand Duguesclin" as the ten reed instrument, and which started the symphony. These instruments brought crowds. Ursus was accustomed to show them the chiffonie, and say, "It is called organistrum in Latin."

He had taught Dea and Gwynplaine to sing according to the method of Orpheus and of Egide Binchoes. Frequently he interrupted the lessons with cries of enthusiasm, such as "Orpheus, musician of Greece! Binchoes, musician of Picardy!"

These complications of careful culture did not so occupy the children that it prevented their adoring each other. They had mingled their hearts together as they grew up, like two saplings planted near, which mingled branches as they became trees.

"'Tis all one," said Ursus. "I will marry them."

Then he grumbled to himself,—

"They are quite tiresome with their love."

The past, the little they had had of it, existed not for Dea and Gwynplaine. They knew only what Ursus had told them of it. They called Ursus father. The only remembrance which Gwynplaine had of his infancy was as of a passage of demons over his cradle. He had an impression of having been trodden into darkness under deformed feet.

Was this intentional or not?

He was ignorant on this point. That which he remembered clearly and in the slightest detail was the tragical adventure of his abandonment. The finding Dea made a luminous point in this night of shadows.

The memory of Dea, even more than that of Gwynplaine, was lost in clouds. In one so young all remembrance was dissipated. She recollected her mother as something cold. Had she ever seen the sun? Perhaps. She made efforts to pierce into the blank which was her past life.

"The sun! what was it?"

She remembered, she knew not what, of something luminous and warm, of which Gwynplaine had taken the place.

They spoke together in low tones.

It is certain that cooing is the most important thing in the world.

Dea said to Gwynplaine,—

"Light means that you speak."

On one occasion, no longer containing himself, Gwynplaine saw through a muslin sleeve the arm of Dea, and brushed this transparency with his lips. It was an ideal kiss from a deformed mouth.

Dea felt a deep delight: she became rose-coloured. This kiss from a monster made Aurora gleam on that beautiful brow, so full of night. However, Gwynplaine sighed with a kind of terror; and as the neckerchief of Dea gaped, he could not refrain from looking at the whiteness visible through that glimpse of Paradise.

Dea pulled up her sleeve, and stretching towards Gwynplaine her naked arm, said,—

"Again!"

Gwynplaine avoided it.

The next day the same play was renewed, with varieties.

It was a heavenly subsidence into that sweet abyss, called love.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BLINDNESS GIVES LESSONS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

SOMETIMES Gwynplaine reproached himself. He made his happiness a case of conscience. He imagined that to allow this blind girl to love him was to deceive her.

What would she have said could she suddenly have obtained her sight? How she would have felt repulsed by what had previously attracted her! How she would have recoiled from her frightful loadstone! What cries! What hands covering her face! What a flight! A bitter scruple harassed him. He told himself that such a monster had no right to love. He was a hydra idolised by a star. It was his duty to enlighten this blind star.

One day he said to Dea,—

"You know that I am very ugly."

"I know that you are sublime," she answered.

He resumed,—

"When you hear all the world laugh, they laugh at me because I am horrible."

"I love you," said Dea.

After a silence, she added,—

"I was in death, you brought me to life. When you are here heaven is by my side. Give me your hand, that I may touch heaven."

The hands encountered and grasped each other. They spoke no more, rendered silent by the plenitude of love.

Ursus, who was crabbed, had overheard this. The next day, when the three were together, he said,—

"For that matter, Dea is ugly also."

The word produced no effect. Dea and Gwynplaine did not listen to it. Absorbed in each other, they rarely perceived the exclamations of Ursus.

The depth of Ursus was a dead loss.

This time, however, the precaution of Ursus, "Dea is ugly also," indicated in this learned man a certain knowledge of women.

It is certain that Gwynplaine, in his loyalty, had been guilty of an imprudence. To have said, "*I am ugly*," to any other blind girl than Dea, might have been dangerous. To be blind, and in love, is to be twofold blind. In such a situation, there are dreams. Illusion is the nourishment of dreams. Take illusion from love, and you take form it its aliment. It is compounded of enthusiasm, both of physical and moral admiration.

Moreover, you should never tell a woman a word difficult to understand. Her dreams are of it, and often she dreams falsely. An enigma in a reverie spoils it. The shock caused by the fall of a careless word displaces that against which it strikes. And thus it happens, we know not why, because we have received the obscure shock of a chance word, the heart empties itself insensibly of love. He who loves, perceives a decline in his happiness. Nothing is more to be feared than this slow exudation from the fissure in the vase.

Happily, Dea had not been formed of similar clay. The stuff of which all women are made had not been used for her construction. She had a rare nature. The frame, but not the heart, was fragile. A divine perseverance in loving, was in the heart of her being.

All the disturbance which the word used by Gwynplaine had produced in her, ended in her saying one day,—

"To be ugly,—what is it? It is to do wrong. Gwynplaine only does good. He is handsome."

Then, under the form of interrogation so familiar to children and to the blind, she resumed,—

"To see,—you call it to see, you other folks. For my own part, I cannot see; I know. It seems that *to see*, means to hide."

"What do you mean?" said Gwynplaine.

Dea answered,—

"To see, is a thing which conceals the true."

"No," said Gwynplaine.

"But yes," replied Dea, "since you say you are ugly."

She meditated a moment, and then said, "Story teller!"

Gwynplaine felt the joy of having confessed, and of not being believed. Both his conscience and his love were consoled.

Thus they had reached, Dea sixteen years, Gwynplaine nearly twenty-five. They were not, as would be said now, "more advanced" than on the first day. Less even; for it may be remembered that they had passed their first night of marriage when she was nine months and he ten years old. A sort of baby childhood had continued in their love. Thus it sometimes happens that the belated nightingale prolongs her nocturnal song till dawn.

Their caressing went no further than pressing hands, or lips placed on a naked arm. Soft, half articulate, pleasurable whispers sufficed them.

Twenty-four and sixteen years old. So it happened that Ursus, who did not lose sight of the ill turn he intended to do them, said,—

"One of these days you must choose a religion."

"Wherefore?" inquired Gwynplaine.

"That you may marry."

"That is already done," said Dea.

Dea did not understand that they could be more man and wife than they were already.

At bottom, this chimerical and virginal contentment, this innocent union of souls, this celibacy taken for marriage, was not displeasing to Ursus. He had said what he had said because he thought some notice was necessary. But the medical knowledge he possessed convinced him that Dea, if not too young, was too fragile and delicate for what is called "Hymen in flesh and bone." That always comes fast enough. For the rest, were they not married? If the indissoluble existed any where, lived it not in this union? Gwynplaine and Dea! They were creatures worthy of the love they mutually felt, flung by misfortune into each other's arms. And as if this was not enough in the first place, love surmounted misfortune, and had attached them, united and bound them together. What force could ever break that chain of iron, consolidated by knots of flowers?

They were inseparable. Dea had beauty, Gwynplaine had sight. Each brought a dowery. They were more than coupled; they were paired, separated solely by that sacred interposition,—innocence. Though Gwynplaine had glorious dreams, and absorbed all meaner passions as much as he could in the contemplation of Dea, before the tribunal of conscience he was man. Fatal laws are not to be illuded. They undergo, like all the immensity of nature, obscure fermentations willed by the Creator. It was for this reason that he looked at the women who were in the crowd, but he immediately considered this look as an offence, and hastened to retire, repentant, into his own soul.

Let us add that encouragement was wanting. On the face of every woman who looked upon him, he saw aversion, antipathy, repugnance, and rejection. It was clear that no other than Dea was possible for him. This aided his repentance.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NOT ONLY HAPPINESS, BUT PROSPERITY.

What true things are told in stories! The burnt scar of the invisible fiend who has touched you, is remorse for a wicked thought. In Gwynplaine evil thoughts never ripened, and he had therefore no remorse. Sometimes he felt regret.

Vague clouds of conscience.

What was this?

Nothing.

Their happiness was complete; so complete, that they were no longer even poor.

From 1689 to 1704 a great change had taken place.

It happened sometimes in this year 1704, that as night fell on this or that little village on the coast, a great, heavy van, drawn by a pair of stout horses, made its entry. It resembled the shell of a vessel reversed, the keel for a roof, the deck for a floor, placed on four wheels. The wheels were all four of the same size, and high as waggon wheels. Wheels, pole, and van were all painted in green, with a rhythmical gradation of shades, which ranged from bottle green for the wheels, to apple green for the roofing.

This green colour had succeeded in drawing attention to the carriage, which was known in all the fair grounds as The Green Box. This green box had but two windows, one at each extremity, and at the back a door with steps to let down. On the roof, from a tube painted green like the rest, smoke arose. This moving house was always varnished and washed afresh. In front, on a bracket seat fastened to the van, and having the window for a door, behind the horses and by the side of an old man who held the reins and directed the team, two gipsy women, dressed as goddesses, sounded their trumpets. The astonishment with which the villagers regarded this machine was oversetting.

This was the old establishment of Ursus, amplified by success, and improved from a wretched booth into a theatre. A kind of animal, between dog and wolf, was chained under the van. This was Homo. The old coachman who drove the horses was the philosopher himself.

Whence came this improvement from the miserable hut to the Olympic caravan?

From this cause;—Gwynplaine was celebrated.

It was with a correct scent of what would succeed amongst men that Ursus had said to Gwynplaine,—

"It has made your fortune."

Ursus, it may be remembered, had made Gwynplaine his pupil. Unknown people had worked upon his face: he, on the other hand, had worked on his mind; and behind this mask, so well executed, he had placed all that he could of thought. So soon as the growth of the child had rendered him fitted for it, he had brought him out on the stage; that is, he had produced him in front of the van.

The effect of this apparition had been extraordinary. Immediately the passengers were struck with wonder. Never had anything been seen to be compared to this surprising mimic of laughter. They were ignorant how this miracle of infectious hilarity had been obtained. Some believed it to be natural, others declared it to be artificial, and as conjecture was added to reality, everywhere, in all the cross roads in the journeys, in all the grounds of fairs and fêtes, the crowd ran after Gwynplaine. Thanks to this great attraction, there had been in the poor purse of the wandering group, first a rain of farthings, then of heavy pennies, and finally of shillings. The curiosity of one place having been exhausted, they passed on to another. Rolling does not enrich a stone, but it enriches the caravan; and year by year, from city to city, with the increased growth of Gwynplaine's person and his ugliness, the fortune predicted by Ursus had come.

"What a good turn they did you there, my boy," said Ursus.

This "fortune" had allowed Ursus, who was the administrator of Gwynplaine's success, to have the chariot of his dreams constructed, —that is to say, a caravan large enough to carry a theatre, and to sow science and art in the highways. Moreover, Ursus had been able to add to the group composed of himself, Homo, Gwynplaine, and Dea, two horses and two women, who were the goddesses of the troupe, and, as we have said, the servants. A mythological frontispiece was useful then to a caravan of mountebanks.

"We are a wandering temple," said Ursus.

These two gipsies, picked up by the philosopher in his pell-mell wanderings through cities and suburbs, were ugly and young, and were called, by the will of Ursus, one Phœbe, and the other Venus.

For this read Fibi and Vinos.

Phœbe cooked, and Venus scrubbed the temple.

Moreover, on days of representation they dressed Dea.

Mountebanks have their public days as well as princes, and on these occasions Dea was arrayed, like Fibi and Vinos, in a Florentine petticoat of flowered stuff, and a woman's jacket without sleeves, leaving the arms bare. Ursus and Gwynplaine wore men's jackets, and, like sailors on board a man-of-war, great loose trousers. Gwynplaine had, besides, for his work and for his feats of strength, round his neck and over his shoulders, a covering of leather. He took charge of the horses, Ursus and Homo took charge of each other.

Dea, from being used to the green box, came and went in the interior of the rolling house, with almost as much ease and certainty as those who saw.

The eye which could penetrate within this structure and its internal arrangements, might have perceived in a corner, fastened to the planks, and immoveable on its four wheels, the old hut of Ursus, placed in a retreat, allowed to rust, and from thenceforth having the labour of rolling dispensed with, as Ursus had been relieved from the labour of dragging it.

This hut, put into a corner at the back, to the right of the door, served as a bed-chamber and dressing-room to Ursus and Gwynplaine. Now it contained two beds. In the opposite corner was the kitchen.

The arrangement of a vessel was not more precise and concise than that of the interior of the green box. All within was placed, arranged, foreseen, and intended.

The caravan was divided into three compartments, partitioned from each other. These communicated by open spaces without doors. A piece of tapestry fell over them, and answered the purpose of concealment. The compartment behind belonged to the men, the compartment in front to the women, the compartment in the middle separating the two sexes was the theatre. The instruments of the orchestra and the properties were kept in the kitchen. A loft under the arch of the roof contained the scenes, and on opening a trap-door lamps appear, producing wonders of light.

Ursus was the poet of these magical representations; he wrote the pieces. He had a diversity of talents; he was clever at sleight of hand. Besides the noises he made, he produced all sorts of unexpected things: shocks of light and darkness; spontaneous formations of figures or words, at his own will, on the partition; vanishing figures in the clear obscure; whimsical agents, amongst which he seemed to meditate, unmindful of the crowd who marvelled at him.

One day Gwynplaine said to him,—

"Father, you look like a sorcerer!"

And Ursus replied,—

"Then I look, perhaps, like what I am."

The green box, fabricated on the clean diagram of Ursus, possessed this ingenious refinement—that between the two wheels, before and behind, the central panel of the left façade, turned on hinges by the aid of chains and pulleys, was let down at will like a drawbridge. In dropping it set at liberty three supporting legs on hinges, which supported the panel when let down, and which placed themselves straight on the ground like the legs of a table, and supported it above the earth like a platform. Thus the panel became a stage, which meantime appeared enlarged by the platform in front.

This opening looked for all the world like the "mouth of hell," in the words of the itinerant Puritan preachers, who turned away from it with horror.

It is probable that it was for some such impious invention that Solon kicked out Thespis.

For all that, Thespis lasted much longer than is generally believed. The travelling theatre still exists. It was on those stages on wheels that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they represented in England the ballets and dances of Amner and Pilkinton; in France, the pastorals of Gilbert Colin; in Flanders, at the annual fairs, the double choruses of Clement, called Non Papa; in Germany, the "Adam and Eve" of Theiles; and, in Italy, the Venetian exhibitions of Animuccia and of Ca-fossis, the "Silvæ" of Gesualdo, the "Prince of Venosa," the "Satyr" of Laura Guidiccioni," the "Despair of Philene," the "Death of Ugolino," by Vincent Galileo, father of the astronomer, which Vincent Galileo sang his own music, and accompanied himself on his viol de gamba; as well as all those first attempts of Italian opera which from 1580 substituted free inspi ration for the madrigal style.

The chariot, having the colouring of hope, which transported Ursus, Gwynplaine, and their fortune, and in front of which Fibi and Vinos trumpeted like figures of renown, played its part of this grand Bohemian and literary brotherhood. Thespis would no more have disowned Ursus, than Congrio would have disowned Gwynplaine.

Having arrived at open spaces of town or village, Ursus, in the intervals between the too-tooing of Fibi and Vinos, gave instructive revelations as to the trumpetings.

"This symphony is Gregorian," he would exclaim, "citizens and townsmen; the Gregorian form of worship, this great progress is opposed in Italy to the Ambrosial ritual, and in Spain to the Mozarabic ceremonial, and has achieved its triumph over them with difficulty."

After which the green box drew up in some place chosen by Ursus, and the evening having come, and the panel stage having been let down, the theatre opened and the performance began.

The scene of the green box represented a landscape painted by Ursus; and, as he did not know how to paint, it represented a cavern just as well as a landscape. The curtain, which we call drop now-a-days, was a checked silk, with squares of contrasted colours.

The public stood without, in the street, in the fair, in a half circle

round the stage, in the sun and in the showers; an arrangement which made rain less desirable for theatres in those days than now. When they could they acted in an inn yard, on which occasions the windows of the different stories made rows of boxes for the spectators. In this manner the theatre was more enclosed, and the audience a more paying one. Ursus was in everything—in the piece, in the troupe, in the kitchen, in the orchestra. Vinos beat the drum, and handled the sticks with great dexterity. Fibi played on the *morache*, a kind of guitar. The wolf had been promoted to be a utility gentleman, and played, as occasion required, his little parts. Often when they appeared side by side on the stage, Ursus in his tightly-laced bear's skin, Homo with his wolf's skin fitting still better, no one could tell which was the beast. This flattered Ursus.

(*To be continued.*)

# "The Season of Seasons."

## THE WYNNSTAY AND THE PYTCHLEY.

SO the foxhunters and coursers call it, and really, racing is so fearfully over done, extending as it does over fully nine-twelfths of the year, that we may well be glad to see the scarlets come out again, and read of something more wholesome than the eternal "3 to 1 bar one," and the lucky 100 to 8. Last autumn we gave some reminiscences of the Rufford and their nineteen seasons under Captain Percy Williams. The Pytchley during the four seasons that Mr. Anstruther Thomson was master, and Sir Watkin Wynne's in John Walker's day, have not a few points of interest.

Sir Watkin may well have foxes countersalient on his quarterings. His career as M. F. H. extends over nearly thirty seasons, and when John Walker became huntsman, on the death of Will Grice, in 1848, he found forty-five couple of hounds in the kennel. Sir Watkin had given 400 gs. for four couple when Mr. Foljambe's were sold off. There were no stallions, and the Duke of Rutland's and Lord Henry's kennels were generally resorted to, as well as Mr. Foljambe's Render and Shropshire Comrade. Tamerlane, by Belvoir Fencer, from Grove Tempest, and Herald, by Belvoir Grappler, from Wickstead's Handmaid, were the cleverest of the '48 entry, and Herald was used. In 1850 Walker's first entry was made, and Hopeful, Heroine, Harriet, and Harbinger, with Primrose and Proserpine, all of them by Wynnstay Admiral, were its peculiar stars. The late George Wells (a first-class whipper-in, a good servant in every respect, and a beautiful horseman over a country,) and James Shaw were the whips, and poor Shaw was drowned during cub hunting in the Dee near Antibellon Tower. He had galloped towards a ford in order to stop the hounds, which were running for the Chirk Woods, and tried to cross by some rocks, when the horse slipped and he was dragged into deep water. Rufus, Rutland, Ruby, and Ruthless, all by Belvoir Gainer, were great entries in 1851-52, and the purchase of Gossamer, Gertrude, Gratitude, and Gipsy, at old Mr. Drake's sale, was a fine hit. The foundation of the present pack was not, however, laid until 1853, with Cautious, Captious, Chorus, Charlotte,

Caroline, Cheerful, and Curious, by Lord Henry's Craftsman from Wynnstay's Precious (own sister to Phantom) by Bruiser by Cheshire Bruiser. Like their sire, Craftsman (by Lord Ducie's Comus, from Burton Sanguine), they had rare quality and shoulders, were determined drawers, and hardly ever smeuzed a fence. Adjutant and Anderton by Herald, Phœbe and Prophetess by Belvoir Royal, and Phœnix and Princess (a clipper) by Burton Champion, from Proserpine, were the strength of the entry in 1854, and the following year brought in Goblin and Governor, by Herald, both of which were used. Herald was a rare dog to hold the line down a dry road in the spring, when foxes run roads very much ; and so was Goblin.

The year 1855 was the renowned Wynnstay Royal's first season. He was one of four which came in of a litter by Fitzwilliam Singer, from Wynnstay Rarity, by Yarborough Harper by Yarborough Rallywood. Tom Sebright always called Singer his best, and he told Walker, "You've got a plum" in Royal. He was a great fence jumper. When the fox was sinking, he once tried to fly a double post and rails up hill, near Gridington Park, and fell back. However, he went at it again and over, and Lord Combermere never forgot it. Walker always thought him the best he ever followed, and the Belvoir, Grove, Fitzhardinge, Badminton, Fitzwilliam, Cheshire, and Eglinton kennels all borrowed, or sent to him. The Beaufort Ragland, a first prize stallion at Islington, was by him, and the Belvoir kennel bred from two of his sons. Never was hound more attentive to business in and out of cover, and no whip ever crossed his back. He hunted for ten seasons, and died in his thirteenth. Even in the ninth, he ran well to head ; whether going to cover or returning home it was his whim to be a quarter of a mile ahead of Walker, and he would wait for him and wave his stern when he came to a cross road. His stock have the same habit ; and Walker left eighteen couple of them in the kennel. The old dog was sent in a basket to London, to be painted by Sir Francis Grant in the Wynnstay presentation picture of Sir Watkin and Lady Wynne. Unfortunately, nothing would induce him to rise in the studio, and there he sat, looking steadfastly up in the face of Sir Francis, who presented Walker with his sketch of him, and a very cherished centre bit it is in the parlour at Marchwiel.

In 1856 the produce of the "We are Seven" of the Craftsman and Precious litter were entered, and Comely, Clara, and Conjuror, were the best of the four couple. In 1857, the blood of Mameluke (by Yarborough Comrade) gave much strength to the entry, and old

Pyramid, whose ham-string was bitten in two by a fox, contributed two couple of good ones by Yarborough Harper. The Ruthless litter of seven was also a hit, as Walker had taken her on speculation to Quorn when Mr. Richard Sutton sold off, and got Lord Henry's permission to use one of his purchases, Rambler. This was a great season, and 58 brace of foxes were killed, principally in the Carden country, Styche, and Shavington Park. The foxes never went so straight, and some of them ten to twelve miles. In 1858, Actress and Amazon, by Belvoir Singer (by Comus, the stoutest blood in the Duke's kennel), from Wynnstay Abbess, were the pride of the entry, and so high couraged, that Walker had to take them out eight days in succession to get master of them.

Grappler, by Craftsman, from Gaiety, was another pet, and we so well remember the greeting of him and his guardian, in his puppy season, through the kennel rails, "He's tasted three foxes, and likes them very much." Ruler from Pamela was the first Royal puppy in 1859, when Belvoir Guider and Yarborough Nettler were dipped into pretty deeply. Posy, by Belvoir Clinker, was the crack bitch puppy of the year, and Prattler, Prompter, and Proserpine, by the same dog, from old lame Pyramid, were rattlers. There was only one clever Warwickshire Saffron, *viz.*, Sylvia, in 1860; and in 1861 came Rustic, Rover, and Relish, from Guilty, the first great lot of Royals. Six couple of Beaufort Roderick's, all of them rare drawers, were amongst the 1862 entry. His colour, red pye, was against him: but his stock were undeniable. Royal got a first-class litter from Stately, two couple of which were shown in a sweepstakes against six Royals in Mr. Foljambe's kennel. Mr. Parry and Mr. Williamson were the judges, and declared for Mr Foljambe's. One of them, Signal, fell off the Nescliffe Rocks near Baschurch, and rolled seventy feet with the fox; and another, Stormer, was four days up an earth. There was a splendid entry in 1863, and two stallions, Clinker and Chaser, came out of the two couple of puppies by Grappler, from Captious. Painter, by Belvoir Druid, from Posy, was a rare dog, and Walker always reckons him second to Royal. The Singer or Craftsman blood came out in its strength in 1864, as nine out of the 15½ couple were Royals, and nearly all did well. Forester, by Foljambe's Furrier, from Wynnstay Countess, was a rare one of the sort in the 1865 entry, and so was Romeo, by Fitzwilliam Regent from Rally. Mr. Foljambe's Furrier had been strongly used, and he was borrowed by Sir Watkin in exchange for Royal, on condition of having the pick of the kennel; and 5½ couple by him were kept.

At the Wynnstay sale in 1858, three hunters averaged 483*l.* Among them was Constantine, with a strong dash of Arab on his dam's side, and a great favourite of Sir Watkin's. So were King Dan, Cassio, and Castor, the last of which went into Mr. Little Gilmour's stable. Cassio, like Castor, was bought in Ireland, and Mr. Gilmour bid 420 gs. for him. After 500 gs., Mr. Anderson and Mr. Foster fought it out, and Mr. Anderson's "620" decided the day, amid loud cheering all round the ring for "Piccadilly pluck." He was a thorough specimen of a wiry fifteen-three Irish horse, very deep in his back ribs, and like all the rest with excellent legs and feet, and with a peculiarly expressive, old-fashioned muzzle, and very straight hind legs. Railway King was a remarkably handsome hack, and Phœbe, by Charles XII., which had been ridden by Walker for eight seasons, in some of his severest days had not mark or blemish on her. It may be set to the credit of his fine horsemanship, that he never staked but one horse, and killed but one, which put its foot in a grip, during his eighteen seasons at Wynnstay. Simpson, the stud groom, who has been with Sir Watkin for twenty-two seasons, brought the horses out in great form, no easy task, as the sale took place one month after the season, and Sir Watkin's hounds are proverbial for making long days. They have no grass roads, and frequently never get home till ten or eleven at night, after thirty miles of road work. Nearly the whole of Sir Watkin's horses are Irish, and have been selected for him by Lord Combermere at four years old. Walker finished with Lamner, and Shropshire, and Sir Watkin presented him with the former, when he retired to his small farm and his "Shrops," within a stone's throw of Marchwiel Gorse. Its "red rascals" have laid a heavy poll tax on his poultry, but he bears it like a stoic, and revenges himself by hunting them two or three days a week. The Don, Cockatoo, The Major, (an entire horse and great for an hour), the stout December, the Emerald Mare, Silvertail, President, Phœbe, and The Felon have been among his especials. He brought his own Nimrod from Fife, where the dark chesnut had left several foals of four seasons, besides hunting all the time. Sir Watkin then bought him, and rode him for two seasons, and Walker for two more. Mr. Lloyd took The Felon to Leicestershire, where "the bay stallion" in such hands made many a well mounted field remember him.

The *Monday's* fixture is in the Carden country, which is principally grass. Royalty is its great cover, and Walker's best thing was from there nearly to Bryn-y-pys, over Worthenborough Meadows, down to Bangor, and across its steeple-chase ground, when they changed

foxes and got beat. It was fifty minutes without a check, and grass nearly all the way; and only seven saw the finish. The Broxton hills and the Peckforton hills are neutral, and require routing perpetually. At Larges Gorse they only find old foxes, and no one ever knew a litter of foxes there. Sir Watkin gets to the hills once a fortnight, if he can, and likes to get his fox across the narrow hills, and to sink the vale for the Cholmondeley country. There have been many good runs from Peel's Gorse, and also from Captain Clutton's Gorse and Burton's Wood, but the foxes are generally bred on the hills. Some rare runs have also been known from Maesfen with Cholmondeley and Carden foxes. The Cheshire men meet Sir Watkin principally on the Monday, and Mr. John Coupland and the Messrs. Behrens are their standard-bearers.

On *Tuesday*, it is the turn for the Shropshire or Baschurch country, which has much more plough, and always requires a great deal of wet to carry a scent. Hopton Gorse and Boreatton are favourite meets, and Woodhouse or Aston is generally drawn from Radnell Station. The foxes are small and lengthy, and the enclosures large. Petton Gorse, which has some fine woodland foxes, is a great draw from Baschurch Station, and they sometimes go with a good fox ten or eleven miles through Oteley Park to the Duke's woods.

On *Thursday* they are generally in the Oteley Park country, and have some rare finds at George's, or the Duke's, or Lee's woods, but like the Baschurch country, it requires plenty of rain.

On *Saturday* it is the turn for Sutton Green Gorse, in the Gresford country, Marchwiel Gorse, Cloverley, Shavington Park, and Styche, from which they run to Combermere, that *alma mater* of fox cubs, and often into the North Staffordshire country. Shavington Park to Peel's Gorse, and *vice versâ*, is a very favourite fast thing, with a rare scent over grass.

The cub-hunting is confined to the Wynnstay Woods for a week or ten days, beginning with the last week in August, until the corn is cut. Then they adjourn to the Duke's Woods (so called after the late Duke of Bridgewater), which have rare lying, and are full of foxes. Chirk Woods furnish an off-morning from Wynnstay, but when they draw Llangedwin Woods, they shift to kennels on the spot, and stay out a week. Sometimes they go there at the end of the season to make a finish. Oswestry race-course for Llandforda is the last day of the regular season, and the Welsh-

men come out to see the sport on their ponies. The general average of scalps is fifty brace, of which twenty are killed in cub-hunting.

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During the twenty-two years that Mr. Thomson has been a master of hounds, no less than 256 horses have passed through his hands. He had 126 in work while master of the Pytchley, and of these 11 died, or were stumped up, and 35 were sold at Tattersall's. Thirteen of them were bought from Jack Darby of Rugby, or "the Man o' the Age," as a celebrated ex-dealer termed him, and 12 from Peter Moir of Edinburgh. The rest were picked up in divers places, and among them Rainbow, from Rayner, in Edinburgh. Iris, by King Arthur, came from Jack Darby, and so did the beautiful chesnut Wanderer, the last that Mr. Thomson purchased. Fountain, a very admirable brown horse, was the fastest and best Mr. Thomson ever rode. He had, however, a very delicate mouth, and would bear no curb-chain. Harold and Iris were bought together at four years old, and worked four seasons, and the latter beat Lady Derwent both at the agricultural shows at Peterboro' and Weatherby, with John Pye up, who "fairly galloped her down." Man o' the Age, Valeria, and Rainbow did most of Mr. Thomson's work. Out of the 126, only seven went through the five seasons, to wit, Valeria, Rigoletto, Usurper, Needlewoman, Man o' the Age, Shaver, and Rainbow. Rigoletto was going for eight seasons in the Pytchley, and Charles Payne and Roake rode him a great deal. Tom Firr rode all that were not quite made, and liked Fresco best; in fact, he always said that at 11 st. he could get placed in the Liverpool steeple chase on him. Iris was sold at Tattersall's to Mr. Padwick, who sold him to Mr. Leigh, the master of Lord Dacre's country. Mr. Thomson then bought him back, and was painted on him in the Pytchley presentation picture by Sir Francis Grant. Captain Percy Williams delighted in Rainbow. Three season ago, in the course of a fast thing, Mr. Thomson jumped a high flight of rails on Valeria out of a ploughed field, but hit them hard; another gentleman had a fall at them, and then Captain Williams jumped them clear on Rainbow. When he was congratulated about it at night, he might well say that he desired no better celebration of his sixty-fourth birthday than that ride on Rainbow. Mr. Thomson has always liked timber, and got rid of many troublesome followers by his fine nerve in that way.

Lilford Wood, Priest's Coppice, Cherry Lap, and Oundle Wood, are all big cub-hunting woods on the Peterborough side, but Gedding-

ton Chace is the best for all descriptions of hunting. There are generally three litters in it, and the rides are kept beautifully. Weekly Hall Wood was also a great favourite with Mr. Thomson, and Grafton Park, near Brigstock, is full of briars and copsewood, and has some artificial earths.

The cub-hunting generally began early in August, and thirty brace of cubs were brought to hand one season before the first Monday in November. The Duke of Buccleuch's and Earl Spencer's covers each furnished their ten brace. Foxes on the Badby Wood side were the wildest and the best, and there were plenty of them to boot. The season (1865-66) of the Waterloo Gorse run was the greatest, and 84 brace was the total. Since then, there has been a good deal of fox destroying, principally by poison, and a fine old fox which had given three capital runs from Cottesbrook was served this way. The blame did not rest with the farmers. As a body, they were most friendly with the master, and he had at least half a dozen requisitions from them to stay on.

*Monday* takes in the Sywell Wood side of the country. There have been more tired foxes there late at night than at any other place in the country, and the rides are very deep. They are very bad to lay hold of in the wood, and it is difficult to get hounds away with them on good terms; if they do break, the best line is towards Great Harrowden. There is some fine country here, but it gets very much disturbed, and is short of foxes. Orlingbury is a real friend to foxes, with two or three artificial earths; and Ecton has small covers and plenty of foxes.

The *Wednesday* fixtures comprise the once famous Crick Gorse, but it is in shocking order, and so many foxes are poisoned in the neighbourhood, that it is often drawn blank. There are six acres of it, but hardly one acre of real cover; nettles and sticks and a little privet in one corner. The only fox found there last season was killed in cover, and had been shot at and heavily wounded before he came in. As many as four hundred horsemen sometimes meet at Crick village, and a fourth of them strangers, besides carriages innumerable; and if the Gorse is blank, Watford is generally the next move. They had a rare afternoon last season from Yelvertoft Hill side; and Lord Listowell, the Hon. Godfrey Morgan, Messrs. Proby, Hare, C. Hewitt, Mills, Muntz, and Mr. Thomson, were the only ones left in it. Jack Topham (a great friend to hunting) was there, but his horse died after it. It was over a fine grass country from Lilburne village to Stanford Park. The fox ran the railway for two miles, and got among a herd of deer in Stanford Park,

during a heavy storm of rain, and they could never hit it off again. There was another great thing from Stanford Hall to the Atherstone country. At the Hemplow Hills, which consist of three gorses, two dingles, and larch plantations, they have generally a very busy time, and it is always a sure find. North Kilworth was a stick cover, and so was Vanderplank, close to Long Buckby. There is generally a litter in Vanderplank's, and upwards of a thousand cobblers from Long Buckby will be out and line the top of the hill when the hounds come to draw. Their shout when the fox goes away is something terrific in its volume. They would feel hurt to a man if their cover didn't hold, and Mr. Thomson used to be amused as he rode home after dark through their village, to hear the voices of the night with their cheerful "*Good night, Capting!*"

There was a pretty bit of water business with a fox among the reeds of Misterton last season. He ran along the spinny for a couple of fields' length, and then headed back and slipped into the pond, and swam into the middle among a flock of ducks. His brush lay level with the water, and his ears twinkled, and he was always wheeling about to keep among the ducks. Sometimes a water-hen would go at him, and flap her wings past his nose. The hounds flashed out at the end of the spinny, and he got out among the reeds, and they never could strike the line again. There was another pretty thing with a fox, which was dug out overnight, and turned down in Holcot Gorse. He came away in view, and gave them a splitter of forty minutes over the Park Wall into Overstone Park, and up to the lake. The hounds were all on the bank when Mr. Thomson got up, and the fox was swimming across a quarter of a mile reach. Only one hound—Prompter, a puppy by Sir Watkin Wynne's Painter—followed him. The fox crept into a bush when he got out, and Prompter fought him till the body of the hounds came up and finished him.

On *Friday* they are sometimes at Kelmarsh and Scotland Wood, but the covers are rather near together at these points, and hence the sport is often little more than a series of scurries. The Waterloo Gorse is a pretty sure find. There are ten acres of it, and about half is good lying among osiers, brambles, and black thorn. "*The* Waterloo fox" was found among a bundle of dead sticks, and Graceful was the first to speak on that memorable day. The country round it is very strong. The bulfinches are eight feet high, and the fences on the Oxendon lordship are stake and bound with a broad ditch, and require to be ridden at as hard as you can hammer.

Naseby is a fine blackthorn cover, with a bit of the heaviest plough in Britain. Clipston is the coldest place in the hunt, and one that won't bear waiting at on a March morning. It is a good but rather thin cover, and not a certain find.

On *Saturday* Ashby St. Ledgers used to be a great meet, but it is nothing now; and the country can only guess "the reason why," Dodford is a very favourite place with masters of the Pytchley, and they sometimes begin cub-hunting at Nobottle Wood before they go to Brigstock. Badby always was in Sir Charles Knightley's day, and still continues to be a good place for foxes. Sir Rainald's head-keeper is invariably out with the hounds, in his top-boots, a very rare and grand sign; and he can generally tell to a hundred yards where they will find in his wood. There are about 150 acres of it, and it will bear sifting morning and afternoon. During the last two seasons they had nearly forty runs from it, and yet it is neutral with the Duke of Grafton. One good fox always went straight for Shuckburgh. They hunted him when the Prince of Wales was out, and he has never been killed. This was a very fine hour and twenty minutes. Above Shuckburgh Hall, Morris, the second horseman, was on the top of the hill against the skyline, waving his cap, and riding parallel to the fox. Mr. Thomson just lasted on Man-o'-the-Age up to Morris, and then got on to Borderer. The fox went into the laurels, and through the garden into the cover. Mr. Thomson was at the top, and Tom Firr viewed the hunted fox at the bottom; and when Tom halloed, his master turned the hounds to him. The hounds viewed a fresh fox half-way down, and took off with him to Knapton-on-the-Hill. It was past seven before they were stopped, and from Shuckburgh Hill they had twenty-three miles home to kennel. The Prince of Wales went splendidly for fifty minutes on Paddy, and followed Mr. Thomson, on Iris, over three stiff rails on a foot path, one of the neatest jumps of the day; but H.R.H. pulled up at a dingle, which "settled the question," and he went back to Althorp. A girl in red rode wonderfully that day.

The "ladies" and the small dogs went on the Wednesday and Saturday, and the dogs and a few of the biggest of the lady pack on the Monday and Friday. Some of the dogs are twenty-four inches, but very few. "The ladies" always go where there are most horses, as they are so resolute in a crowd. Mr. Thomson found sixty-two couple, increased the pack to seventy-five couple, and left eighty-eight. Governess, by Parry's Gulliver, out of the Pytchley Remedy, was his best line hunter, and Telltale and Tidings were rare help-mates, and so were Tasty, and Sportive. Sepoy and Selim were good

young dogs, but his best dog was Dragon by Grafton Dashwood, one that was never off the line, and always working on. The pack were decidedly bad drawers: they would stare about in the rides to get a good start, burst a fox twice round, and then fall into rides. When the fox was halloed away, they came out like a flight of pigeons; and if only two couple were on the line, the whole body of hounds would be with them directly. They were a rare pack to come through horses, and patient if they were allowed to be so; but slow hunters when not chasing. If they divided, they were jealous of their neighbours, and always jumping up to see what they were doing. Still, considering that they were "pressed out of their lives" by natives and "ticket of leave men," it is wonderful that they were as good as they were. Mr. Thomson is not in commission this season, but the Midlands cannot spare him long.

H. H. D.

# A PEEP AT A NEAPOLITAN NUNNERY.

THE sayings and doings of religous sisters, have not long since filled numberless columns of the daily press, and attracted a considerable amount of public attention. Their speech and their silence, their thoughts and their deeds, their hopes and their fears, their punishments and their rewards, their joys and their sorrows, their loves and their hatreds, in fine, their lives and their deaths, have formed the subjects of the discussion, the comment, the abuse, and the praise of thousands of Englishmen and women. Every petty detail of their uninteresting existence—how they slept, and how they awoke; what they ate, drank, and avoided; whether beef or mutton was their staple viand; whether they placed their shoes on their heads, or where mere ordinary beings wore them; whether they washed their soiled linen in private or coram populo; whether they required the permission of the Superior before using their nail brushes or dressing combs; how often were they allowed to touch soap and water; whether they might sneeze or cough without previous sanction from the authorities; how troublesome chilblains and rebellious sisters were treated; all these things, and many more, have been eagerly scanned, canvassed, and criticised. It may, therefore, not be out of place to cast a glance at a foreign nunnery, and to raise the veil from a daily life differing from that referred to as much as the ice fields of Greenland differ from the sandy desert of Sahara.

It was in 1864 that Naples was surprised by the astonishing revelations of conventual secrets, of a lady of noble lineage, an energetic, passionate, intellectual, vindictive woman, who had for twenty years suffered from priestcraft, and who wove her adventures into a narrative, possessing the charms of romance, and yet bearing the impress of unvarnished truth. The statements made by Enrichetta Caracciolo, obtained numerous confirmations, and as her memoirs—though we believe translated into English—are singularly little known here, we purpose briefly dipping into them and culling a few of the remarkable *facts* therein recorded.

Enrichetta Caracciolo, was the fifth daughter of a cadet of the princely house of Forino, Marshal Caracciolo, who at forty espoused a maiden of the ripe age of fourteen. He was blessed with six dowerless girls, and at his decease the sole inheritance he bequeathed his family was his sword. Enrichetta, whose elder three sisters had already secured husbands, seems to have been a fine, lively young creature, with considerable powers of, and still greater desires for, enjoyment, and she had already been noticed at court by the gallant Bomba, who had actually whirled her in his arms in the giddy waltz. Nothing could well have been further from her mind than perpetual reclusion. Indeed, she had already expressed her readiness to encounter the trials of wedded life, and had even carried on two flirtations, the second of which appeared likely to lead to the consummation devoutly wished for by her. But as both Romeo's father and Juliet's mother agreed in opposing the match, and as Romeo and Juliet themselves were as perverse and unjust as lovers usually are, they eventually parted, and, as it proved, for ever.

Our heroine laughed, when, one afternoon, the waiting-woman of a relative, the abbess of a convent, after depositing a tray of sweetmeats, triumphantly informed her that the Chapter had unanimously voted for her admission. But it was not a joke. The pale, shivering, and then passionately sobbing maiden, was gravely told by her mother that their poverty had constrained her to seek for her child a provisional asylum, under the protection of their kinswoman, for a period fixed at two months, when it was anticipated the pension due by the king might be granted. In vain poor Enrichetta wept, and implored. In vain various friends offered her a home. She had no fortune, and her only guardian, her parent, was inexorable.

St. Gregory the Armenian was one of the oldest religious establishments in Naples. It had been founded by an immigration of Greek virgins from Constantinople at the time of the Byzantine Empire, and the rule of St. Basilius soon was replaced by that of St. Benedict. The holy sisters worshipped in a handsome church of the composite order, and richly decorated with frescoes, and dwelt in an extensive building, round the temple of God, of vast and princely magnificence. At this period the nuns dreamt and dined in spacious and commodious dormitories and refectories—meditated in wide cloisters ornamented with a fountain and statues—and contemplated the beauties of Nature from lofty terraces decorated with flowers and paintings, whence splendid views of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples could be leisurely enjoyed. But high walls hid the recluses from the gaze of the profane, and when Enrichetta Caracciolo heard the

gloomy portals of St. Gregory close behind her, when she listened to their heavy clanging, and to the sinister rattling of the massive bolts and bars, when she felt the bright sun and the glowing light, and smiling Nature, and the gay world, and her fond sisters, suddenly shut out from her—her heart sank and her frame shuddered.

Our heroine became the object of the curiosity, if not the antipathy, of the numerous and wealthy sisterhood, and sneers, annoyances, and discontent worried a hot, excitable nature into a nervous fever. On recovery she assumed the educational garb, consisting of a long black tunic with tight sleeves, apron and collar of white muslin, and a small scapulary. Two, three, and four weary months dragged their slow length, and the truant mother redeemed not her promise. The sinfulness of longing to mix again with the wicked world was strongly reproved by Enrichetta's confessor, who urged upon her to exchange the history of Italy for the legends of the Saints, and to study especially the Acts of St. Benedict, whose statue in the church had recently administered a material rebuff, with one of its wooden legs, to the shoulders of a scoffer. Indeed, our heroine herself became the subject of a miracle. She was, it seems, liable to dreams and nightmares, and one night she awoke with the tingling of a bell in her ear. Her waiting-maid roused the whole establishment with shouts of "A miracle!" and abbess, nuns, novices, pupils, and serving-women, declared at once in a chorus, that St. Benedict had summoned Enrichetta to join his rule.

Nevertheless, in spite of this supernatural event, when the day of release which had been repeatedly deferred at length arrived, Enrichetta rejoicingly quitted her cage. But alas, it was only to be hurled from the heights of Olympus to the depths of Hades. Her mother had sought solace in matrimony, and her Romeo had found another Juliet. A Sicilian nunnery or a step-father were the alternatives before her. A brother-in-law who was disposed to afford her shelter, was peremptorily forbidden by a paternal police from committing so unjustifiable an act. Destitute, friendless, unprotected, she was advised to return to the convent. In despair, she entreated the abbess to receive her back for a short time. The sisters consented, provided she elected to become a nun. She hesitated, she trembled, the cold dew fell from her brow. To be thrust homeless into the world, or to be immured into a living tomb—away from the joys, the affections of this life—to follow, in a word, an existence abhorrent to her soul. Her young sister whispered to her to assent, and to trust to the chapter of accidents for release.

*The fatal monosyllable* issued from Enrichetta's pale lips, and she

was a slave for life. Then the convent bells pealed merrily, and on the morrow she was welcomed by festive shouts, by joyous chimes, by the firing of guns, and by the acclamations of the community, and during the evening the Abbess regaled the company, including visitors, to ices and cakes.

In the dead of night the poor girl threw herself at her kinswoman's feet, and in tears unbosomed herself. But the Rubicon had been crossed, and retreat was impossible. The wailings of the weak-minded Abbess, who deplored the disgrace that would befal a Caracciolo, who feared the discredit the convent and the bell of St. Benedict would suffer, and who dreaded the observations of the Vicar, the Cardinal, and the Press, subdued Enrichetta, and she resigned herself to her fate.

A year and a half afterwards, when the required age of twenty was attained, the bride, attired in a magnificent white dress and veil, and bedecked with a wreath of jewelled flowers, was escorted by a princess and a duchess, from her mother's residence, where she had been permitted to pay a farewell visit, to the nunnery.

The gates of St. Gregory the Armenian were thrown open with the customary festivities, and a procession led by a priest with uplifted crucifix and a military band, loudly if not harmoniously celebrated her arrival. The church had been decorated with white and red hangings, which formed a brilliant contrast to the gay costume of the ladies invited to the ceremony, who occupied one side of the aisle, and to the sombre black of the gentlemen standing on the other. The lights, and the masses of colour, and the numerous familiar faces, swam round and round the half fainting maiden, when on her knees she received a small silver cross with her left hand, and a lighted taper with her right.

"Do not become a nun. Do not go into a cloister. Do not leave me!" implored, in tender accents, an infantine voice from the crowd. It was her youngest sister, whose cries were stifled by a handkerchief pressed over her loving lips, and whose little figure was lost behind clouds of incense. The bride, quite unnerved by this affecting incident, and her four noble bridesmaids, knelt once more, and this time near the great altar. A gorgeously clad priest handed a silver basin and a pair of scissors to the vicar, who cut off a lock of her hair. A walk through the church, preceded by the clamorous strains of the band, with eyes blinded by tears, confused entreaties by the nuns to cease weeping, lest it be thought her inclinations had been *forced*, a passage through assembled crowds, and Enrichetta was *hustled* into a corner of the visitors' room and stripped of her finery,

even to the smallest article. Her despairing countenance caused murmurs of compassion among the spectators when she appeared in the black habit, her new costume. The vicar then blessed the scapulary he placed upon her, and she bowed to the Abbess—no longer her kinswoman, yet still a Caracciolo—who uplifted a huge pair of scissors and seized her hair, braided into one heavy tress.

"Barbarians, spare her locks," shouted a powerful voice among the guests. "A madman!" it was whispered. The stranger was an English member of parliament. The priests ordered silence, and the nuns exclaimed, "He is a heretic—proceed."

The tress fell.

The year of noviciate expired. The dowry required from the bride of Him who said—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God" was provided by a kind relative, and the cupidity of priests, acolytes, and nuns was satisfied by ample gifts and fees.

Sister Enrichetta had punctually followed the customary preparatory spiritual exercises, being assured that profession was like baptism, so that a nun dying immediately after taking the vows would proceed straightway to paradise, without the disagreeable necessity of halting in purgatory. We may add here, that there was in the convent a magnificent marble staircase, which was ascended every Friday during March, by the whole community, from the Abbess to the lowest scullery maid, on their knees, a prayer being recited over each step, and an indulgence thereby obtained. Thus, by cumulative indulgences would be purged any peccadilloes, any microscopic specks that may have oozed through the filters of confession and of profession, and an extra opportunity afforded to the faithful of literally stepping up to heaven.

On the 1st of October, 1842, before a numerous assemblage of distinguished guests, Enrichetta Caracciolo pronounced the vows of Chastity, Poverty, Obedience, and Perpetual Reclusion. After signing a Latin document, she was enjoined to lie upon a carpet on the floor, and a funeral pall was thrown over her, whilst from each corner a torch shed a lurid glare. The bells tolled, and lugubrious wailing from the church cast a solemn gloom on the scene around, as the officiating cardinal thrice pronounced the words, "Surge quæ dormis et exurge a mortuis et illuminabit te Christus." At the first invocation the nuns removed the cloth. At the second and third the victim rose gradually to the new life, to her worse than death. Communion, and a short sermon followed, and then kisses among the sisterhood, flavoured with sweetmeats and ices.

When Enrichetta presented, according to custom, bouquets of artificial flowers to the cardinal and to the bishop, she offered another to a prince of the House of Denmark, who had accompanied her kinsman, General Salluzzi.

"Dead leaves from a dead woman!" exclaimed the general.

"The holocaust is completed," replied his royal highness. "The lamb is immolated. The sight is too painful. Let us depart."

Sister Enrichetta lived a life apart from the rest of the community, with whom she was as little at home as a Belgravian dandy amongst Neapolitan brigands, as Mr. Whalley amongst the company of Jesus, as a total abstinence preacher amid the drunken sailors of Ratcliff. Soon she was thoroughly disliked, because, though with them she was not of them; their ways were not her ways, and what she valued and regarded, they feared and abhorred; what they cherished and revered, she despised and detested. However, she was a woman after the surly lexicographer's own heart, for, unquestionably she was a good hater, and she did not dip her pen in rose water. But her pictures of conventual life resemble daguerreotype portraits, they reflect Nature, though often in dark ghastly tints, Nature as seen through a pair of blue spectacles.

Now for her experiences. We will not dwell on the described relations between the brides of Christ and his ministers, an account of which would neither point a moral nor adorn a tale, unless it were one of Boccaccio. That confession is good for the soul seems to have been an established axiom at St. Gregory. Confession formed the business, the pleasure, the recreation, and the joy of the sisters' lives. Nay, the fair writer even avers that the abolition of that practice would have been a deathblow to nunneries, all inducement to taking the veil at once ceasing with it, whilst with reference to the priests, their occupation, like Othello's, would be gone. The father confessor was the object of the heartburnings, rivalries, jealousies, and quarrels of the nuns. To him they confided their thoughts, hopes, fears, wishes, and aspirations. He was their spiritual director, friend, counsellor, father, mother, brother; the representative of and mediator to heaven. He inspired passionate worship, and this feeling so identified them with the cloister, that during temporary visits to their relatives, where it naturally could not have full scope, they would pine and long to return to their sweet captivity. Those whose ordinary confessor had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, would enlist the services of a younger religious guide, with whom they would confer for hours in a roomy and comfortable confessional. Some were ill with alarming frequency, and then they had the benefit of

the uninterrupted ministrations of the priest in the privacy of their chambers. One holy sister daily summoned her confessor in the mornings to relate her thoughts of the night, to the accompaniment of wine and cakes; in the afternoons he returned to confession and to luncheon; in the evenings he reappeared to hear how she spent her mornings, and to sip coffee and munch sweetmeats. Moreover, unable to bear prolonged absences, Abelard and Heloise would exchange epistles twice in the twenty-four hours. By the way, some of the letters of the pupils to their saintly masters, accidentally intercepted, were conceived in a style more suitable to devotees to our Lady of Lorette, than to followers of the Rule of St. Benedict.

Another sister had remained faithful for sixteen years to her confessor, from whom she had been parted; when eventually he was restored to her, she offered lights and flowers to her protecting saint, entertained the whole community to refreshments, received congratulatory madrigals, and built a private confessional, so as to be enabled at all hours to listen to his teachings.

But enough instances. How the overwhelming influence of the ministers of Christ was used and abused; how artful sophistry gradually sapped innocence and purity, how superstition and vice triumphed in the place of religion and virtue, how corruption spread and devoured the vitals of the establishment, will be found fully described in the work in question.

Sister Enrichetta did not escape the persecutions of gay ecclesiastics. These merely became marks for the shafts of her keen wit, but the dogma of vicarious love that a cowled Don Juan endeavoured to instil into her mind. . . . . Quod Deus est amor, nec colitur nisi amando. . . . . was repudiated with disgust and indignation, and all the blandishments of the black-gowned serpents served only to intensify her hatred against them.

"Come, ye blessed of my father. . . . . I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me. . . . . Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. . . . . Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." So preached the Master; so practised not those who professed to be his servants. Let us quote a few examples of how charity was understood at St. Gregory the Armenian.

It was customary there to have the dead laid out on the floor by special attendants. On a certain occasion, the she wolf whose duty it was to officiate, unwillingly rising from her warm bed, when pressed by Sister Enrichetta, rushed at the corpse like a savage bull at a banderillero, tearing it down by the leg and dragging it across the apartment, shouting, "By the Madonna, could you not have done it

yourself?" Enrichetta's blood curdled in her veins at the repeated bumps of the poor cold head against the hard stones. Complaints were useless. They all acted likewise, said the Abbess. The same woman, tired of leading on Sundays a blind sister to mass, one day precipitated the troublesome being who could not see from the height of a steep staircase, and silenced her voice for ever. No punishment followed this deed, but on the other hand, a serving woman who assisted a lady visitor who had fallen in a fit, was soundly rated for meddling with what did not concern her.

This reminds us of an anecdote related by the late Marquis d'Azeglio. A gardener in the service of Pope Gregory XVI., surprised on some occasion at the unusual silence within, gradually advanced from the Belvedere Gardens into the antechamber, and crossing several halls, all of them perfectly deserted, reached at last a vast bedchamber. On a couch lay the vicar of Christ on earth, his head drooping over the side, whilst the cadaverous hue of his countenance, his sunken eyes, and the rattle in his throat, indicated that he was on the point of being summoned to render an account of his ministration. The soft-hearted gardener rushed to assist the moribund; but a priest unexpectedly appeared, and stayed the outstretched hand of mercy, under pain of excommunication. So his Holiness perished like the sorriest cur in his capital, and in point of humanity St. Peter equalled St. Gregory.

A hasty interment in the morning seems to have been the fate of the departed at our nunnery, and woe to the cook if the macaroni were overdone. Family ties were unknown to its inmates, and domestic affection was as great a stranger to them as Greek verse to a Red Indian, philanthropy to the late Mr. Rush, and common honesty to directors of public companies. Two nuns, sisters of a princely family, were repeating their orations in the choir, measuring the time with the clepsydra as of old, when the suicide of a brother, a distinguished diplomatist, was suddenly announced to them. They looked at each other: "Anna!" said the one; "Camilla," replied the other, "May the Lord preserve him in glory. The water is flowing. Let us resume our meditations."

Another recluse on being informed of the unexpected decease of a sister, enjoined her serving woman not to communicate the news officially until the conclusion of the repast then commencing, for "she was starving, and would not remain dinnerless for the loss of any human being." The only creature that exhibited feeling about St. Gregory—for he was not allowed to enter—was a quadruped. When his young mistress, at the age of twelve, was immured for life.

the faithful mastiff remained wailing pitifully, waiting for her return. For forty-eight hours he shivered on the marble pavement of the portico, giving vent to lamentations that would have softened the heart of any but priest or nun. The neighbours fed him, until he was poisoned by orders of the community, before the living tomb of her he had so well loved.

The exalted Preceptor of lowly fishermen said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . . Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. . . . . Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" But our nuns evidently differed. They resembled not St. Francis, who held the good things of this world in detestation, and who would never allow his followers to touch coin; nor like St. Philip Nerius, who would frequently pray that he might become in need of a penny and find no one to give it. If the holy sisters wore coarse wool instead of purple, they also wore the finest of embroidered linens. If they were not allowed backs to their bedsteads, they at least owned the softest of feather beds and pillows, and the most luxurious of coverlets trimmed with point lace. If they might not have objects of ornament on their dressing-tables, they were not prohibited from keeping precious vessels and valuable porcelain in cabinets. If they retained no cash in their chambers, there was in the establishment a strong room where each bride of Christ held her own money under lock and key, a most needful practice, by the way, as will be presently seen. Moreover, the cuisine was excellent, and when they did not partake of fresh fruit, as on Fridays, the rules did not prevent their indulging ad libitum in preserves.

Each sister was wont to feast sumptuously the day of her protecting saint. Weeks of preparations and considerable sums were wasted for and on these occasions, debts being freely incurred, and profuse gifts distributed to priests, monks, and acolytes. As these practices were followed on birth-days, at Easter, and at Christmas, Castle Squander must have been a pattern of economy to St. Gregory. Each nunnery was famed for one description of comfit or cake, which was produced in considerable quantities, the daintiest morsels being reserved for their reverences, whilst the more imperfect saccharine compounds were good enough for their friends, and the most imperfect for the public, who paid handsomely for them. Moreover, their was a pharmacy in the convent, where several medicaments were prepared, and eagerly purchased by the Neapolitans—who had faith in their curative powers—at something like four times their cost.

Once a preacher, who happened to be both honest and bold—a

very Père Hyacinthe—had the temerity to pass severe comments on the mode of life led by our nuns. "Was he aware he was addressing the daughters of dukes, princes, counts, and barons, the representatives of the sangre azul of Parthenope, the meanest of whom could show her sixteen quarterings?" angrily sent to inquire the Abbess. The ecclesiastic's only reply was a repetition in his next homily of the insolent communication, word for word, to the utter confusion of the haughty dame.

Those scions of proud lineages appear to have been as well-informed as Hottentots, and as literate as natives of New Guinea. One day, Mad. Caracciolo, who had often been taken to task for perusing profane books, was surprised reading by the Abbess. She uneasily handed the book, anticipating a reprimand, and was infinitely relieved at hearing, "Oh, the memoirs of St. Helena, the pious mother of St. Constantine—poor girl, you have been indeed maligned." It was the Mémorial de St. Hélenè, and the worthy mother had never heard of the existence of the obscure individual known as Napoleon Bonaparte.

Monotonousness of existence, want of active occupation, religious exaltation, and lack of healthy exercise for mind and body, caused their natural consequences. Nervous diseases, from fits, convulsions, catalepsy, to hallucinations, aberration of mind, and acute mania, were prevalent at St. Gregory, and cases of suicide were by no means infrequent. Moreover, many of the sisters suffered from singular idiosyncrasies. One could not bear the touch of paper, and her attendant—purposely chosen from her inability to read or write—would turn the pages of her mistress's missal, and hold her letters before her. Another sister swooned whenever she heard mass, a third would play with dolls, and a fourth, whenever indisposed, would pin herself in her couch. Want of space prevents us from even alluding to the numerous affecting incidents recorded in the book on this subject, clearly demonstrating that the laws of Nature cannot be infringed with impunity.

The eighth commandment, or, indeed, for the matter of that, most others, seems to have been as thoroughly ignored, as if it had been enjoined in the Koran, the Zend Avesta, or the Vedas. The Cave of Trophonius; Hounslow Heath when Claude Duval, or Gentleman Jack politely stopped travellers; the old rookery, when the late Mr. Fagan patiently devoted several hours daily to the instruction of promising pupils,—were localities in which, comparatively to St. Gregory, the rights of property were respected. Provisions, relics, wearing apparel, lace, silver spoons, and sums of money were constantly

disappearing in the clutches of the light-fingered camorrists of the convent. Once the Blessed Virgin herself was stripped of the rings, bracelets, chains, and jewels heaped upon her by the faithful. This sacrilege caused a great sensation. The vicar severely admonished the assembled community, excommunicating the culprit. Some wept, some laughed, but the thief remained undetected. Six ducats were found at the foot of the shrine one day, and it was thought that the criminal, tormented by the pangs of conscience, would make restitution by small instalments, but pursuit having slackened, the delinquent's good intentions, if ever formed, evidently went to pave the well-known warm locality. Our heroine, herself, not indulging in the favourite habit, was constrained to keep under lock and key even the most trifling articles, otherwise her worldly goods would soon have been reduced to what she could grasp in her hand, having, as it was, lost some valuable property.

Sister Enrichetta, wearied of devout Catholics, who were as moral as Negroes, as honest as Otaheitans, as high principled as Malays, and somewhat less feeling than Laplanders; tired of a paradise which resembled a pandemonium, and of saints who were worse than sinners, commenced employing the energies of a strong nature, and the influence of powerful friends, to procure her release from the hated thraldom.

Cardinal Riario Sforza, a young man of few attainments in all except profligacy, had been by special favour created Archbishop of Naples, by Gregory XVI., shortly before his death. His Eminence conceived a great interest for the community of St. Gregory in general, and for Sister Enrichetta in particular.

He opened the campaign by the present of a huge basket of strawberries to the fair recluses, and on the following day a wag brought, in his name, to the convent, a monstrous sturgeon, soon discovered, to the horror of all, to be a common seal. The cardinal's gifts ceased, but not his visits. One day Signora Caracciolo was summoned to the visitor's room. The dandified, be-scented, be-jewelled representative of the apostles was lolling on an easy chair. As habitual with him, he affected witticisms, and was offensive, and in striving to be Marforio, he was only Pulcinella. He informed the kneeling Enrichetta, who was pale with expectation, that her application to his holiness had been referred to him; he pooh poohed her plea of ill-health, she was only hysterical; he sneered at her disinclination to conventual life, and with sundry insulting allusions, placed his veto to her request.

Discouragement was succeeded by renewed exertions; but all her

petitions had but one termination, the defendant being appointed judge in his own case. Meanwhile, the cardinal vainly endeavoured to win her regard, and to reconcile her to her position, even descanting on the beauties of the establishment. Our shorn lamb, however, was quite able to hold her own against the whole sacred college, and her sharp tongue did not spare her saintly admirer to whom she refused even the very moderate favour of a dish of sweetmeats. She hated him, and all the priests,—

> Surpe malnata e cruda
> Che degli altrui pergli—al l'ombra ride ;

and he continued for some time her adorer and her enemy, until tired of being the former he remained only the latter.

Dawn appeared in 1848, and for a brief period the sun of liberty beamed on fair Parthenope. But Bomba swore to the new constitution only to forswear himself, and his promises culminated in shells, cannon balls, and fire. Where he had scourged with rods he now scourged with scorpions, and a reign of terror followed, in which military executions, crowded ergastoli, a gagged press, and a licentious all-powerful police, testified to the love of Ferdinand for his subjects. Sister Enrichetta, whose liberal tendencies and sympathies were too well known, became the object of the sarcasms, of the sorry jests of the daughters of St. Benedict, strenuous supporters of the king's paternal government, until, almost driven to distraction, the proud-spirited, patriotic woman felt at times almost tempted to commit the nunnery to the flames, and to destroy herself and the malignant drones it sheltered. Only one faithful companion she possessed, an attached serving maid, who devoted to her the unswerving affection of a humble and yet true heart, and who ever followed her in joy and in sorrow.

At last, one day, a venerable Capuchin brought Sister Enrichetta what was more precious than manna, more coveted than the Sangrail. It was a brief from his holiness, not releasing her from her vows, it is true, but yet permitting her to quit St. Gregory the Armenian, and to reside in a retreat of her own choice, issuing from it daily, provided she returned thereto nightly. The change of cage was not effected without difficulty, for when Pontius Pilatus inquired of Caiaphas,—when abbess referred to abbess for the postulant's *character*, praise qualified by the terrible accusation that she read the journals of the wicked, *i. e.*, the liberals, who contemplated the atrocious design of abolishing religious orders—was the reply, and of course the application was rejected. Pressure applied upon her unforgiving enemy, Cardinal

Riario Sforza, obtained the desired effect, and Sister Enrichetta, after nine years' sufferings at St. Gregory the Armenian, was admitted into the Conservatory of Constantinople.

The new establishment was a spacious, light, and cheerful building, situated in one of the busiest thoroughfares of Naples, and Enrichetta's heart at first expanded, for the air seemed purer, the sun brighter, life more smiling, and once more she mixed with the men and women of the world she loved. But her joy was short-lived. She shocked the abbess by purchasing a piano, and playing the overture to *Guglielmo Tell*. She scandalised the female porter by her daily exits. The fourteen oblate sisters of the nunnery were divided into parties, hating each other, and as she did not join any of them, she gained the ill-will of all. Moreover, her persecutor was at work, and her walks were changed into drives, and these soon were interdicted altogether. Her mother's journey to Gaeta, to obtain at the feet of his holiness a dispensation from the vows, failed. Further, she heard that all the rigours of claustral reclusion were about being enforced against her, the pill to be gilded by the offer of an abbess-ship. Lastly, to give the finishing stroke to her miseries, the allowance she was entitled to from St. Gregory, was first reduced, and then altogether withdrawn. Unable to remain in that bed of Procrustes, she had recourse to desperate means. She fled, with her faithful attendant.

His Eminence was aghast, and in vain sent canon and priest to entreat Signora Caracciolo to return to the fold. She was obdurate, and defied them all. Whilst consultations were taking place between the ministers of heaven and the satellites of Bomba, as to the best means of recovering the strayed sheep, she took refuge at Capua, under the protection of Cardinal Capano, in a kind of asylum principally inhabited by Magdalens, undergoing the process of reformation. To live with a few oblate sisters under the same roof as three hundred shameless, brazen trulls, was not pleasant, nevertheless, safety was insured, and Riario Sforza baffled. But the benevolent Cardinal Capano died, and Sister Enrichetta returned to Naples, where she sojourned unmolested for several months, until one day her apartments were invaded by the gigantic figure of Duke Morbilli, the chief Commissary of Police, accompanied by a sallow hypocritical looking priest, and a posse of *sbirri* enough to have stormed a forest full of brigands, and she was hurried away she knew not whither.

After a year and a half of freedom, of life, the imprisonment, the solitude, the silence, fell heavily upon her. When she ascertained that she was in the Retreat of Santa Maria delle Grazie di Mondragone, a religious House of Correction, when she beheld her

narrow cell, the only articles of furniture in which were a bedstead, a table, and a candlestick, when she heard that books and writing implements were forbidden to her, and that there was no hope of release, she fell into a deadly swoon. Fits of fury followed each other, and alarmed her clerical captors, and doubtless when she said she was ready to become a tiger, and to spring at their throats, they found small difficulty in believing her. She determined upon starving herself to death, and after remaining six days without food, the physician summoned found her suffering from a nervo-bilious fever, accompanied by symptoms of cerebral congestion. On the eleventh day of her voluntary abstinence, she was sinking, and her life was only saved by the pious fraud of the doctor, who assured her her liberation had been ordered, and by his unremitting attention for some time afterwards.

The strenuous efforts of her relatives and friends to procure a termination of her captivity failed; the king and his ministers asserting that Signora Caracciolo had been leagued with conspirators and revolutionists. The suspicions of the police were not unfounded, for she loved her country, detested its misgovernors, and silently worked to assist in its redemption.

But no proofs against her were ever found; her chattels and wearing apparel were only searched, to leave undetected what she most prized, and her unsuspected correspondence was continued until the end.

How Enrichetta Caracciolo was restored to society after a durance of three years and a half, how Garibaldi rent asunder the hated fetters that had enslaved her for twenty years, how a new government closed the hot-beds of idleness, ignorance, fanaticism, and sin, where she had wasted the best portion of her existence, how, finally, she became a happy wife and fond mother, may be discovered, with many other interesting details, faithfully, simply, yet vividly and graphically depicted in her Memoirs.

JAMES PICCIOTTI.

# Three Parish Clerks.

BETWEEN the Great Battledore Extension Railway Company and the Mammoth Shuttlecock Ditto there has existed a terrible feud ever since those famous lines of railway have had an existence. They are always in hot water. To hear Mr. Fitzmontague Ferryman and Mr Sigismund Honeydew, the respective chairmen of directors of the Battledore and the Shuttlecock Companies, depreciate each other's property when the demon Discord throws them together at a charity dinner at the Freemasons' is, as the saying goes, as good as a play. I know that in his heart Ferryman would willingly donate a thousand pounds or so to any waiter who would fill up Honeydew's liqueur glass with prussic acid, strychnine, or some other equally poisonous medicament; and I feel as confident as I do that my name is Smythe (and I beg of the printer to mark the spelling,) that a similar gratuity would be placed by the urbane Honeydew at the disposal of that person who would cunningly conceal in Ferryman's fish, and cause him to swallow, a half-inch nail of the order tenpenny. As it is with the chiefs so is it with the minor members of the Battledore and the Shuttlecock—the serfs, as it were, of these corporations—who religiously ignore one another's existence, but when they are unavoidably brought into contact with each other, they conceal their deadly enmity by an excess of politeness which it is truly refreshing to an outsider to witness.

The Battledore Railway is, I should say—and I speak without reserve—the very best line to travel on in Europe or America, Asia and Africa being nowhere in the matter of locomotion by steam. Its board of directors numbers two lords, one member of Parliament (Muffkins, M.P., the unflinching advocate of Church and State, and the active and energetic supporter of the bill for regulating the sale of hot rolls on Saturday nights), and five of the most influential members of the Stock Exchange. Our (and I use the plural number advisedly, for I have no wish to conceal the fact that I am myself a Battledore)—our bankers are men as far beyond suspicion as Cæsar's wife, our parliamentary counsel is the great Mr. Sempronius Coke, and our solicitors Crackem, Blazer, Rocket, & Squib, the most

eminent firm in the metropolis. As I now fill the responsible post of seventh out-door clerk to Crackem & Co., my freely-expressed opinion of the merits of that firm may be regarded as a prejudiced one. If it be so looked upon, all I have to say is that I hurl back the foul insinuation with all the force which the language of these realms can convey, and challenge my accuser to prove that I have ever sought to uphold the good name and unblemished reputation of the Battledore Railway Company (Limited) in any other than a fair and unprejudiced way.

To recount the history of the public career of the Shuttlecock's board of directors and *employés* in general I respectfully decline, having no wish to be a party to an action for libel or defamation of character, which result would inevitably follow were I to enter upon even a brief description of those officials' lives. Everybody knows that Woodcock, the former general manager of the Shuttlecock Railway, who, in '47—8, *fêted* cabinet ministers and opera dancers at his charming villa on the Thames, turned out to be a returned convict; and that Shuffham, who succeeded him, is no better than he should be, and lies under the suspicion of having smothered his grandfather, a worthy old gentleman, who had amassed a considerable fortune by the exportation of patent nutcrackers to the Sandwich Islands. How, after the revelations made in the Central Criminal Court, Shuffham has the face to take the chair at the annual meeting of the association for providing the Otaheitans with cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, I am at a loss to conceive.

This may appear like a digression, but it is not; it was indispensable that I should indicate the position of the two companies in order that you may realise to the full the villanous and treacherous conduct which almost led, to put it in the most pleasant way, to my severing my connection with the staff of the Battledore Company.

It came about in this fashion. In the spring of last year we, at Crackem & Co.'s, were working night and day on the plans, &c., of the proposed Junction at Stanbridge, Rokeshire, the latest development of the Battledore lines. I regard Crackem as one who will be an old man at five-and-forty—he never saw a bed for fifteen days, and appeared to live on brandy and soda and cigars. That man has literary power, too, as you would say were you to hear him dictating the route of some new branch of railway to the shorthand writer, Mr. Phonog, whose life must be a perfect misery under the autocratic *régime* of Crackem. After two months' regular hard work—keeping our noses at the grindstone, to use Blazer's original simile, and no mistake—we had got everything ready

for counsel, in expectation of the unscrupulous and factious (good word, "factious") opposition which we were pretty confident would be raised by the directors of the Shuttlecock Company. Our only care now was to secure the attendance of the necessary witnesses, who lived in the country. This highly important duty devolved upon me—a proof, if any were wanted, of the esteem in which I am held by my worthy employers, whose behests I obey for the stipend of seventy pounds per annum, paid quarterly, and a gratuity of five pounds at Christmas; the latter sum, I regret to say, having been withheld from me last year, owing to the events detailed hereafter, over which I had no control. That I lost this gratuity by Shuttlecock treachery I need hardly say.

Our most important witnesses, whose attendance before the committee was considered absolutely essential to the success of the application for the required powers, were three gentlemen, who, singularly enough, each acted as parish clerk in the respective towns of Ashford, Morley-cum-Pinkerton, and Cranbury: the latter, as all the world knows, famous for its succulent and toothsome cakes. With each of these officials had been deposited, as usual, on the 30th day of November previous (this was February) the plans of the proposed junction, documents which anyone who chose might inspect on application. At Ashford my difficulties began. The parish clerk of that town informed me that he had a "berrin'" (Anglicé, funeral) to attend to on the day it would be requisite that he should leave for London in company with me and the other clerks; but he was not proof against my offer of two guineas a day and his expenses, with a free pass to London and back; and he therefore sought out the friends of the deceased Thomas with a view to the earlier performance of the last rites than had been agreed upon. There being no help for it, the relatives, though reluctantly, consented that the ceremony should take place whenever the clerk preferred. I therefore handed to the clerk of Ashford two guineas, as what we called "good conduct" money, and a railway pass—a document he regarded in almost the same light as if it were his death warrant, consigning him to immediate execution on Tower Hill. I had some little difficulty in finding the clerk of Morley-cum-Pinkerton. He had gone out for the evening, I was told, to the Blue Boar, at which hostelry I discovered him, the presiding genius of a symposium comprising all the small tradesmen in the town-village. The chairman, whom I interrupted in the midst of a rabid speech on church rates and ritualism, was not precisely in the condition I could have wished. He was in that uncomfortable state known as "half

gone;" and, with a most artful series of winks, confided to me his intention of not standing "no nonsense from the Methodies, as had set up a meeting-house in the town a'most close t' church." Under other circumstances, and with Dinah Morris and Seth Bede fresh in my memory, I should have combated the argument against the Methodists by a quotation from George Eliot's charming story; but as a minute's thought convinced me that the company at the Blue Boar would not recognise any difference between Adam Bede and the venerable gentleman who flourished in the eighth century, I refrained from interposition further than to inform the chairman of the object of my mission. With a knowing nod of his head, he made oath that he would be at the station the next day but one, armed with the necessary plans; and, after treating the company all round, I left them inspired with the idea that henceforth their mission should be the advancement of the scheme promulgated by the Battledore Company. The clerk of Cranbury was not so easily won over to our side. The Shuttlecock's solicitors were before us with him, and had received his solemn assurance that nothing should prevail upon him to go to London as a witness for us. In vain I persuaded, entreated, cajoled him; he remained inflexible. Grown desperate, I threatened, and (figuratively) held before him the image of the Speaker of the House of Commons. That right hon. gentleman was my *deus ex machinâ.* The recital of his unlimited powers settled the business, and the overawed parish clerk, who, like Falstaff, had almost lost his voice with singing of anthems, consented to accompany me back to town on the following day.

I would as lief be in the metropolis with a dancing bear and his master in my charge as with three provincial parish clerks who had never set foot in London before. Their eccentricities of speech and raiment exposed me to considerable chaff on our journey, but that was nothing compared to what I suffered and had to endure at Paddington, where, having to wait some twenty minutes for a cab, we were unmercifully quizzed, and I noticed one gentleman—no doubt an artist on *Punch* or one of the other comic papers,—making a thumbnail sketch of us. Usually Rocket and Squib are the discreetest of the discreet, and I had never before seen the ghost of a smile on their care-lined faces; but, upon our arrival at Monitor Street, they received me with a roar of laughter that could have been heard at the middle of Birdcage-walk. I felt ashamed of being seen with the provincials, but it was useless to complain. I had undertaken to look after them and was obliged to do so; besides, they were witnesses without whose assistance we could not well proceed

before the Committee. After showing them the Houses of Parliament, which bewildered them with their gold and glitter, and rendered them incapable of speech, I got them lodgings at a small coffee house near Waterloo Bridge, into which I could not help observing we were followed by a weazen-faced, seedy man whom I felt convinced I had seen before in the courts. After tea, my friends expressed their desire to go out "for a bit of a stroll." In this I indulged them by parading them down the Waterloo Road, and through the New Cut, where their frequent stoppages to look into the furniture shops, and to prod bloaters on costermongers' barrows, in order to see if their roes were hard or soft, excited a large amount of attention. They had never been to a theatre; so, as I could not take them to the Strand or Adelphi, I determined to introduce them to Queen Victoria's own theatre, the popular "Vic.," more especially as my pocket-book contained some orders for that dramatic Temple, given me by Bellars, the well-known author of "The Bleeding Hand; or, My Mother's Murderer," which at that time was making a great noise in the theatrical world, owing to a discussion in the newspapers as to the perfect originality of that drama—a question that Bellars treated with the lofty contempt it deserved. My clerks relished "The Bleeding Hand" exceedingly; in turn they cried and laughed, wept o'er the sorrows of the dashing heroine, and laughed at the low comedian's oddities. To my disgust, they insisted on staying to see the pantomime, which was then in its final stage of last performances, and it was after midnight when we returned to the coffee-house near the Bridge of Suicides, where I blessed and left them, promising to be with them the next morning at ten o'clock. This was the first fatal mistake in my professional career—leaving them all night in no one's custody; and bitterly I repented my neglect. Upon arriving at the coffee-house on the following day, you may guess my horror at being told by the waitress that at eight A.M. a young gentleman, accompanied by a man, whose description by the girl satisfied me he was the weazen-faced one who had dodged us, had called upon the clerks as they were breakfasting, paid their bill, and taken them away in a cab, "by order of the Speaker!" who, he said, would not require them that day, and had ordered them to be shown the sights of London. Without inquiring who the gentleman was, they had packed up their things and left without hesitation. I was humiliated—crushed; for I had no doubt that the weazen-faced man was in the employ of an opponent, had overheard us talking at Westminster, and had thus "done" us out of our material witnesses. My only hope now was to subpœna the coffee-house keeper as a

witness. He had heard the conversation, and, for a consideration, attended before the Committee; relating the incident with such *naïveté* that No. 14 Committee-room echoed with laughter, and the agent to the opposition was only too glad to concede what our witnesses would have proved to prevent a further *exposé*. Of course it all got into the newspapers, and was even made the subject of a leading article by the *Morning Monitor*, whose comments upon my share in the business were not of an over-flattering nature. I did not meet my chief until the next day. Our interview was brief, but to the purpose. Looking at me with a curious expression of humour and contempt in his face, he said, before giving me my *congé*, "The next time you bring three Parish Clerks to London, my young friend, take them to the 'Vic.' if you like, take them to a Waterloo Road coffee-house if you choose; but, hang it, sir, *remember to sleep with them.*"

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# The Story of Bidpai.

ALEXANDER, having conquered the kings of the west, and overcome the armies of Persia, directed his course towards China. In the course of his victorious march he summoned Four, king of India, and commanded his abject submission. Four was a wise and brave monarch. Instead of offering himself as Alexander's vassal he defied him with an army.

Thus unexpectedly checked in his triumphant progress, the conqueror prepared to sweep away his presumptuous enemy. Having duly intrenched his camp, he consulted his astrologers with regard to the most propitious day for his ulterior plans. Meanwhile his army of artificers had constructed hollow figures of brass, representing horses and men, fully equipped for battle. These were filled with naphtha and other combustibles. The day being fixed and the artificers having completed their extraordinary work, Alexander for the second and third time summoned the army of Four to the battle.

The Indian king had placed his elephants in the front rank. These advancing, the figures of brass were put in motion at the same time. The elephants no sooner touched them with their trunks than they were rendered furious by the heat of the burning brazen warriors. Maddened with the strange and continued pain, the elephants threw their riders, turned round and fled, trampling under foot the flower of the Indian army.

The army of Four being thrown into inevitable confusion, Alexander rushed on in pursuit. At the same time, being a merciful monarch, he cried aloud to Four—

"O King of India, have compassion on your army; do not subject it to total destruction. Risk thine own person, and save thy subjects; I challenge thee to mortal combat; let us two decide the battle."

Four accepted the challenge, and the two monarchs fought desperately. Alexander would have been defeated; but at a critical moment the army of Alexander, by arrangement with a great general, raised a sudden shout. Four, thinking this was the signal for an

attack on his camp, turned round to see what it meant. Whilst he was thus for a moment thrown off his guard, Alexander slew him.

Thereupon the Indian army in a fit of exasperation attacked their opponents, but without success. Alexander took their country, and placed the government in the hands of one of his most distinguished officers. The new monarch treated his conquered subjects with contempt, and eventually he was deposed; and Dabschelim, a descendant of the ancient kings of India, reigned in his stead.

Now Dabschelim, when his power was firmly established, threw off the mask of virtue and humility which he had previously worn. He abandoned himself to all kinds of excesses, and daily committed acts of oppression and tyranny upon his people.

During this period there was amongst the Brahmins a famous philosopher. His name was Bidpai. He called his disciples together, and counselled a serious effort to reform the reigning monarch. After much debate it was resolved that Bidpai should go to court, and endeavour to lead the king into a discussion upon the duties of princes, with a view to representing to his majesty the grievances of an oppressed and wretched people.

The king was most gracious until Bidpai descanted upon those duties of a king which Dabschelim had neglected, whereupon the monarch, unable to restrain his anger, said,—

"I could not have believed that one of my subjects would have ventured to address me with so much audacity. I cannot sufficiently wonder at your bold and arrogant tone. I will make an example of you, that your effrontery shall be a warning to others."

And Bidpai was ordered for execution; but ere the sentence could be carried out Dabschelim reflected on the severity of his command, and remitted the order to close imprisonment. His disciples thereupon dispersed and hid themselves in the remotest parts of the kingdom.

When Bidpai had been confined some days, Dabschelim, at a loss to resolve an important astronomical problem, bethought him of his victim.

"The voice of wisdom," said the monarch to himself, "has pronounced four things to be disgraceful to kings: anger, which is the most baleful of all passions; avarice, that is not excused by the multitude of its perversions; falsehood, which is a bar to all intimacy and fellowship; and obscene conversation, which is a folly in words that does not become them. There came to me a man who did not deal in frivolous discourse, but in wise sayings; a man capable of giving instruction, which he would have imparted had I received him

as his merits deserved. I resisted his efforts to serve me, and repaid him with ingratitude."

With these noble feelings of repentance in his heart, the king sent for Bidpai out of prison. After a long interview, in which the philosopher gave the king certain evidences of his wisdom and disinterested desire to be of use to him, his majesty appointed Bidpai grand vizier, which high office he filled with modesty, grace, and justice. His disciples came back to him, and were promoted to places of honour. In no case did they presume upon their position to do aught but what was for the benefit of the king and his kingdom.

Now Bidpai employed his leisure in writing treatises on government. His literary occupations, together with the influence of his disciples in this direction, set the king's thoughts upon the composition of books. One day he commanded Bidpai to write a work containing the precepts of true wisdom. On another day it occurred to his majesty to order an account to be written of his own reign.

"I have found," said the king, "in looking over the treasures of our libraries that there is no one of my ancestors whose reign did not form the subject of a work purporting to be a history of his public and private conduct. In some instances the kings themselves were the authors in question; but as I distrust my own capacity, I desire that you will take upon yourself this literary work, which, professing to embrace only the instruction of the people, may contain useful lessons for the conduct of kings who wish to secure the obedience and fidelity of their subjects."

"O king!" answered Bidpai, "may nothing obscure the brightness of the star which brings you happiness and power! May heaven crown with success the efforts which I am ready to employ for the accomplishment of your will."

"Your punctuality in obeying my commands," said the king, "stands in need of no further proof. It is, therefore, my desire that in the book which you are about to write, the precepts of morality and the lessons of wisdom should be enlivened by light and amusing fables."

Bidpai thereupon obtained a year's leave of absence from state duties, and appointing one of his disciples to be his literary secretary, he retired to an apartment which no one else was permitted to enter, and in course of time he produced his book, which he called "Kalila and Dimna."

When the work was declared finished, Dabschelim the king ordered a throne to be fixed similar to his own. Bidpai sat upon it,

and received the thanks of the king in a gracious speech, in which he left to Bidpai the selection of his own reward.

"I have no occasion for riches," said the philosopher, "neither for costly robes; but one thing I will beg of the king that this book may be transcribed like those which your ancestors preserved, and guarded with scrupulous care, lest it should be stolen and fall into the hands of the Persians."

The king gave orders for the consummation of Bidpai's wishes, and the famous book, after being duly read and inscribed in the royal rolls of fame, was carefully transcribed and placed in the state treasury.

How "Kalila and Dimna" fell into the hands of the Persians, remains to be told.

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# ORPHEUS.

SLOW shifting sunsets flush, and fade, and die ;
Dead leaves hang loosely in the dripping glade :
A rot of leaves in miry woodland paths
Sends upward to the grey expressionless sky
A faint, damp smell of earth : by hundreds breed
The toadstools i' the drip of weeping firs.

Here in the woods, the melancholy woods
Of dark Ciconia, whose boughs are bare
And sodden with much rain, and all the air
Is dull and echoless, at times there come
Low wailings of a harp, so sad, so sweet,
That satyrs crouching amid bedded reeds,
Where waters ooze and winds creep in and out,
Prick up brute ears and list with 'bated breath,
What time the music swells upon the sense,
A moment holds the running stream in check,
Then passes by, and swoons far up the slopes,
And 'mid the dew-drench'd vines of Ismarus.
O Orpheus, pale Orpheus, what woe,
What bitterness of mem'ry in the strains
Of that God-given harp erst eloquent
With summer song and ripe full-throated joy !
How thrill the strings to those sad echoings
Of the too-perfect Past, ere yet the lust
Of that accursèd bastard, Aristæus,
Had wrought Eurydice such death, and thee
Such hell of desolation ! How the touch
Of those unconscious fingers calls to life
That warmth and tender quick'ning of the pulse,
That sweet confusion of the happy heart,
As when thou woo'dst her in the days far-off
By golden-bedded Hebrus !

* * * * *

O ye Gods !
Lo, on a sudden, all the glamour fades :

The Past dies out, and with a dull blind pain,
And pitiful bewilderment of sense,
Pours in the awful Present! Haply now
Shall Death, to make an end of so much woe,
No longer hold that bloody hour back
When those wild Thracian women, clamorous,
With wine-stain'd bosoms and hot frenzy born
Of Bacchus and brute orgies, shrieking tear
Him limb from limb, and in the shadowy fields,
Pale Orpheus woos Eurydice again.

BERNARD BARKER.

# Tales from the Old Dramatists.

## No. VI.—The Happy Divorce.

SHOWING THAT SILENCE, THOUGH GOLDEN, MAY, LIKE GOLD, BE BOUGHT TOO DEARLY.

WE allowed ourselves, sometime back, to be escorted by Ben Jonson into some low company, the humours of which he set forth to us with much unction, giving us, also, an introduction to three or four people of a better sort, and showing us a love-passage which elevated matters a little. It is due to Ben Jonson that we should once more accept his guidance, and he promises to show us some more humours. Among the actors are persons of title, fine ladies, gay knights; but I am obliged to say that though he keeps his promise of fun, he forgets, or sees no reason, to give us any touch of love or of poetry, this time. We are going into a party of folks at most of whom we shall laugh, but with none of whom shall we feel. But he works them against one another so cleverly, and finishes the embroilment so artfully, that it will be my fault, and not Ben Jonson's, should we depart bored. Only you must be asked to take the characters as they are meant to be taken. Most of them are better than puppets, but not so much more real as to be received as typical. He has thrown his force into construction and dialogue, and left human nature to take care of herself.

The play was brought out in 1609, when the King o' Scots had been King of Englishmen some six years. It would have been called a comedy of the period, if the latter invaluable word had come into use. The scene is in London, and we find ourselves in the house of a young gentleman of pleasure, Ned Clerimont, who is dressing himself, attended by his forward and clever page, a sort of Cherubino, who carries his master's loveletters, sings songs, and talks as smartly as theatrical servants used to talk—a pleasant enough convention, I have always thought, and much more agreeable than a bad imitation

of the language of the inferior sort. To Clerimont enters his friend Truewit, whose wit is not of the kind whereof brevity is the soul, but who talks enormously, but pleasantly enough. He takes on himself to banter Ned on his idle, gay life, and we thus get a good idea of the day and night doings of a young fellow of the time. They are not so unlike those of our own age—the hours of refreshment excepted—as to make it necessary to sketch them. Clerimont receives his friend's hits with perfect good-humour, declares his intention to enjoy himself while he may, and as Truewit puts it, to destine only that time of age to goodness which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil. I suppose many people mean this without saying it. But Truewit has some news for Clerimont. Some ladies of their acquaintance, of whose failings the gentlemen, being by themselves, speak with a charming frankness and intimate knowledge of delicate detail, have set themselves up into a kind of college—a clique, or camaraderie, and invite all who would have reputation for wit and fastness to become probationers. That one of these matrons, not being so young as she was, employs art to conceal the ravages of time, puts the merry Clerimont in mind that he has written a song against vanity in dress, and this he makes his page sing. When I mention that it is the charming lyric "Still to be neat, still to be drest," it will not be thought surprising that Truewit finds no fault with it, except that he takes the other side of the question, and contends that a lady ought to do her best to appear with advantage. "If she have good ears, show them; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often." When they have to their own satisfaction adjusted a code of ethics for their lady friends, they begin to talk of another interesting topic, and this leads us to the subject of the play.

Their common friend, Sir Dauphine Eugenie, a young knight, has an uncle, named Morose. He has the vice of all stage uncles—that is, he has plenty of money, and will not give much to his nephew, whom he detests heartily, believing him to be not only a scrapegrace, but the author of divers tricks that have been played upon Morose in respect to an infirmity special to this stage uncle. The elderly gentleman hates noise of any kind. For the sake of effect, this peculiarity is depicted with outrageous exaggeration, and the part must have required a very good actor to endow it with any probability. Yet we may manage to conceive a hypochondriacal, ill-natured, solitary man, becoming restlessly savage against all disturbing sounds, and regarding as deadly personal enemies the makers of street noises, utterers of cries, the musicians, the bell-ringers, the waits, and the other

nuisances which, two hundred and fifty years later, still oppress us. But he goes further, insists on being addressed in whispers, if at all, but prefers that his servants should be silent, and express what they have to say by gestures. "Answer me not but with thy leg." The talk of society he utterly loathes, and generally refuses to be seen by anybody who will speak much, or loudly. His last whim, and it betokens ill to his nephew, Sir Dauphine, is to marry. If he could manage it, he would wed a dumb woman, provided she were otherwise eligible; but, failing this, he is at present trying to secure the hand of "one that's lodged in the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft spoken, thrifty of her speech, that spends but six words a day." Clerimont tells this to Truewit, who, in his zeal for the nephew, urges him to endeavour to break off the marriage. But Dauphine, with a certain calmness which does not excite the suspicion of his companions, declares that he will not interfere—his uncle shall not have an excuse for disinheriting him in the fact that the nephew has opposed any fancy of Morose's. A certain silent, or at least discreet barber, a Figaro who is in Morose's confidence, is managing the matter; but, being "an honest fellow," tells the progress of the negotiations to Sir Dauphine. Truewit leaves his friends rather abruptly. Dauphine is inclined to blame Clerimont for his revelations, but the latter assures him that Truewit is a trustworthy fellow.

Of his trustworthiness we are soon able to judge, for in the next act we are introduced to Uncle Morose. This gentleman, though he hates the voices of others, by no means, like Alexander Selkirk, starts at the sound of his own, and in fact he talks to himself very much as better men do for better reasons. For he really does not converse with a clever man. But for the oddity, and the dumb show, his praises of the silence he does not practise are tiresome. However, he is soon put into active antagonism, and the scene mends. The zealous Truewit bursts in upon him, with a posthorn and a halter, and having blown the first outrageously (pretending to be one of the "posts" of those days), proceeds in the most voluble, impudent manner, to pour forth a huge, loud message to Morose, from all his friends. They wonder, says Truewit, that with the Thames at hand, with London Bridge at a low fall to go to, or with a high steeple like Bow, or a higher, St. Paul's, or even with a garret window in his house, Morose should not get himself out of the way, instead of marrying. The halter is tendered to him for the purpose suggested. In vain does the maddened Morose strive to silence his tormentor, and ask what he has done to deserve such an outrage.

Truewit next paints all the misfortunes of marriage, boldly sketching the certainty of quarrels, and of the wife forgetting her duty, and at a length that must have been almost as intolerable to the patient audience of that century as to Morose himself, thunders out predictions of a wife's insolence, extravagance, infidelity, unkindness, and all possible and impossible crimes, until the wretched old uncle is overwhelmed beneath the avalanche of words, and staggers away to his room, saluted, as he departs, with a tremendous flourish of the horn. Bad for Morose, but worse for Dauphine, whom his uncle at once accuses of having sent the torturer.

Let us follow the main plot of the piece, leaving the subsidiary scenes for a later examination. Truewit returns to his friends, and blowing his horn by way of letting off some of his joy, tells them, in a delighted manner, that he has seen Dauphine's uncle, and has fairly frightened him out of the idea of matrimony. To his astonishment and grief, they both fall on him with bitter revilings for his officiousness, and Dauphine tells him (what he has privately mentioned to Clerimont) that the lady whom Morose was to marry was known to the nephew, was devoted to him, pretended taciturnity, and would have made some capital conditions with Morose for the benefit of Dauphine, before she would have consented to the wedding. Now that scheme is dashed to the earth, and Truewit has ruined his friend. The poor Truewit is getting very hard measure, indeed, when the false barber, the honest man, comes in, and announces that Morose, his master, has been irritated beyond bearing by a mad man, whom he believes his nephew to have sent to him, and therefore, in the blaze of his wrath, is more bent on the marriage than ever; in fact, he will have it solemnised that very day. They exult, and Truewit, plucking up his spirits, swears that he foresaw that such would be the result of his intervention, and the others are so well pleased at what has happened that they laughingly forgive him. This scene occurs at the house of one Sir John Daw, a foolish knight, but another friend of Sir Dauphine and the other young men: and here the lady, whose name is Epicœne, is introduced. She keeps up her silent character, says a very few words in reply to Sir John Daw's gallantries, and a poem upon her which he has composed, to his great delight—he believes, in fact, that she admires him—and then she goes away with Dauphine and the Figaro to arrange matters. Epicœne is young and handsome, and Uncle Morose, but for his peculiarity, does not seem to be in bad luck.

Soon afterwards, it being understood that preliminaries are arranged (but we hear no more of the conditions in favour of Dauphine, mark),

the young lady is brought to Mr. Morose's house, masked, and is presented to her elderly lover. She unmasks, and he is perfectly enchanted. He thanks the Figaro for having secured such a prize for him, and dilates upon his bride's various charms with considerable unction. Not a word from her, and she replies to his questions only with timid curtseys. But this does not quite satisfy him, as he, a gentleman, wishes his wife to be endowed with various accomplishments, and as he presses her for an answer, two or three of the softest monosyllables come reluctantly from her lips, to his increased delight. He then—a garrulous old donkey—makes a long recital, of a pedantic sort, of what he hopes to find in her, but he obtains only the half-whispered assurance that she should be sorry to be found deficient. More entranced, he asks her how, with that custom of silence, she will be able to give the necessary household directions, order her various fineries, and so on, and then comes the murmured reply, "I will leave it to wisdom and you, sir." This is a splendid comic touch. The innocent old Loquacious Intolerance finds that he is to be allowed to do all the talking; he is in the seventh heaven—implores immediate marriage, and sends the barber for a soft, low-voiced clergyman, who is to be told to cut the service short, and by no means to deliver a homily on the duties of husbands and wives. The scene ends with a long and malicious burst of savage spite against his nephew, whose gradual sinking into abject poverty the old rogue pictures with a pettiness of hateful detail that deprives us of the faintest sympathy for the hypochondriac—now a doting lover. He finishes off with a prediction that, to save himself from starvation, Sir Dauphine will bestow his hand upon the lady who was for a long time a friend of Sir John Falstaff, or upon a namesake of hers—the clan was extensive, and is not extinct. "And *so* its knighthood may eat," adds the venomous old rogue; and having thus arranged for his nephew's happiness, departs to seek his own.

Next time we see him, the parson, who has (or affects) a very bad cold, has just married Morose to Epicœne, and the former, thanking him, gives him three angels, a burst of liberality into which the bridegroom is betrayed by his delight at the parson's low tones. The poor man thanks him, and wishes him joy, and Morose immediately demands back five shillings. However, the priest is got rid of, Morose using violent language.

For this he is instantly rebuked by his newly-made wife.

He can hardly believe his ears.

But he is speedily made to believe them, for Mistress Morose at once apprises him, in the most proper language, emphatically pro-

nounced, that it did not become his gravity, or breeding, which he pretended had been at court, to offer such an outrage on a waterman or any more boisterous creature, much less a man of that civil coat.

"You can speak, then?" gasps Morose.

"YES, SIR!"

"Speak out, I mean?" he stammers.

"Ay, sir. What? Did you think that you had married a statue or a Motion only, one of the French puppets, with the eyes turned with a wire? Or some innocent, out of the hospital, who would stand with her hands thus, and a *plaise* mouth, and look upon you?"

Morose's first notion is vengeance on Cutbeard, the Figaro; but Epicœne assures him that it is too late now. When Morose asks another servant a question, the young bride exclaims,—

"Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbness in My House, in a family where I govern."

You see the fine market to which Morose has brought his pigs. And then begins the tempest to his soul. In comes Truewit, his voluble tongue rich in compliment and congratulation, talking for a dozen; and when Morose begins to curse the barber, helping him with such a shower of imprecations, that the wretched husband would rather forgive Figaro than hear any more, in comes Sir John Daw, introducing the ladies of the camaraderie, Lady Haughty, Lady Centaur, Mrs. Mavis, and Mistress Trusty, a maid (dear old Bunyan's names come to one's mind), and they all begin to chatter and rally Morose, and insist upon Mrs. Morose coming out into society and bringing her husband with her, and Truewit sets the ladies on him to talk him to death. They insist on his giving them refreshments, and while he is raging, and really saying very improper things to them—amply deserved, it is suggested—Clerimont comes with musicians playing a wedding tune, and another accomplice marches in with servants and a banquet; and finally, when Morose's wrath is kindled nearly to madness, a certain Captain Otter strikes up, outside, a roaring serenade with drums and trumpets, and the happy bridegroom rushes from the stage, crying "O! O! O!" and pursued by the whole rout.

Sir Dauphine knows all about it, but does not then deem it a fit time to show himself.

In the next act we have the utter prostration of Morose. He is surrounded by his wife and all her fine friends, and they lose no chance of tormenting him. He curses his fate, and even bewails himself to his nephew, who condoles with him, and counsels patience. Then Epicœne affects to think that he is ill, and a most irritating

consultation is held over him, the disputants quarrelling as to the nature of the disease and the proper cure, and even the lady's maid is brought in to describe some old remedy that was used in her father's house. As a last blow he is informed that fluently as Epicœne converses when awake, she talks ten times worse in her sleep. Then Morose frantically demands for how many causes a man may be divorced.

This opens a new field for the tormentors, and Truewit declares that a divine, or a canon lawyer, must resolve that question. You will hardly need to be told that both are at once let loose on him, or that both are tools of Sir Dauphine and his friends. One, who pretends to be a divine, is the very Captain Otter who made the riot with the drums and trumpets; the other, the canon lawyer, is the faithful barber. They have been coached and crammed by their patrons; but the chief thing is to talk as much as possible, and as much nonsense as possible, and when they get Morose between them, and begin arguing and wrangling, and quoting bad Latin, and putting all sorts of supposititious cases, merely to refute them, we have a new and diverting application of the torture. It may easily be imagined that our friend Ben Jonson is not particular as to the means by which he gets a laugh, specially as the subject, and the singular reasons for which divines and lawyers have held that the marriage knot may be cut, allow of a free treatment of delicate themes. Morose is willing to confess himself guilty of doing or being anything, provided he can be released from the chain; and he begins to see a ray of hope, when Epicœne, raging that on her wedding day her husband should hold a consultation as to the means of getting rid of her, declares that she takes him with all his faults. Then the spiritual and temporal advisers at once say that there can be no divorce. If the wife is satisfied, church and law must refuse to interpose.

He is nearly driven mad now, but they have yet one other turn of the screw. The men whisper, and one of them gives the bride a hint to look downcast and frightened. Then are brought forward Sir John Daw, and one La-Foole, another blockhead of the same kind, who have been swaggering in the early part of the play about their successes with ladies, and have more than insinuated that Epicœne herself has not been proof against their fascinations. This vaunt was made in the presence of Sir Dauphine and his friends, and now Daw and La-Foole, whose cowardice is only equalled by their mendacity, are ordered to repeat their statements. They would gladly avoid this, but they are threatened by Clerimont that he will fight them, and are

encouraged by Truewit with the assurance, which just goes to their dirty souls, that "she's but a woman and in disgrace," and the husband will be glad to know of her frailty. Thus stimulated, the brace of dastards (you will be glad to hear that one's nose has been pulled and the other has been kicked, in advance) distinctly repeat their slander. Epicœne weeps, and Morose, who has been informed that light conduct on her part would vitiate the marriage, is ready to adore the brace of false witnesses. His happiness is of the briefest, for another legal dictum, which we need not examine more closely, apprises him that his objection to the lady is too late. The marriage holds good.

So, there is the hypochondriacal, malicious, miserly enemy of his nephew "married to a bad woman and to so much noise." Such is his own despairing review of his case.

Then Sir Dauphine Eugenie steps forward, and keeps his countenance remarkably well while assuring his uncle that in spite of his hard thoughts, his nephew had always loved him. He ventures to ask what Mr. Morose will do for him if this hated match is broken off. It is impossible, says Morose. "What if I do this, shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?" "Anything," answers Morose; "take my whole estate, I will be your ward." But Sir Dauphine will not be unreasonable. Will his kind uncle do what he has often been asked to do, namely, sign a deed giving Dauphine 500*l.* out of Morose's 1500*l.* a year, and assure the rest on him after the uncle's death. Eagerly, clutchingly, Morose seizes the pen, Epicœne continuing her agonised sobs. The deed is signed and declared irrevocable.

Then Sir Dauphine, taking off Epicœne's peruke and other disguises, explains that Morose has done more than Master Slender, for he has married *a boy*, "a gentleman's son that I have brought up at my great charges."

Morose has no more words, and is dismissed by his affectionate nephew, with advice to go, and "be as private as he will." As soon as the old man has departed, Sir Dauphine adds, "I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come." The sentiment is honest, but slightly brutal, from the nephew, though we, who have heard the diabolical hopes and predictions of Morose in regard to Dauphine, have no sympathy with the uncle. No harm has been done him, however, and he has merely been made to do an act of justice, and this is in the spirit of true comedy. "And so its knighthood may eat," without having recourse to Doll Tearsheet's larder.

Sir Dauphine is a prudent man of the world. He has let his friends into so much of his secret as was necessary to obtain their co-operation, but as Truewit observes, he has "lurched them of the better half of the garland" by concealing the fact that Epicœne was not a young lady. Truewit, the irrepressible, does not lose an opportunity of having "a good gird" at his fashionable lady friends, who have taken the disguised youth into their confidences, but he comforts them with a guarantee that no revelations to their discomfiture shall be made. "We'll all undertake for his secrecy that can speak so well of his silence." And Mr. Truewit gets the last word, for he comes forward, and begs the spectators if they like the comedy, to clap their hands, "now that Morose is gone." Our author was very fond of this kind of direct appeal to his audience, and perhaps found his gain in taking them, as it were, into the business of the stage. Audiences are pretty much alike—to this day the gallery, at all events, likes to be invited to join in chorus.

The characters that Ben Jonson has introduced to aid in the working out the story are amusing enough. One of them is Tom Otter (the pretended divine), who is a low kind of fellow, married to a virago who has acquaintances among lords and ladies, and who perpetually rebukes his vulgarity and displays much worse of her own. She uses fine words, swears by her integrity, and says that it shall not be obnoxious or difficil to obtain her good opinion. She has dreams, which are ominous, especially when they relate to the Lady Mayoress and the City, which always bring her bad luck, so by the advice of her doctor she dreams of them as little as she can. Tom Otter is awfully afraid of her when he is sober, but his mischievous friends make him unsober, and then manage that in his wife's hearing he shall call her names, and reveal a variety of toilette secrets—"Her teeth were made in Blackfriars, her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street,"—and at length his tipsy treachery is too much for Mrs. Otter, who breaks from her hiding place and belabours Tom soundly. But the author forestals criticism on Mr. Otter by making Clerimont say he is glad that Otter is gone, and Truewit add, "His humour is as tedious at last as it was ridiculous at first,"—one of those bits of ultra-precaution which are likely to be answered by ironical applause from the audience.

But a better situation is got out of the cowardice of Sir John Daw and La-Foole. Daw is a vain booby who has learned by heart the names of a number of books and authors, and pours them out in ignorant fashion, taking *Corpus juris canonici* to be a writer's name, and *Syntagma* to be a civil lawyer, a Spaniard. He is also a cox-

comb, like Sir Amorous La-Foole, and the two compliment each other, and compare pretended adventures, and snigger and hint away at their triumphs over ladies, until it occurs to the wicked wit of the young men to get up a quarrel and a humiliation for both of them. This is managed ingeniously; each is made to believe that the other is seeking him with the most blood-thirsty intentions, and each, willing to do anything but fight, is brought to offer any abject terms of submission which the other may dictate. Finally, in the presence of the ladies before whom they have swaggered so valiantly, the two boasters are castigated, blindfolded, and Dauphine, whom La-Foole has sneered at, pulls his nose severely, and Daw, who has also been a scoffer, receives a series of handsome kicks. Then, each believing that the other has inflicted the punishment, they meet face to face, prepared to be affectionate friends again.

*Daup.* Where's your sword, Sir John?

*Cler.* And yours, Sir Amorous?

*Daw.* Mine? My boy had it forth to mend the handle even now.

*La-F.* And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

*Cler.* What a consent there is in the handles.

*True.* Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

We have already seen why any humiliation that can be bestowed upon these carpet knights is more than deserved. They are dismissed at the end with some stinging words from Truewit. "Away, you common moths of these and all ladies' honours. Go, travel, to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laughed at."

The ladies are not very interesting. They are Jonsonian types of the frivolous, extravagant, conceited Madam Fashion, and there is a little touch of satire of a better sort in the scene where they endeavour to get the newly-made bride to join their college, and to learn to laugh as they do at conjugal duty. They despise Sir Dauphine while he is poor, but immediately on a favourable account of him being given by Epicœne, who has been instructed to give it, the finest of the ladies makes unmistakeable love to him, makes him a present, and abuses her accomplices. He has hardly understood his good fortune when a second lady does the same by him, and then a third, for Ben never deals out half measures when he has vice and folly to chastise. Yet there is a touch of melancholy in a speech by one of the poor worthless creatures. They are talking of the shortness of life, and the wisdom of obtaining pleasure while they can.

*Mavis.* We are rivers, madam, that cannot be called back. She that now excludes her lovers may live to lie a forsaken beldame, in a frozen bed.

*Centaur.* 'Tis true, Mavis. And who will wait on us to coach then? Or write, and tell us the news then? Make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours, then?

And I do not know whether they ought to be praised for standing by the slandered bride when all the men have turned against her, and desire her to be comforted, for they love her the better for having been frail! I do not believe that Ben meant this for a good trait, but the poet was unconsciously inspired into putting a little touch of humanity into them. It is not much, and it is immoral, but it comes as a relief to the hard wit which has been playing about remorselessly through five acts.

The "Silent Woman" is the third of Ben Jonson's great plays which I have endeavoured to describe for those whom I do not counsel to study the original. It comes into the well-known couplet,—

> "The *Alchemist*, the *Fox*, and *Silent Woman*,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

It is not my intention to treat the "Fox" in the same manner, at least in the present series of papers, for the reason that though it is a very powerful play, its force is obtained at a sacrifice of so many scruples, that such an analysis of it as could be read by those for whom I write would be very frigid. I may just mention that Volpone, the Fox, is a profligate Venetian, who carries out a deeply-laid plot to obtain rich presents, and softer prizes, by pretending to be disabled by illness, and by causing each member of a cluster of greedy and rapacious friends to believe himself to be the Fox's favourite. Human nature is exhibited in several of its worst forms, avarice being the chief motive, working on each bad man in a different way. At the end the Fox is betrayed, his property is forfeited, a lady, whose husband had sought to make her a sacrifice, is sent home to her father with a treble dowry, and the husband is pilloried; while Volpone himself is sentenced to lie in the worst hospital of Venice until he shall have contracted the diseases which he has feigned. I repeat that the play is one of much power, but not available for the purpose of a "literature which *is* written for young ladies." I mean no scoff at literature which is not—there must be strong meat for men, and this is not the first time that I have remarked that books may be good, yet not good for everybody. These papers, however, are for the

Boys and the Virgins, among others. It seems right to say why I have not included one of the recognised masterpieces of B. J.

Not one of his eighteen plays keeps the stage. "Every Man in his Humour" is not an exception, though its revival with a cast of unexampled literary brilliancy is a happy memory with some who shared and many who witnessed that performance. I have never seen any of the other Jonsonian plays performed, but I believe that the "Silent Woman" was acted at no distant date, and that the preternatural wisdom for which stage-managers are proverbial gave the part of Epicœne to a real female, thus utterly ruining the one great situation. The "Alchemist" disappeared with Garrick. Without entering into the general question of the degradation of the play-going intellect, there are quite reasons enough to account for the relegation of Ben Jonson to the library. I will put them all into one speech by his friend William Shakspeare. He "let his reading and writing appear when there was no occasion for such Vanity"—and it was the vanity of not only being but showing himself a learned artist that hindered B. J. from making his way to the heart. Few existing dramatists are exposed to the like temptation—or they resist it with true nobleness. Whether they are more successful than Jonson in touching our hearts is another question.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

# On the Origin of Playing Cards.

POPULAR errors are remarkably tenacious of life. Refute them over and over again, to all appearance utterly demolish them, and lo! they rise up, phœnix-like, with renewed vitality!

The popular belief as to the origin of playing cards is a case in point. The story runs that they were invented to beguile the melancholy of Charles VI. of France, and notwithstanding that this story has frequently been shown to be erroneous, it still holds its own. A Frenchman, named Menestrier, happened to bring to light a passage in which the king and playing cards occur together, and as at that time there was no earlier known mention of cards, Menestrier jumped to the conclusion that playing cards had been invented for the use of that monarch. Now let us see what are the facts, and judge for ourselves.

Charles VI. of France lost his reason, in consequence, it is said, of a *coup de soleil*, in the year 1392. In the same, or the following year, there appears in the accounts of Charles Poupart, the king's treasurer, the following entry:—"*Donné à Jacquemin Gringonneur, peintre, pour trois jeux de cartes à or, et à diverses couleurs, ornés de plusieurs devises, pour porter devers le Seigneur Roi, pour son ébatement cinquante-six sols Parisis.*" That is, "Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards in gold and various colours, and ornamented with several devices, to carry before the Lord our King, for his amusement, fifty-six sols of Paris."

The conclusion drawn from this passage, that cards were invented for the use of Charles VI. is unwarrantable; and so the sneer of Malkin that it is no very favourable specimen of our wisdom to have universally adopted an amusement invented for a fool, is bereft of its sting. A careful examination of the wording shows that the payment was for *painting* not for *inventing* cards. The general tenour of the entry, the simplicity with which it is made, the absence of any allusion to novelty in the conception, all point to the conclusion that playing cards were already known; and that these cards were

executed to special order, with more elaborate gilding and colouring than usual, as would probably be the case with cards intended for the personal use of royalty.

If it is asked what we propose to substitute for Menestrier's anecdote, we can only reply that the history of playing cards has been written by several learned and industrious authors, and that not one of them has been able to fix, with any approach to certainty, the time and manner of the invention of our most popular instruments of recreation. They all concur in rejecting the Charles VI. solution; and each has a hypothesis of his own. It is interesting to compare their various theories.

Beginning with the treatise of earliest date, we find that in 1757, the Abbé Bullet published at Lyons a small duodecimo, entitled "*Recherches sur les cartes à jouer.*" Being a Frenchman, it is not very wonderful that he claimed for cards a French origin. The Abbé supposed that cards were not invented before the invention of linen paper, *i.e.*, early in the fourteenth century. His principal argument for determining this as the date of the invention of cards is founded on a fanciful idea that playing cards originated in the Basque provinces (that part of France now known as the department of the Lower Pyrenees), and that they travelled from France into Spain, where they were known by the name of *naipes*. The word *naipes*, Bullet thinks, is derived from the Basque word *napa*, which signifies "flat," a term which would very properly designate cards.

We may remark on this that all etymological speculations, and especially those founded on similarity of sound are dangerous; and they are doubly so when dealing with such a language as the Basque. As Chatto observes, a person "may readily grub up in its wild fertility, a root for any word which he may not be able to supply with a radical elsewhere."

The Baron de Heineken, dating from Leipsic in 1771 ("*Idée générale d'une complète collection d'Estampes*"), was of opinion that cards were invented in Germany. He supported this assumption on the ground that the word *Briefe*, or "letters," the name given by the lower orders to cards in Germany, is a German word; and that had cards come from France, the populace would have preserved the French term. The fact is, however, that cards were called *Karten* in Germany before they were called *Briefe*, precisely the reverse of what Heineken would have us believe. Whatever the evidence is worth, it goes to show that the Germans obtained cards either from France or Italy; for with the French and Italians the name, cards,

when translated into Latin (*chartæ*), had the same signification as the German term, *Briefe*.

In 1780, another Abbé, the Abbé Rive, endeavoured to throw some light on the origin of playing cards. The title of his book is "*Eclaircissements historiques et critiques sur l'Invention des Cartes à jouer.*" He ascribed the invention of playing cards to the Spaniards, as he found, or thought he found, evidence of cards having been known in Spain in the early part of the fourteenth century. He adduced two authorities in support of his view. His first is the statutes of the military order of the Band, promulgated by Alphonso, King of Castile, in 1332, which contains a passage forbidding the members of the order to play at cards. But the Abbé quotes a French translation, published at Lyons in 1558. The word "cards" is not in the original Spanish editions. It was probably interpolated by Gutery, the translator, who may have thought that a general prohibition of gaming extended, as a matter of course, to cards.

The Abbé was equally unfortunate with his second authority in favour of the antiquity of playing cards in Spain. He quotes an ordonnance issued by John I., King of Castile, in 1387, which says, "We command and ordain that none of our subjects shall dare to play dice nor cards (*de jugar dados ni naypes*) in public or private; and that whoever shall play them, &c." Here, also, the word cards is interpolated in the collection of the "Laws of Spain" printed in 1640, which Rive consulted. In earlier editions the sentence runs, "*de jugar juego de dados ni de tables*" (to play games of dice nor of tables), but cards are not mentioned.

Court de Gebelin writing in Paris in 1781, came to the conclusion that the old Tarocchi cards (which are said to have preceded numeral or modern cards in Italy), were imported from Egypt. Gebelin's dissertation is entitled "*Du jeu de Tarots, où l'on traite de son origine, où l'on explique ses Allegories et où l'on fait voir qu'il est la source de nos cartes modernes à jouer.*" His theory is of the wildest character, and is not worthy of serious refutation. He says, for instance, that the word *Tarocchi* is pure Egyptian, being compounded of the word *Tar*, signifying "road" or "way," and of *Ro*, *Ros*, or *Rog*, meaning "royal;" by synthesis, *Tarog* or *Tarocchi*, the "Royal Road." Chatto wittily observes that "by such a road as this, Mons. Court de Gebelin seems to have arrived at much of his 'recondite knowledge of things unknown.'"

We should scarcely have noticed Gebelin at all, but that other writers have attributed the origin of cards to the Egyptians. It seems not unlikely that Gebelin founded his view on a notice of a philo-

sophical game (but not a card game) of the ancient Egyptians, mentioned by Meursius in a treatise "*De Ludis Græcorum*," 1622.

The notion that the ancient Egyptians were the inventors of cards must not be confounded with the belief entertained by some writers that cards were brought to Europe by the gypsies. The gypsies (sometimes called Egyptians) are, according to the best authorities, descendants of Hindoos, expelled by Timour about 1400. Cards are associated with them, as gypsies commonly use playing cards for fortune-telling; but that they introduced cards into Europe is disproved by the fact that the gypsies did not appear in Germany and Italy till the fifteenth century, and that playing cards were certainly known in Italy about the middle of the fourteenth.

Breitkopf's work "*Versuch den Ursprung der Spiel Karten*," ("Inquiry into the Origin of Playing Cards,") published at Leipsic in 1784, is but a portion of the author's intended history of printing. Breitkopf was of opinion that cards are of great antiquity, and that they were of eastern invention. He considered that the word *naipes* or *naibe*, by which, as before stated, cards were first known to the Italians and Spaniards, is derived from the Arabic *nabaa*, in Arabic signifying "divination" or "fortune-telling." But Breitkopf produces no evidence to prove that the Arabians knew cards by the name *naibe*, and, in fact, he subsequently admits that the idea of the derivation from the Arabic was suggested to him by the circumstance of cards being employed in fortune-telling. There have been many speculations as to the derivation of the word *naipes*. Cards are called *naibi* by the earliest Italian writers who mention them; and they have almost always been called *naypes* or *naipes* in Spain since their first introduction there. In the dictionary of the Spanish Academy (1734) it is said that the word *naipes* is derived from N. P., the initials of Nicolas Pepin, their supposed inventor. Chatto remarks on this, that "this last etymology has very much the appearance of a conundrum, propounded in jest, for the purpose of ridiculing a certain class of etymologists, who always seek for roots at the surface."

The most worthy conjecture respecting *naipes* is, that it was originally derived from the Arabic, but on grounds not investigated by Breitkopf. We again quote Chatto's valuable "Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing Cards" He says, "If the testimony of Covelluzzo, a writer quoted in Bussi's 'History of the City of Viterbo,' could be relied on, the question respecting the word *naibi* or *naipes*, and cards themselves having been brought into Europe through the Arabs, would appear to be determined. His words are, '*Anno* 1379, *fu recato in Viterbo el gioco delle carte, che*

*venne de Seracinia, e chiamisi tra loro naib.*' That is, 'In the year 1379 was brought into Viterbo the game of cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens, and is with them called *naib.*'"

Covelluzzo wrote in the fifteenth century, and what he relates about cards being brought into Viterbo in 1379, is extracted from the chronicle of Nicholas de Covelluzzo, one of his ancestors, who was an inhabitant of Viterbo probably at that period.

In 1816 the subject of playing cards was taken up by Samuel Weller Singer, under the title of "Researches into the History of Playing Cards." Singer, however, throws no fresh light on the origin of cards. His work is more especially directed to showing the connection between the introduction of linen paper and the beginning of wood engraving in Europe; and the earliest known cards having been printed on paper from cut blocks of wood, Singer's researches included the subject of early printed cards. This we pass over as being quite distinct from the invention of cards for the purposes of play.

Mons. Leber, a recent writer on playing cards, in his "*Études historiques sur les Cartes à jouer*," 1842, asks the question, "Where do cards come from?" but he does not answer it. He feels sure, he says, that they are of eastern origin and he considers that in the first instance cards constituted a symbolic and moral game. He is guided by the evidence of the cards themselves; but, as Chatto cleverly remarks, he does not appear to have been very successful in extracting answers from his own witnesses.

Chatto, a highly original writer and careful reasoner, ("Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing Cards, by William Andrew Chatto," 1848, a work to which we acknowledge much indebtedness,) thought it likely that cards were suggested by chess.

The following is an epitome of Chatto's comparison between chess and cards. The affinity between cards and the pieces at chess is considerable. A side or suit of chessmen consists of six orders, which in the old Oriental game were named *schach*, the king; *pherz*, the general; *phil*, the elephant; *aspensuar*, the horseman; *ruch*, the camel; and *beydel* or *beydak*, the footmen or infantry. In this suit there is no queen, as the introduction of a female into a game representing the stratagems of war would have outraged all eastern notions of propriety. Long after the introduction of chess into Europe the second piece, now called "queen," retained its eastern name under the form of *fierce*, *fierche*, or *fierge*, even after it had acquired a feminine character. *Fierge*, at last, became confounded with the French *vierge*, from which the transition to *dame*, the lady, is easy.

It is very remarkable that the same change which has taken place in the second piece at chess, viz., from a male to a female, has also happened to the second principal figure in French and English cards. Among the oldest cards yet discovered there is no queen, the figures being the king, the knight, and the valet or knave.

The old Indian game of chess was played with four suits or sides of men, variously coloured. Here is another point of resemblance between chess and cards in the number of the suits; and the game itself was called *chartur-raji*, the game of the "four rajahs" or kings. In this game the moves were determined by casts of dice, thus rendering it a mixed game of chance and skill, and in another respect like a card game.

There is another singular parallel between chess and cards. In this country cards were formerly called "the books of the four kings," and chess "the game of the four kings." In the wardrobe rolls of King Edward I. (1278), "Walter Sturton is paid eight and fivepence, "*ad opus regis ad ludendum ad quatuor reges*," that is, at chess. This passage has been translated to mean cards; and it has been suggested that Edward I., when Prince of Wales, might have learnt to play at cards when serving in Syria, and that he might have brought the accomplishment with him to England. But it is now well known that cards were not played in England so early as the thirteenth century.

In Urquhart's translation of Rabelais, in the account of the games that Gargantua played, the following passage occurs: "After supper were brought into the room the fair wooden gospels and the books of the four kings, that is to say, tables [backgammon tables] and cards." In the original text of Rabelais cards are not called the books of the four kings, but they were known in France by that name.

In France the valets or knaves were also called *fous*, which strengthens the theory of the origin of cards from chess. For the word *fou* or *fol* is used in French at chess for the elephant, a corruption of the original *phil* of the Indian game.

Now, as *chartur* or *chartah*, which signifies "four" in Hindoostanee, enters into the composition of the word *chartur-raji*, Chatto is inclined to think that the word *charta*, in Latin, means, in reality, *quarta;* and that both are derived from a Hindoostanee source. He argues that the Greek, χαρτης is taken from the East, and that it was originally associated with the idea of four; a square, chart-like paper, a four-sided paper, in contradistinction to a long strip, which, when rolled up, formed a *volumen* or volume.

Chatto adds, finally, that cards are well known in Hindoostan, and

that they have been known there from an early period; and it appears to be undeniable that they were not introduced there from Europe. In India the tradition is that cards have existed there from time immemorial, and that they were invented by the Brahmins.

The Chinese claim also to be the inventors of playing cards. In the Chinese dictionary, entitled "*Ching-tsze-tung*," compiled by Eul Koung, and first published A.D. 1678, it is said that cards were invented in China in the reign of Sèun-ho, 1120, for the amusement of his numerous concubines; and that they began to be common in the reign of Kaou-tsung, who ascended the throne in 1131.

We do not pretend to decide between the conflicting theories now placed before our readers. We have here or there indicated an opinion that certain theories are untenable; but beyond this we have not ventured. Looking at all the evidence we can procure, it seems not improbable that cards were suggested by chess; and the presumption is, therefore, in favour of their Asiatic origin. It seems not unlikely that cards were known in India long before they were brought into Europe, where they made their appearance about the middle of the fourteenth century. They were at first known only to a few persons, probably among the higher classes; and they came into general use about the end of that century or the beginning of the next.

"CAVENDISH,"
Author of the "Laws and Principles of Whist."

# THE 'PRENTICE HOLIDAY.

**LONDON, JANUARY 30, 1661.**

NTO a sky as blue as May
We threw our 'prentice caps that day,
And all was bright, as if the Spring
Had come to see that wondrous thing.
The white rose bloom again!

Upon a loyal deed intent
Down to the minster first we went;
Out of his grave old Noll we drew,
And Ireton seized and Bradshaw, too.
The white rose blooms again!

To Tyburn straight we haled the three,
And strung them high on Tyburn Tree,
Our voices rising clear and strong:
A thousand throats, a single song,—
"The white rose blooms again!"

One in a cloth of green was wrapped,
A murray serge one overlapped,
And one was in his winding-sheet—
It hung a yard below his feet.
The white rose blooms again!

They hung with faces white and spare,
And eyes that seemed to blink the glare;
Yet so like life, it troubled some
To think "If Noll to life could come!"
The white rose blooms again!

A vintner pointed to the Tree,
And cried, "A famous Trinity;
None greater and none less in evil,
But equal—Satan, Fiend, and Devil!"
The white rose blooms again!

"And here, again," another cried,
"Christ, with two thieves, was crucified;
Now tell us, crop-ears, by your leaves,
Which is the Christ, which are the thieves?"
The white rose blooms again!

One held a flagon in the light,
And cried, "Old Noll, thy nose is white,
Here is the drink thou lovèst most,
Drink, an thou choke not with the toast,—
'The white rose blooms again!'"

Long in the burning sun they hung,
Long in the breeze they swayed and swung;
It was the headsman lowered the dead,
From every corse he smote its head.
The white rose blooms again!

Aloft on pikes the heads they bore,
Then up there went a parlous roar,
And one cried, "Noll, thou'dst kings defy,
But never yet held head so high:
The white rose blooms again!"

By this the sun drew near the west;
We wended homeward with the rest,
But with the dark fresh sport we raised:
At Temple Bar a bonfire blazed!
The white rose blooms again!

And so the Martyr's day we kept,
Long may his cruel end be wept,
And England cry, "Long live the King!"
And long live we to shout and sing—
"The white rose blooms again!"

WILLIAM SAWYER.

# Will He Escape?

## CHAPTER X.

### THE BALL.

THE officers were quartered in the little town, in an old institution—poor-house, most likely—which had been converted, like some of their arms, after a new pattern, into barracks. Additional buildings had made it very comfortable and convenient. The centre building, now seen at a distance, about nine o'clock of this night, was lighted up cheerfully, and seemed to hold out a far-off and encouraging invitation to the rustics standing about, and to the guests presently to be expected. Such an entertainment is exciting, in its way, even for those outsiders not privileged with admission. For them the cheaper entertainment of standing in a crowd at the door, about the awning which the clever "handy man" of the regiment had put up; for in every corps there are plenty of these skilful craftsmen, who are delighted to find such an opportunity. That excitement of seeing the ladies descend in their fairy-land dresses—lovely, brilliant, seraphic almost—in gold and tulle, and costly fabrics, is a treat for the poor girls who must walk this earth along its rude and rough roads. For them the warm and glittering blaze of light within, into which are absorbed the seraphic figures, the brilliant and sometimes lovely faces, are revelations of another world.

Now drove up, in a pushing, elbowing way—just as the owner himself might have strode through a crowd, looking round for the police, and saying "it was unbearable"—the great coach of the Hardman's, the Duke's coachman, shrouded in his capes, driving. Out got the rich man, and walked in through the lane, as if the whole show was for him, and the audience was his. He was buttoned up tightly in his thin, short, blue coat, and gave his orders to Miller in a loud tone, very different from the one in which he addressed that officer in private; but this concession was well charged for in the wages, and the coachman tolerated it as addressed to his office, not to him.

"And see here, Miller, be here at two, will you? And come up promptly when called."

The mob listened with awe; but still, with the instinct of a mob, they saw the acting; the duke's coachman seemed almost a greater man.

Inside there was a blaze of splendour—a tent-like robing room and boudoir for the ladies, that seemed their own room almost, with laces, and muslins, and maids, and a true feminine air. In the passages the deft sergeant-major and privates with a turn for handicraft had done wonders in disposing flags and cannon, and grouping bayonets and swords into stars and other figures, an exercise in which they take infinite delight, and which, to the military eye, seems the height of decorative effect, "beating," as one remarked, "Sou' Kensington itself." There was a soft rustle and flutter of silk and satin and muslin drawn gently over carpet as the innumerable little processions, Captain Mamma, rank-and-file daughters, trailed into the ball room, where Colonel Labouchere, C.B., and his Majors and leading supporters were grouped as hosts. There was even a bashfulness and a little shyness in these good-natured warriors as they went through the function, which was no discredit to them, and if they could be persuaded of it, would become them vastly on more important occasions. The room was handsomely decorated—mirrors, scarlet sofas, little effective pet alcoves, on which a world of pains had been expended, and which the fond contrivers secretly expected would be the admired feature of the night; but which, like so many other things upon which a world of pains has been expended, were quite overlooked—submerged, as it were, in the general effect.

Mrs. Talbot and her party had already arrived, and were standing close to the military hosts, watching the guests make their entry, an occupation not at all devoid of humour or entertainment. The unconsciousness, the nervousness of some provincials, to whom the situation was new, was the kind of amusement that quite suited the former *belle*. Mrs. Talbot, in right of her old service and the station she claimed socially, seemed to be the only one favoured with this privilege; her eye-glass travelling up and down, not with an open stare—she was too well bred for that, but conveying, as it were, that her sight was "near," and that she was looking for expected friends, yet at the same time planting a little tiny barb of a suspicion in the breasts of the more awkward that they were ridiculous.

This is the true and refined art, which may seem to some to have *all the worth of* rudeness, and at the same time keeps within the

reserved pleasure grounds of good breeding. On that night she looked very distinguished—the bloom of the old elegance floated about her—the ungenerous old man seemed ashamed, and gave his scythe rest from its eternal clipping, and the kindly and laborious arts of the untiring Livy had their reward. Among that crowd of rude and crude dressers, these ill-mannered, ill-kept, ill-clothed, ill-carried wives and maids, she looked the woman of elegance, who had fought and bled under the best soldiers of fashion. Her blooming child, excited, bright-eyed, and filled with delight and enjoyment at all she saw, was not unworthy of such a leader; but she, of course, wanted her mother's training. Even Phœbe, the sister, by the joint labours of every woman in the household, had been turned out with real effect and splendour; but the effort had been prodigious. Beauty Talbot himself, shedding sweet clouds of perfume as he walked—he, indeed, always deluged himself, and his bill to Messrs. Piesse was really like his wine merchant's, comprising "so many dozens" of various bouquet vintages—was drawing on gloves of a matchless fit, and which, so far as importation and "dozens" and choiceness, were also like another wine bill. But these little luxuries, relics of the old "Beauty" life, were allowed to him with delight. They were overjoyed at such tastes, costly as they were, it, perhaps, being understood that they were rather extravagant safety valves. He was now scanning the battle field, eagerly buttoning the said gloves, looking out for the censers, which were, of course, to swing.

Such pains on the whole party had not been thrown away. The Colonel was at the ladies' feet. In every speech of his they seemed to gather that everything they admired had been done for them. At that stage of the night, for *her*, was unreasonable; that would come later, as things warmed up. There was a gentleness, a softness, an almost tenderness, in his manner, that promised the best. He left the reception of succeeding provincials to his Major and other deputies. Mrs. Talbot herself laid the first gun.

"My dear Colonel Labouchere, we are all in such tribulation; and your going away spoils all our enjoyment in this charming ball. As for poor Phœbe, our poor Phœbe, she was not coming at all."

"Not coming!" said the Colonel. "I can tell you that would have been an offence I never could have forgiven. I should have gone on board uncomfortable, thinking I had done something dreadful."

"I assure you it is the case. She is leaving us, too, poor girl! She has enjoyed herself greatly, and I can tell you is very sorry for Colonel Labouchere's departure, as we all are."

Mrs. Talbot was not one of those who lay on hints coarsely and streaky, like scene-painters; yet the process was not less effective.

"The poor girl goes back to a dreadful place, near to a country town, quite unsuited to her. This has all been a little glimpse of Elysium to her."

"I have been very happy here also," said the Colonel, absently. "I have knocked about the world a great deal, and visited all sorts of places, and have never met such kindness, or persons I so like. We soldiers sometimes speak in an odiously patronising way, as if the kingdom was nothing but quarters, and to be viewed in reference to barracks. I am grateful, I assure you; and deeply pained to go away."

A fresh arrival, one that made Mrs. Talbot's lip curl and her refined head jerk back. Enters now the Hardman party. Mamma, all afire in crimson satin, "old Vesuvius," one of the young officers said, who was called on to take her in to supper; the calm, serious daughter—cold embers of thought, yet her eyes holding conversation with Mrs. Talbot, and answering that lady's impatient toss as who should say, "We are asked as well as *you*. A great ball room, surely, is like the open street."

The Colonel, first forward within the scorching glare of the crimson satin, shook hands with the party, and was returning to Mrs. Talbot, when he was arrested by Mr. Hardman.

"Very well done, all this; uncommonly well, Colonel. I suppose you'll have 'em dancing here till all hours?"

The Colonel never made any secret of his "imperfect sympathy" for the manufacturer, and always maintained a most distantly polite address to him.

"We shall be very glad if it amuses them; and shall be delighted to see them until morning."

"O, that's all very well; but I must think of my horses. My coachman, Miller, I can tell you—I had him, you know, from the Duke ——."

"You told me, I think," said the Colonel, gravely, "before. Will you excuse me now?"

The son, young Dick, has come up straight to Livy, and has borne her off into the waves of the enchanting waltz. The father looks vulgarly impatient and buttons his coat. It was only a necessary civility, but still there was a member's daughter, with many other "desirable investments for capitalists," as some of the prospectuses he read would say. The first quadrille is then to be formed, and the Colonel leads out the Honourable Mrs. Talbot. Beauty,

now very happy, and after beating many a covert, lights on that little adoring "leveret" in her form, and complacently leads her to the van.

The host finds a major to take Miss Phœbe, and tells him "to come into our set," which he does. The happy girl could literally bound off the boards, as she had seen her sex do at the opera. He was looking at her with such interest—an *affectionate* interest, it seemed to her—and he engaged her for the next dance. Lancers, was it? She looked round, and there was the cold face, the thoughtful eyes expanding a good deal, and no doubt putting a number of questions: "What is the meaning of this neglect? Why is this? Why is the preference given to her?" But wait until those Lancers come round, then her cup would be full, and drink it she should—dregs and all.

This young lady had learned some speeches by heart, as if for a play, "coached" by her eager sister, speeches of an enticing sort. She had others in reserve, of a more direct and challenging sort. Finally, she had a couple in reserve, to which the ingenuity of no man deliberating on escape could find an answer, save one. She had been duly prompted in these artful measures. When then the last "shuffle" of the Lancers should be done, and Colonel Labouchere had led her enchanting form away to those ball room glades and bosquets made for dalliance, there he should find himself at the worst, in an agreeable *cul-de-sac*.

During the present performance, Mrs. Talbot judiciously left the matter where it was. It would glide down the incline of itself. He still maintained that *entente* which springs up in a quadrille when friends are all in the one set, though indeed a snarling guest remarked upon it, who had no partner,—

"So ridiculous; as if they were all doing something so wonderful."

But this was a mere glowering, disappointed "outsider," who knew no one, and had found all the "girls" engaged many, many deep.

That quadrille was over at last. Then came the eager, headlong galop, in which, as a coarse warrior remarked, they "put their 'mounts' well at it, and didn't spare whip or spur." The fine band in the gallery, far aloft, where its braying and blasting was inoffensive, was literally inspiring. Round and round, up and down, rustled, jogged, stumbled, staggered, crushed, raced, and flew even, the excited couples. Then came the smoother and more entrancing motion of the valse, the more winged movement, the floating on sweet waves of a sad and plaintive music. Then the wished-for quadrille—the Lancers.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WAR TO THE KNIFE.

NEVER was there so attentive and gracious a host. He passed over no one, and was not absorbed in too obsequious attention to the leading persons of rank; or, to use the more intelligible regimental vernacular, "the swells." What delighted, however, the neighbours, was the utter shipwreck of any hopes that their low, purse-proud, stuck-up Hardmans might have entertained. Where were their dinners now?—their outlay in state, their note-writing, driving to the barracks, their persecutions, in short, of that *true gentleman*, the Colonel, connected with one of the first families, and who showed his real breeding and tact by the perfect way in which he had foiled their schemes.

Here was the end now, and "the man," as a dowager remarked, "was walking off clean and clear." As for our poor Phœbe, she was a mere bird-of-passage, and her claims had not attracted much public notice, or her efforts were too puny to be seriously dangerous. The great Hardman family sat up together—a small battalion, a row of idols, but with no worshippers. Mrs. Hardman, still in conflagration, conspicuous from afar—her husband his head tightened back, and face showing the favourite mixture of arrogance, discontent, and mortification.

"A most ill-managed thing; most improperly arranged; no attention, &c.," he was saying to his lady. An undeserved slander upon their host, who had been strictly impartial. But to the former manufacturer, attention to him must be in exact proportion to neglect of others. The daughter sat placid, and, better trained than her family, showed no discontent—rather seemed utterly indifferent to the neglect. The rustics little knew her, or how Spartan she could be under public mortification. They watched her still more, as, at the end of the Lancers, the Colonel passed by, the ecstatic Phœbe on his arm, transported with rapture at the coming proposal which, as she learned from certain "meaning words" of his, was now at hand.

As she passed by her sister, she stopped for an enthusiastic whisper, under pretext of a settling of her necklace, or something as important. Mrs. Talbot thought the words were "all right"—that happy speech which, a thousand times used, has brought joy and comfort. Has Rosicrucian won? "All right!"—Have the jury found? "All right!"—What did the doctor say? "All right!"—

Well, you were late; I knew you would be. "All right!" Does he agree? "All right!" And finally—well, what does she say? "All right!" Happiest talisman in the language, and which the French have now borrowed from us.

Mrs. Talbot was approaching the flames. The fickle and stout lady bridled among her many laces. The old belle's eyes lighted as she saw her cold enemy sitting neglected.

The daughter regarded her, with what seemed to the other a look of mixed dislike and discomfiture. In the large round eyes there was uneasiness, and a direct challenge. Mrs. Talbot's reply was a quiet look towards a far-off doorway, towards which the Colonel and his partner were hurrying. She began the contest again.

"You seem not to be enjoying the night," she said, with a smile.

That smile had lain by many years, a little dusty, among other fashionable properties. With it, and that simulated commiseration and sympathy, how many rivals had she pricked and stabbed.

"Most ill-managed thing as ever I saw," said Mr. Hardman. "No introductions—no looking after the people. Positively, but that I ordered my coachman for two o'clock——"

Said Mrs. Talbot, calmly, "And we were thinking they were so attentive—such charming hosts, and all that. You must have been unfortunate."

"My father," said his daughter, "does not come often to balls, and expects an attention which may now perhaps be considered old-fashioned."

Mr. Hardman turned on her in his most arrogant way,—

"Old-fashioned! What are you *talking* about? Did you ever hear such speeches! There's Sir Thomas Rumbold! a man I could buy and sell ten times over, and to see the slavish toadying of him that has been going on the whole night is disgusting!"

"My dear Mr. Hardman," said Mrs. Talbot, as if she was paying him some sweet compliment, "this is one of the hard shifts of our present social arrangements. Rank and this sort of thing are somehow unfairly destined to have precedence."

This pierced even the horny skin of the monied man, about as thin as that of a rhinoceros.

"I see what you mean," he said; "but let me tell you that sort of thing is going by, and will go by more."

Just at that moment she heard the cheery clatter of the friendly voice swinging away behind her, and "Old Dick Lumley" came up *talking* away as fast as he walked. He was never strange in a strange place, and had the art of either knowing people everywhere,

or of appearing to know them. To mere observers of the surface, that is to average worldlings, this came to the same thing. Where ever he went, Dick Lumley took care he should fall upon his old legs. He made absent people do the work for him. It was his animated interview with Sir Thomas Rumbold that had so inflamed Mr. Hardman; yet the name of some friend, at least three hundred miles away, had performed the friendly offices of introduction.

"Well, we are all carrying it on hard and fast, not losing a moment. See how exhausted I am! By the bye, just heard about poor old Lady Towler. Not left a sixpence after all her drudgery. But, my *dear* Mrs. Talbot, you must come off with me. There is a supper-room, or a tray of something somewhere."

Now there was a flutter among the dowagers; much as at the Zoological Gardens, towards four o'clock, the wild animals grow excited if a keeper pass by with even a basket. Supper was indeed announced. Everyone was trooping in, and there was even seen what Old Dick Lumley called the "indelicate spectacle of droves of women hurrying in companionless." Colonel Labouchere was busy with his duties of host. He actually came for Mr. Hardman to take in Lady Rumbold, thereby overwhelming that gentleman with an obsequious gratitude. It was when both were away on this errand that Miss Hardman turned to Mrs. Talbot, and said in her calm way, as though she was remarking "How cold it was"—

"All warning is thrown away on you."

But here was Colonel Labouchere back again, eager, hurried, with a gentleman in custody for Mrs. Hardman. He could hardly escape the streams of molten lava that flowed down the sides of that volcano. Then he turned to Mrs. Talbot.

"Now I am free," he said, "you must come in to supper with me."

Then it was that she thought of answering the speech the manufacturer's daughter had made her.

"All warning! Really, now! Well, we shall see;" and she swept on.

The supper was in the best taste, and the messman had done it sumptuously. To do honour to the occasion, he had exhausted himself in all the pictorial but uninviting emblems which his brethren delight in when they want to be more than equal to the occasion. Old Dick Lumley, whose old stomach had been kept working for some seventy-five years, protested loudly against these devices. "I hate," he said, "to see harps and birds and coats of arms prowling over a fine Yorkshire ham. You cannot cut it with comfort." Mrs. Talbot merely went to look at the table.

"*You see that* wonderful old man? Old Dick Lumley they call

him. Such energy, such unflagging spirit; it is really charming. I feel quite obliged to him; I quite love him for it. All the amusing stories, too, the curious histories he has ferreted out."

The Colonel was abstracted, and looking over at the other side of the table.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Talbot, quickly; "and the oddest thing he gave us to-day at dinner; such a strange account of a particular friend of yours. Volunteered it, I assure you; for we have no interest in the people."

"What," said the Colonel, "about her? Was it bad, good, or indifferent?"

"Well, I am afraid I should have to call it something one of the three; but really I am indifferent about the matter."

"But you have made me curious. No food for the gossips, I trust, no scandal?"

"About your Queen Elizabeth. Well, I am not accountable. I told you it was volunteered."

He looked at Mrs. Talbot with a curious intelligence. That lady became disturbed.

"Now, what do you think of Miss Hardman?" asked the Colonel, abruptly.

This was the opening Mrs. Talbot was longing for.

"You would not thank me," she said, "if I were to give you a candid opinion. I do not like her. You ask me, and I tell you the truth candidly. Another might smile, and insinuate all sorts of wicked accusations."

"No," he said, "I am sure it is all perfectly above board, as they say, with you; but simply for curiosity's sake, what do you think of her?"

"Well, then," said she, "first, what do I think of her relations? With *me*, the fruit is always to be known by its tree. *She* is not to blame for coming of a set whose gentility, delicacy, sympathy, and refinement, and every nice feeling, have been hackled and torn to shreds by the carders of their factory. Look at the coarse father, the odious mother, and ask yourself if any good could come out of that Nazareth?"

"Well," he answered, quietly, "I did put that very question to myself some months ago, and have tested the matter very carefully."

"Why on earth should you do that?" she said, with a surprise almost natural.

"Well," he answered, "when I first saw her, I think on the very first day we arrived here—and here we are at the very last night—

there was something about her that seemed to challenge inquiry and to be worth inquiring about. You know these sorts of faces and figures. We see them even in a crowd ; the rest make a mere background for her. I knew she had a history, a history that meant struggling straight upwards, struggling against something at home, something that would bear itself, home and all and everything, to the surface. Of course, I had nothing to suggest this to me ; but still you know how irresistible such an impression is."

There was something like amazement in Mrs. Talbot's face. She was surprised into actually staring at him ; but these light vapours of expression drifted away to the right and to the left, and gave place to one of her old ball-room masks.

"Shall I tell you?" she said, and she was very unlike the Chalon picture. "I have an irresistible impression also. You know I am a woman of the world, just as you are a soldier of the world, and I can pretty well see behind all this poetising about faces that challenge and struggle upwards, carrying their entire homes with them upon their fairy-like shoulders. I could tell you, Colonel Labouchere, what all this means, in what they call plain English ; and what is more," she added, her lips struggling between the tightness of spitefulness and an ordinary smile, "I could unfold for you some incidents in the process of that struggle upwards, which have been mysteriously revealed to me ; for I see where you are hurrying to, and you may thank me for it later."

"Would not that be real charity and good nature of you?" he said, quite gravely. "In a friend, certainly."

"No. You do not thank a person," she said, "who puts out his hand to stop your going over a precipice. It is a mere instinct. But does it not look like a providence that a pleasant old gossip was sent here to-day with his usual bag of stories on his back, and at our dinner-table should have pulled out this very one ; the moment he heard the name he began,—names, dates, everything exact. Mind you ask me. There I stop, unless you wish me to go on."

There was great elation in Mrs. Talbot's eyes. She was playing her trumps one upon the other, in the hasty triumph of her success. It seemed like one of the old games, long, long ago.

He smiled. "You know there is always some sort of scandalous story about everyone that rises in life."

"Yes," she answered, quickly ; and the absent, questioning face of Phœbe, who passed by them on the arm of a gorgeous partner, stirred her ; "but not a *true* scandalous story. There is the difference."

"Well, *yours*—I mean Mr. Lumley's—is not a true one."

She looked excited at the contradiction.

"You shall see and know that it is. I have gone too far, or you have made me go too far, not to go on further. Surely no one could be justified in thinking so highly of a woman who by the tact and promptitude of some mere acquaintances was saved from the discredit of an elopement. That's plain speaking."

She paused to see the effect of this astounding revelation, for she had now surely beaten both the opposite players. The rude old claymore of the manufacturer's daughter was no match after all with the small rapier of the elegant woman of fashion. She was a little ashamed of the means which she had used; rather coarser than the ones to which she was accustomed. The enemy had lost and Phœbe might win yet, and if there was a bold charge while the squares were in confusion, might win before the morning came. The Colonel seemed taken aback.

"Ireland is a long way off," at length he said, slowly.

"Ireland?" she repeated.

"Stories that come across in the packets with the mails," he said, "get knocked about or distorted during the passage, and with old Lumley in charge——"

"Oh, I see. So it is notorious,—and you going about from garrison to garrison. If you wish to learn details, then, ask our old gossip, Lumley, and he will pour them out for you. Well, I had thought more highly of Colonel Labouchere."

"I could tell you all the details. I heard them long ago—Lady Boreena and all."

"Who from, pray?"

"From herself."

"From herself?" she repeated, slowly.

"Yes, from herself; and with the greatest candour. She is a fine, open character, though with faults."

"Oh, I see. I *begin* to see now."

"Yes, I know what you are going to say. She tells me everything *now*. There is a wonderful confidence established between us, Mrs. Talbot. That wicked story did not affect me in the least. It has added to my high opinion of her."

"You are deliciously credulous. And that confidence was not provoked by the fear of its reaching you in some other way. It is nothing to me, of course; but as we *are* balancing evidence like a court——"

"I can satisfy the court on that also. She told me long ago: Mr. Lumley has been here only a day or two."

"It is no matter in the world," said Mrs. Talbot, now her old self again. "You must settle the matter between yourself and the lady. I could not determine, I am sure. Now, shall we go back?"

They went back. The rueful Phœbe received them with a sort of distraught look; it seemed, at last, to have burst on her that all was over. A curious tempest was in Mrs. Talbot's breast: it was, as she felt, a ridiculous craze in *her*; for with a person of *that* sort—"raised from the very scum"—how on earth could her proceedings affect a lady of Mrs. Talbot's quality? But she was mortified; and perhaps this "low" soldier wished to mortify her.

So the ball went into the small hours most dramatically. For some there it was the usual enchanting thing; for certain votaries, for whom time glided on, alas! too exquisitely. It was all lights and flowers, and sweet faces, and waves of music, and whirl-whirl! On this earth, and in these early days, before the novelty has worn away, there is nothing half so sweet in life—no, not a fiftieth part so delicious—as the progress of a ball: the dance after dance, the too exquisite and endless turning, the rings of soft light eddying round and round. This, indeed, is what approaches nearest to a dream for the young. They hear the chimes, not at midnight, but at three, four, five, and six, and a sweet and excited face wonders at the obtrusive daylight coming in so cold, and wonders that papa or mamma think of going home.

It was strange, the coming out on the steps, and seeing the streaks of daylight, the clustering of white-cloaked maids and matrons.

Beauty Talbot had had a pleasant night; his wife had been lax in her duty,—so had his daughter. The young girls were good natured, and did not "snub" him.

Mrs. Talbot was moving to the door; the rich man's daughter going away also. The latter came up straight to her, and said in a low voice,—

"That was a worthy act of yours; it now passes out of the mere polite hostility. It was an unworthy *stab in the dark!*"

"Miss Hardman!" said the other, with dignity.

"With all your animosity against me, I could not have believed a lady of your rank and birth capable of it." Her eyes were glowing, her cheek flushed; she seemed moved, for once, to anger. "I shall never forget it, even though it has failed so signally, as it deserved to do. I was reluctant to go, and, I own it, to accept Colonel Labouchere's generous proposals."

"What!" faltered Mrs. Talbot, in spite of herself.

"His proposal of his hand. But this has determined me; for it

has shown that you and your class can have no quarter, no heart or toleration for us. Now, I tell you, Mrs. Talbot, there shall be none for you. Here he comes now," she added, with a change of voice. "Good night! Everything will be very sudden; and I may never meet you again—but I warn you, should I do so——"

She took Colonel Labouchere's arm, and passed away.

Mrs. Talbot, first mortified, then hurt and angry, ended by being contemptuous.

"A low, intriguing girl. How she spoke according to her class! I should never have known them; and this is only what we expose ourselves to."

The party of four came home very silent and even out of humour. The Beauty, because no one was inclined to talk and "rally" him on his successes; and old Dick Lumley, because he had been kept up late, had eaten something at supper, which he *now* knew would by-and-by disagree with him, and because he felt sore and broken. He looked very shattered, and "parting in pieces" in that ghastly daylight. Miss Phœbe's discomfiture spoke for itself; while in Mrs. Talbot there was rankling the sense of defeat in many ways. All these four were to remember that night well. But Mrs. Talbot, as she laid her refined head on the pillow, consoled herself,—

"A low girl, whom I ought to have had nothing to do with!"

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# BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER I.

### PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

MANY months went by, droning on. No regiment had come to fill the place of the ——th; but the neighbours had plenty to talk of—victualled, as it were, for six months with gossip in details of Miss Hardman's rather hurried marriage at the Towers. It was considered a wonderful thing for the man of money. A fresh proof of shrewdness combined with wealth. "A long-headed fellow, Hardman; sure to do!" though in truth, as we have seen, he had nothing to do with the matter. Mere outsiders supposed he had given her a great fortune, forty or fifty thousand pounds. But here was more of his shrewdness. Why should he do so? it would be gratuitous surplusage, would it not? The tone he took was this;

"Colonel Labouchere, sir, you do my family an honour; and you have won the affections of my daughter. Now I tell you frankly, she did not consult me, neither did you. Observe, I find no fault; but I merely make the statement. I may have my own ideas as to the part a father should play in these matters; but that is neither here nor there. You are a gentleman and a soldier, and of good family."

"Yes, Mr. Hardman," said the Colonel, quietly. "Well?"

"Well, it comes to this; I always intended to give my daughter eight thousand pounds. Had I chosen for her, I tell you frankly, it should have been *eight times eight* thousand; but now you must only wait till my death. I can't help it, Colonel Labouchere. That's my way now."

"Mr. Hardman, you mistake me; it is really nothing to me. I have not thought of fortune; if I had, I tell you frankly, I could have done far better, as it is called."

A pang went through Mr. Hardman's heart. He had made a blunder; he might have given little or nothing. However, having taken this tone, he kept it up—a little wounded, yet not angry; aggrieved from *duty* merely, but full of goodwill to the pair. One of these days, he meant that his son should really "do" splendidly; for him he should bring a girl of title—a real, genuine, good thing, and with money, too,—none of your beggarly, hungry, fine people, "who bring nothing with them but a few gowns." He should go into the market, and take care to choose the goods himself. "See here, sir," he said to his son, "you must look to what you are about. You have had a noble allowance, sir, from me; every whim of yours gratified, provided you spent your money in cultivating really nice well-born friends, whom it is a credit to know. I tell you, sir, you don't exert yourself; you don't push and cultivate people, and I am not going to be wasting my substance gratifying your low tastes. Why, another fellow with your means would hold up his head, and know half the peerage. Damn it, sir, I won't go on with this sort for any helpless log like you."

"I can't help it, father," said the son, "it's not in my way. I haven't the art of it, and it appears to me so degrading. I can see they don't *want* us. Surely *you* see that yourself, father; money alone will not get us on."

His father glared at him. "You have the low drop in you, sir; a cur's blood; and, sir, don't preach to me. I had to put up with enough from your sister, in her day."

"I tell you, father, I have tried it, and it only brings me a cold

air of insolence, which is intolerable. Let me make my friends in my own way, and I promise they shall be nice ones, and I am sure more useful than any of these people."

"I won't listen to this stuff," said his father, swelling and growing red; "it must all come to a point! You shall go my way, or I shan't go yours; and you may starve on your pay if you like. I'll find people who will be glad to do what I want."

This was but a repetition of a scene that had often occurred and really meant nothing serious. The father was one of those foolish men who prodigally waste all their engines of attack on some trivial occasion. A son after his heart would have been one who followed his own snobbish gospel of "the duke's coachman," and who laid himself out to get on in life: *i.e.*, to try and know lords and ladies, or the sons of distinguished persons. Should such a lad have written home to him from school, "My great friend and chum is young Pollard. He is 'an honourable' and his father is a lord, and please I want ten pounds; *he* showed us ten which his father sent him," the same would have been despatched by return of post, and with exceeding pride. Friends would have been stopped that day in the street, and the letter taken out pompously. "My son is at Bagley, under Dr. Webber. He makes very nice friends—young Pollard, son of Lord Pollard, who was lord in waiting." Had that son proposed an arrangement with his father, ten pounds down for every acquaintance thus made, with "refreshers," he would have gladly agreed. Had he brought home young Pollard on a visit during vacation, thus indirectly bringing his lordship in *rapport* with himself, he would have gladly paid a very handsome sum. For that lord must have acknowledged that kind hospitality, sent messages, perhaps written, hoped that they would see Mr. Hardman at Pollardstown next month, when they were having a few friends, &c. But what could be done with the dullard, for whose education he was paying at Bagley, and who did propose one vacation to bring back a friend—a country clergyman's son!

It was the same when the young man was put into the army. He showed incurably low tastes. The regiment had been chosen expressly, for it held Robert Hodder, the Duke of Bullington's third son, the Honourable Algernon Dalkey, Lord Blackrock's eldest son, "people about the queen," a beautiful rich ground, well worth the gardening; and yet the fellow did nothing. That "set" kept together, and would be glad, Mr. Hardman well knew, to take up a young man with such a back. How rejoiced, how proud he would have been to receive a letter, "I am bringing down Hodder,

and Dalkey, and three or four of their friends, on Monday, so have everything of the best; but I want cash sadly, and you must 'stump down' [or 'book up,' whatever was the correct slang] handsomely." Why, a cheque for 500*l.* would have been under payment for such a blessing. In many a reverie in his gaudy baronial study, he saw himself receiving these fine young nobles, graciously permitting their freedoms and eccentricities, abasing himself before them, fooling them to the top of their, or rather *his*, bent. But such could be only a dream, though he clung to its realization for a long time. With rage and disappointment he found what a hopeless dull career his son was pursuing, who was turning out an utter failure; he was steady and "low," never would do anything. Once he was overwhelmed with mortification on being introduced to one of the regiment, son to the "people about the queen," and who told him, "O, he keeps a good deal to himself, you know, no one is more respected by the men." More respected by the men! What a character! And young Lord Robert Hodder, and my Lord Dalkey? (Mr. Hardman was one of that class who always say "My lord this") "O, they don't speak. He set Dalkey down before the whole mess for telling some queer story." This was the way he was served—was treated! Was there ever so unhappy a father, with a son and daughter so hopeless, helpless, idiotic, purposeless, and "low" in their tastes. However, here was the daughter established in life, and fairly. It was something; the Laboucheres had a good name, and there was a remote lord, a little behind, seen through some misty clouds of relationship. This, however, furnished him with some lofty illustrations, and "my son-in-law Labouchere" was often introduced. Longhampton was the family seat of the misty lord, whom he called the head of the family, and through some agency he procured a photograph of that seat, and suited with a gorgeous golden frame, it stood on the drawing-room table, supported on an easel, and not failing to catch the eye of every guest. Whether it did or no, he was certain to give his short lecture in the panorama manner. "That is Longhampton, the seat of my son-in-law Labouchere's family. One of the English show places, you know. They were to have gone there for the honeymoon; but the regiment was ordered away." He gave dinners, it would seem, for the very purpose of exhibiting this distant son-in-law, who really figured more conspicuously at such banquets than if he had been there in the flesh. But having gone up to London, and after labour almost Herculean, having got within range of that lord himself, either at club, or party, and having made "my son-in-law Labouchere" introduce him, he

found himself congealed and frozen up by the treatment he experienced. No men are so liable to this sort of painful ague, under the variable and capricious temperature of aristocratic treatment: none are so servile and timorous in their approach, so faltering in their address, or so easily repulsed. There is something indeed that invites, "repulse us, and trample on us, do." The truth was, the lord was one of the most refined of his class, full of a haughty exclusiveness, and had bitterly resented this alliance between one of his connections and "a trader." The stare he gave, the resentful expression in his face, that "this was a liberty," seemed to burn into the very marrow of the sensitive Mr. Hardman. The faltering invitation on his lips carefully conned, died away. "Our little place in the country, if your lordship would so far honour it. Near Longhampton, of course,—of which a little picture stands on our drawing-room table,—it will seem a hovel."

"Colonel Labouchere? I know very little of his movements. Did you wish to speak to me about him?"

"O dear no! my lord, except, that is, he is now my relation, my son-in-law, I may call him—I thought——"

The lord shrugged his shoulders, and turned away. Mr. Hardman tried a forlorn hope. "If you were coming down our way, my lord, at any time, I do trust you might honour our little place."

"Out of the question, much obliged to you," said his lordship, in a tone that meant as plainly "low intrusive fellow," as words would sound it. Then turned his back on the other.

Mr. Hardman saw amused faces at this rebuff; saw also the lord plainly describing the matter to a small group afar off; he had the too quick instinct of pushing sensitiveness. He was, besides, one of those *gauche* men, who, when snubbed, exhibit the marks of it like a beating, and knew not how to withdraw himself. From that hour he could not forgive his daughter this mortification. On a character of this sort there is some satisfaction in dwelling thus minutely; the stores are inexhaustible, the clods of meanness turning up are fresh, and ever new. Character thus possessed in various shapes and turnings is, in fact, story.

In this humour he was in no mood to be indulgent to his son, or to the family where the son was now visiting very frequently. Many were the delightful mornings the latter spent over in Miss Livy's company, and in that of her mother; for the young man, whose instinct was quickened by love, saw what was the daily and nightly *filial* task of that daughter, and that if he must slowly draw himself into any appreciation, it must be by sympathy with what she was so

steadily working out. The little drama that was being acted so perseveringly, by one of the actors at least, with such never-flagging pains, was for him a subject of wonder and admiration. Accustomed to the selfishness of "men" at mess, and of men in army life generally, that utter unselfishness, that never-wearying and wakeful purpose, that organised deception that never slept, absolutely confounded him. After that, he could only lend his own small service, and do his best to aid the two women in what was the reasonable scheme of the one, and the pious one of the other. The routed Phœbe had retreated to her own dominions, and with elasticity, which is the happy consolation of all such Cossack cavalry, would presently be preparing an attack on some other outpost.

Thus it was that the Beauty found himself of a sudden treated with a deference and a graciousness rarely accorded to him by men. There was ordinarily a tendency to be "free," to banter him, or indulge in exaggerated praises of his gifts, and of his accomplishments, which always left him uneasy and doubtful of their genuineness. This feeling would make him turn away fretfully, with a "you are always going on with some folly or nonsense. I wish you'd have a little more sense!" Nor was Dick Hardman's attention, or rather manner, founded on much more than an unconscious sympathy with the purpose of her he so admired. He was not inclined, as his father had discovered, to pay court to any one; but the spectacle was so praiseworthy and interesting, that he was drawn unconsciously to take an earnest part in the little play. Very soon the Beauty was speaking of him with complacent approbation, as though *he* had found out that he was "a very nice, well-bred, pleasant fellow." And this criticism of good breeding and agreeability seemed based on the attention with which "He gave one smile," that plaintive ballad, was listened to and applauded. There was a new lyric "on the stocks," not yet "got into shape," but which he was "composing," *i.e.*, sitting at the piano, his face turned to the ceiling, while his delicate lady's fingers, whitened carefully by art, spelled out a little accompaniment. The new effusion was to be "about one of the best things I have ever done; and I tell you what, I'll sing it the next time we go to your house." To this new friend he imparted snatches of his old life, when he was going out among the countesses and young ladies. "I don't want to brag, Hardman," he said; "but with all the boasting of these men about me, I needn't be shy. If I were to show you letters that were written to me by certain ladies, with all the love, flattering things, and so forth, you *would* stare. These fellows, now, if a woman looks at them over her fan, or says a

bit of nonsense, make such a fuss. Now I'm a married man, of course, and have done with all that. Though there are married men enough about us going in for foolish flirtation, quite forgetting that women don't one quarter mean all the folly they say. Bless you, I know pretty well what that sort of thing means, and what it is worth. I have had half-a-dozen of 'em sitting round me at a time, saying things that would make a man blush; of course, it was all their fun. I took it at its worth. Not but that they really liked me. You know, I suppose, what they used to call me?"

Dick smiled. "Some of the donkeys thought themselves very funny in making a joke of it, and all that, in their low way. But I tell you the truth, I think it was much more of a compliment, and one that would never be paid to them, if they lived for a hundred years. I'd like to see Bolton, or long Napier, or Singleton pick up such a name. Not one of them, sir. It would be a different sort of name they would have got. You know I understood the world pretty well, and all that sort of thing: I served my apprenticeship under more advantages than most men; and because I live down here, in this out-of-the-way place, because it suits me to do so, as a married man with a young girl growing up," here young Hardman winced a little, "you don't suppose I have grown rusty, or out of date, or couldn't hold my own with the best of them, if I chose? God bless me, yes!"

In this sort of monologue the Beauty ran on. He delighted in this viewing of himself in the past, as a lovely and engaging figure, but it was under the reserve that it was a past he had quite finished with. So young Hardman took care to impress on him, thinking of the two women.

"O yes," he said, "once a man is married, of course these sort of attentions can have no interest for *him*. He would not care for them, in fact."

"O, plenty would care for them, and a few would get them, too, if they wanted them, I assure you."

"O, but not the nice, refined, considerate husband, who has good sense. Why should he?" said young Hardman, rather anxiously. "If I were married, I should consider myself finished for ever and aye, with all that. I should be entering on a new life. And you, with so charming a person as Mrs. Talbot, a famous belle, that was more admired, as they told me——"

The Beauty smiled complacently. "Yes, she was at the top of them all, no one was so run after; but *I* cut them all out. It was a good deal talked of at the time, I can tell you; made a stir," and

thus the Beauty got back into his dreams again, looking fondly and sweetly to those old days of triumph—not, it must be owned, thinking of her, but of his own *prestige*, in carrying off that rather Waning *Belle*, after no very warm competition. His own exquisite complacency thus helped the good work of that untiring lady and her daughter, and prevented him seeing the true state of things. It was happy, therefore, for all. It had gone on now so long, he had become quite accustomed to his lot, contented and "resigned," as some of his old sneering friends would say, or much as some one sentenced for "long terms" would gradually grow accustomed to prison life.

Mrs. Talbot did not relish these visits of the young man. She had still the same morbid feeling towards that house, and which seemed even to increase by dwelling on. Her retrospect took the shape of triumph, and she soothed herself by the notion of even a victory. "I drove her from the place. I drove her from the place!" she said very often; and by that curious process well known to us, by dwelling on it frequently, and on its details, she became gradually all but convinced of this little delusion. And though her sweet daughter would not descend, even for the sacred purpose of her life, to any deceit, still, she too, from sheer sympathy, worked herself into a tranquil belief that the superior power of her mother, and the old charm, had become intolerable, unendurable, to that cold and free-tongued woman, and that she had fairly turned and fled. In her favourite fashionable portrait attitude Mrs. Talbot sat, her still beautiful hand under her chin, in a delightful reverie, and thus soothing herself with the thought that the old charm was still left, and would be left. Still, though she thus disliked the whole family, "root and branch," her instinct showed her that this young man was on her side of their party in the house. The same instinct told her that he was deeply in love with her daughter, and of this she warned her. Livy laughed. "The idea, mamma! Love! why he is only a friend,—just comes over here to amuse himself, and me."

"Well, that *is*, or used to be, love," said her mother. "But to marry into that dreadful family, that terrible man and woman always before you! my poor child, why you would die of it. Though, indeed, the worst is gone—we defeated *her*."

"I could not leave you, dearest," said her daughter, kissing her fondly. "No, never! No, nor dear Beauty. What would become of me without you both? Dick is very nice and good, and I have seen no one like him as yet. But the other is a different thing. We three are so happy together, I could not endure thinking of a change. No, sweet, sweet mamma; that must never be!"

The graceful arms of the fine lady so admired in the portrait wound softly about her.

"What do you live for, darling? What is a girl's aim of life? No, dear; these are foolish notions. In time we shall think of what is suitable for you. *I* shall manage that, as I have managed so much. I wonder, dear,"—and here she closed her eyes and smiled. —"if I were to go out of this weary world, would—your father marry again?"

The gentle girl's eyes lit, then she hid her colouring cheeks in her mother's neck.

"Don't speak so, dear; you must not. Such a thought! Our poor Beauty! he is so happy and good, and so content. There he is!"

And there floated up to them from below sounds of the piano, and the sweet voice of the Beauty, who was "composing" one of his "little things."

"And how good he has been all this time—no running up to town by himself; no clubs even. It is wonderful, dearest, when we think of it."

Mrs. Talbot sighed a little wearily.

"Yes, but it has been weary work: so long, and never ceasing. It has been hard labour. But we may rest now, I think, my pet."

"Rest, dear. Poor Beauty! if he had been only left to himself all this time, you would have had no trouble. There are such unkind people. But he is so happy now."

The mother looked at her fondly, smoothing her hair languidly.

"Yes, I think we may think of you now, dear. I must turn my thoughts to you. No, we could not send you into that lion's den—that low, coarse, manufacturing mother-in-law would make you pine away. You would die, dear, in that vulgar Brummagem prison. Ah! what would you say to my Cousin Robert, who is coming on Monday—a rising man, as they call it, certain to be an under-secretary, shrewd and careful? I know I could make him do a good deal. He was in love with me when he was a boy and I a young lady."

"No! no! no! mamma," she repeated. "You, I, and Beauty! we were made for each other. Let Lord Robert be under-secretary, or what he likes."

"We must ask these vulgar people, for we are in debt to them; and must pay, or they will sue us before the parish. It will amuse us, though. I know he will be grovelling before Robert. I wish some one else was coming, though; a little battle and victory is so exciting."

"She has had enough, dearest; and will keep the seas between her and you, if she can."

Now the voice of the Beauty was heard in peevish tones, demanding some one to aid him at the piano, and some one also to stimulate him with applause, and say, "How original! How pretty!"

He affected on these occasions to hear the effect of what he had "composed," as it were, for the first time, and to be pleased or displeased. He would remodel, or let it stand. So Mrs. Talbot herself went down—her toilette being correct, gauzy, and floating—to undertake the office, and was kept for an hour and more receiving directions and corrections in her performance of the amateur and illegal harmonies which he had written, being herself made responsible for their defects. He was not very well pleased with the result; she was not as enthusiastic as she ought to have been, and he was out of humour. However, the reserve came up in the shape of his daughter, whose warm and genuine praises restored the day.

(*To be continued.*)

# NOTES & INCIDENTS.

"THE EARTH hath bubbles, as the water hath, and these are of them." The observation that "Il y a des folies qui se prennent comme les maladies contagieuses" was by no means either a malicious or unwarrantable remark of the witty Larochefoucauld in the time he lived, and his countrymen have long shown their full appreciation of its truth in regard to themselves; but it has this distinguishing quality from the great majority of accepted axioms,—it admits of no dispute, and is applicable to other nationalities in little less degree,—nationalities and customs that have their rise and fall. The velocipede furor of *1869* is but a revival of the hobby horse mania of 1819, only that the

bicycles of that period bearing the names of velocipedes, accelerators, or perambulators, were propelled by the feet touching the ground, instead of working upon a crank. The contrivance being rather an aid to quick walking, than a tread-mill, on which to keep his equilibrium, the rider has to exercise a series of ungraceful contortions,—in fact, to maintain a machine that will not stand alone, a fault that can hardly be brought against the machine sur l'eau depicted in our lettre ornée, a contrivance invented and patented by M. Thierry, and on which "les jeunes gens parisiens" disport themselves on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. The article is certainly novel of its kind, and is said to have been a success with aquatic amateurs of the beau-monde. It is, however, a mere water toy, set in motion by the same mode of pedal propulsion as the land bicycle, and steered by the hand. Adapted to display the operator to advantage on a smooth, tideless and waveless water, it requires less skill on his part to preserve the requisite equilibrium, the boat itself of the vehicle performing naturally that service. But the inventor has bethought him of making it available for short, fair-weather excursions on the sea, with a view to popularise it with the seasonal visitors at the watering-places on the coast. To enable it to withstand a moderate undulation of the sea and prevent a capsize, long floats affixed to the sides are used, and greater length given to the boat itself. It is said to have been tried at sea, lengthened to nine metres, and with the floats, before Prince Napoleon; that thus it will go on the sea, and about eight miles an hour! We, of course, do not undertake to vouch for this faculty of speed upon the domain of Neptune, and less for ability of one pair of legs to work this water bicycle at sea, over such a distance, without great fatigue to the operator. If these fashionable novelties tend to no very serviceable ends, they serve, nevertheless, to justify in a somewhat remarkable manner the conception of such vehicles as imaged by a contemporary of Larochefoucauld on this side of the Channel—our *Dryden*, to wit, in the lines:—

> "Fashion takes care that fools should still be seen;
> She places 'em aloft, o' the topmost spoke of all her wheel."

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SHALL we ever learn the mechanics of spirit rapping? No man in his senses will deny that before a knock can be heard, one hard body must strike another hard body; but what are the hard bodies that meet to produce what is called a spirit-rap? Two answers to this question have just started up. They hail from opposite hemispheres: one comes from an American physician, the other is offered by an English philosophical instrument maker, and they are antipodean in substance. So strangely do they differ, that one cannot even suppose the truth to lie between them. The American tells a long story to prove that the knockings are produced by a voluntary dislocation of the medium's knee-joint; the large bone of the leg being moved laterally upon the lower surface of the thigh-bone.

The return of the bone to its place gives rise to a sharp and loud noise. The movement can be made at will, and—in the case of ladies at all events—without perceptible effort. The doctor has tried experiments upon some famous "Rochester knockers," and also upon other persons gifted with this joint-cracking trick, and he has convinced himself that spirit-raps are bone-rattlings. What, then, will he say if he chance to read the letter which appeared in the *Standard* newspaper from the instrument maker, who says that he has been frequently called upon to furnish electro-galvanic apparatus for making raps, batteries to be concealed about the clothes, wires to be led round rooms, behind skirtings, and through walls, and magnetic contrivances for making tables dance and chairs fly? He will say, methinks, is the communicative manufacturer quite sure that the mechanisms were for "spiritual" purposes? To my mind the American explanation of the rapping is the more feasible, for there are complications in the working of electro-magnetic apparatus that would preclude its use at many *séances;* and as for ordinary magnets and batteries enabling heavy furniture to defy the laws of gravity, no one who has had any experience with magnetic machines will admit it. To lift a good-sized table from floor to ceiling by electro-magnets alone, would require a stupendous battery power and a vast amount of apparatus that could not possibly be all concealed. As to making weighty articles *float* in the air, the most skilful electrician in the world could not do it. Whatever the conjurings of spiritualism may be, they do not depend on concealed magnets.

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It appears that our notions of the muscular rationale of rowing are somewhat in error, for, instead of the back being the oarsman's strong member, the power of his stroke is given by the great muscles of the buttock, the *glutei* of the anatomist. According to Mr. Skey, who has treated this subject lengthily and technically in the *Lancet*, the rowing action, from the time of the oar's dipping into water, is composed of two movements, which, in different "styles," are performed synchronously or in succession. The first is the erection of the trunk from its stooping to a perpendicular position; and this is done—not as we commonly assume, by the back-muscles, the *erector spinæ*, which are comparatively weak—but by those powerful cords above named, which we put to work whenever we raise ourselves from the sitting to the standing posture. Henceforward let no man say he rows from his back, but from his buttock. The second movement is the work of the biceps and its assisting muscles, by which the arm is bent at the elbow joint to something less than a right angle; and in regard to the position of the arm during this action, Mr. Skey thinks it preferable to keep it out from the body a little, as in this condition both pronation and powerful flexion of the forearm are facilitated. Now, upon the question whether the body should be straightened and the arm bent simultaneously or consecutively, our authority inclines to the latter alternative. Although time is gained by doing two things at

once, the physical force of the body is hampered by the double action; and it is presumable that the *glutei*, which do the heavy work, will contract with greater force and freedom if they act singly and alone, than if they have to divide the available power of the body with the brachial muscles. So the Oxford system is justified by theoretical considerations. The muscles of the thigh and leg, which, according to the Isis authorities, play a prominent part in the rowing process, Mr. Skey shows to be only adjurants, their functions being called forth only when the limbs are free; whereas, in rowing they are confined between two all but motionless points—the feet below, and the pelvis above.

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STATISTICS is a dull science at first sight, but it is wonderfully interesting when you get into it: you are always unearthing curious facts. Cutting the pages of a heavy book on the military and anthropological statistics of the United States rebellion-army the other day, I lit upon the unexpected discovery that sailors are shorter sighted than the generality of mankind. A few pages on, it was asserted, as the result of exact measurements, that after a certain age men shrink instead of growing! Those curious things would never have been credited but for the proof afforded by statistical analyses. Who would believe that copper can have health-sustaining properties? We are generally taught that the metal in any form is poisonous. Yet a French doctor has found from statistics of the last two cholera epidemics that all kinds of workers in copper enjoy a remarkable immunity from choleraic disorder. While the rate of mortality among iron-smiths and other metal artists was about 1 in 150, that among coppersmiths and copper handlers generally was only 3 in 10,000. Sorting out the various classes of work, it was evidenced that the more liable the men are to take cupreous dust into their system, the less the chances of their taking the disease. There is a workmen's society in Paris, comprising about 300 members, all turners, mounters, and chasers of bronze articles, and during the cholera plagues of 1832, 1849, 1854, 1865, and 1866, there was but one fatal case among them, and that was a man who had left the trade two years before. These are facts to be kept in sight: they are curiosities now, and the next novelty might push them into oblivion; so let those concerned "make a note on."

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THE time may come, though it may seem premature to expect it, when a man's words will be made to write themselves down automatically as fast as they come from his lips—when a speech will yield a sound picture, or a *sonogram*, that we may gaze upon as we now do upon a light-picture, and translate as we do the notes of a piece of music. Nonsense, you say? It is no nonsense, no dream. Go ask a physicist if he can conceive its possibility, and, unless he be a very narrow-sighted member of his community, he will reply that he can. You who now say "nonsense" would have said the same fifty years ago if any one had told you that some day

the image of your countenance would paint itself photographically. But before you repeat your derision, think of this:—Light is a wave motion, and the chemist has found a substance which the waves, as they dash against it, can transform or transmute; and so we have got photography. Sound is a wave-motion: its waves are as breakers, light's are as ripples; the former large and slow, the latter small and rapid. Now since we have got the substance that is impressible by the little weak waves, why should we despair of finding a substance that will alter under the influence of the great, strong ones? We can make a lamp-glass ring with the voice pitched to a certain note: soon we may cause the same sound to vibrate a body that will make a mark on paper as it swings, and then we can make another working body vibrate to another sound, and so on up the gamut. Thus we shall get an apparatus which will mark the notes of a melody, each as it is sung; and after this it is not difficult to conceive a series of vibrators each attuned to one of the few separate and distinct sounds that the human voice can utter. Here will be an analogue to the photographer's camera: placed before a speaker, such an apparatus will sonograph all he has to say. Some who smile at this will live to see the thing done.

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VILLANOUS saltpetre has been mated to a new substance to form a gunpowder possessing properties at the mention of which professors of destruction ought to prick their ears. Six separate virtues are proclaimed for it over the black, smoky, nauseous powder now in use. First: it is more homogeneous, and its effects are therefore more regular. Second: it is less hygrometric, for if it be placed beside ordinary powder in a damp atmosphere it will only absorb one-fourth the moisture. Third: for equal weights its energy is double: experiments with the Chassepot proving that 2·60 grammes will impart to the bullet as great velocity as the regulation charge, 5·50 grammes, of common powder. Fourth: the solid residue is one quarter of that left by its rival. Fifth: this residue has no hurtful effect upon the metal of the gun. Sixth: the smoke is small in quantity and inodorous; only a little puff of aqueous vapour is generated. These good qualities have been proved by the inventor, M. Brugere, by critical experiments in the laboratory and in the gunnery school at Grenoble, and they are to be forthwith tested on a vast scale, with the assistance of the French minister of war. The compound, which has not been kept a secret, is formed of 54 parts of picrate of ammonia, and 46 parts of saltpetre, and its present price comes out about 4 francs a kilogramme; which would be dear if the powder were not so powerful.

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"To church, and heard a stranger preach like a fool." So wrote Samuel Pepys, at the commencement of a Sunday's entry in his journal; and I am sorry to say that his sentiment often haunts me as I make my exit from the family pew. I am not going to tell all that I think on such

occasions; that would only be to reproduce the hackneyed grumblings about the church sermons of the period. But one thing has struck me as droll. My vicar, one of a class not too numerous, but yet not scanty, is a learned man, an eloquent man, and, therefore, an instructive and a gratifying preacher; as such he is run after and lionized. Now, upon every proper occasion he insists that he has at heart the spiritual instruction of his congregation, and by lectures and classes he gives them good reason to believe that he really has. He does all things needful to improve their religious knowledge but one, and in the exception lies a strange incongruity. When he quits his pulpit, as he does at alternate services, he puts in his place a man whom Pepys would have called a fool. We speak less plainly, and say that our curate is not highly gifted, consoling ourselves with his estimable social qualities. But why does the vicar inflict such a man upon his flock? Is it because he cannot get curates with brains? (the "church" *is* a refuge for respectable imbecility). Or, is it because he don't want a rival? (there *are* jealousies among godly men, and in the Ecclesiastical State a master cannot brook a servant who may outshine him). Anyhow, it is lamentable to think that in these days of cheap enlightenment we are obliged to listen to parsons who "preach like fools," or else stay away from church, which we are too often led to do, for fear of losing our tempers over the platitudes that we know are in store for us. What I have said about vicar and curate applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to bishop and vicar.

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"WE air an inventive people." Yankee origination is universal and ubiquitous. Fourteen thousand patents will, it is estimated, be granted by the United States office this year; and two applications are rejected for every one granted. Over forty thousand specifications lodged in a year; and this in the States only; take up the patent journals of any country in the world, and you will find a good percentage of inventions of American origin. In that country of geniuses everybody invents. Said the patent commissioner, the other day, "Our merchants invent, our schoolmasters invent, our soldiers and sailors invent, our professional men invent, aye, even our women and children invent." True: and wonderful schemes some of these amateurs propound. One man claimed protection for the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering: another applied for the envied parchment, on behalf of a new and useful attachment of a weight to a cow's tail, to prevent her switching it during the milking operation: another proposed to cure worms by fishing for them with a delicate line and tiny hook baited with a seductive pill; while a lady patented a hair-crimping pin, which she specified might also be used as a paper cutter, as a skirt supporter, a child's pin, a bouquet holder, a shawl fastener, or as a book mark. These were cases cited by Mr. Fisher, the commissioner aforesaid, in a recent address to the American Institute. Since this was delivered, I have read of patents for a "horse-refresher" (a hollow bit, perforated

with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a water reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his animal a drink without stopping), and a luxurious contrivance called "The Snorer's Friend,"—a device to be attached to church pew backs, to form a comfortable head rest, enabling the owner to sleep through the dullest sermon in peace and quietness.

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THERE has been a controversy in the *Times* upon the translation of Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit," which is appearing in this magazine. The criticism of the leading journal, if not altogether just, is remarkably clever. None the less so is the reply of Mr. E. S. Dallas in defence of the translation. There is only one point upon which we desire to offer a word. The *Times* says there are portions of the story which can never be given in an English version to the reading public. It was a similar remark in the *Athenæum*, four months ago, which drew from the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* a public explanation:—

"Your review of the above work ('L'Homme qui Rit') is calculated to alarm certain readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which is publishing the authorised English translation of Victor Hugo's new novel. One class may fear a mutilation of the original story; another see grounds to dread a literal translation. . . . . The story will not be mutilated. It will simply be condensed. . . . . The magazine reader will be glad to have the work brought within manageable compass. . . . . Whatever may be done with the romance in the course of republication, I can see no difficulty in the way of presenting the readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* with a truthful and highly-finished English version of 'L'Homme qui Rit,' which shall in no wise be offensive to any lady or gentleman in the land."—ED. *G. M.*

This explanation, made in June, will guide and influence us to the last chapter of the great Frenchman's latest and most remarkable work.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

## SUBTERRANEAN HERMITAGE DISCOVERED AT PONTEFRACT.

MR. URBAN,—In a garden, entered from the south-western outskirt of Pontefract, a short half-mile from the Castle, there are some curious rock excavations, which have never yet been adequately described, but have recently been identified with the details in some papers relating to a Hermitage in this situation. It would appear from these documents that in the year 1386, Adam de Laythorpe, and Robert his son, gave a piece of ground, adjoining the premises of the Friars Preachers, to Adam the Hermit for life, to found a Hermitage upon. Between this and 1405 both the Hermit and De Laythorpe died; but in 1416 the Hermitage is spoken of as a finished work, and in 1433 was possessed by Hudyrfield, Prior of Nostell, together with an adjacent garden. Though the rock excavations, as such, are not mentioned, and the present dimensions of the garden in which they occur are greater than they would then appear to have been, (possibly owing to the second garden having been added to the first,) and the whole walled in when the property came into the possession of the Prior of Nostell, yet the situation agrees with the description, and seems to identify it as the one referred to.

The site is part of the great turnpike-road running from Wakefield through Pontefract to Selby, and, in former times, would be the most frequented road in the neighbourhood. The Hermit, therefore, though himself shut out from the world, was readily accessible to those entering and passing out of the town who chose to visit his cell; and would, probably, only be more popular because his predecessor, Peter the Hermit of Pontefract, had suffered a cruel death, under King John, for what was generally deemed a true and fulfilled prophecy.

The garden is, roughly, about seventy-five feet square. It is situated upon the slope of a hill and surrounded by four walls, coped at the top, and averaging eighteen inches in thickness. Their whole height has in the course of years become festooned with long reaches of Alpine snapdragon and mountain grass, large shrubby wall-flowers, pellitory and eglantine, mosses, ferns, geraniums, hawkweeds, and speedwell. Thus enclosed behind and at the sides, the spot is at once sheltered and secluded. Below, and in front southward, the ground descends rapidly, but rises again immediately, so as to limit the view in that direction, and form an amphitheatre, not large, but very rich and beautiful. In the valley are several draw-wells and a small stream of water; and the hill-

side teems with fertility, terraced with black-soiled liquorice gardens, or covered by pastures, with fine old trees scattered here and there, or gathered in small clumps; whilst the names of the different localities—Priory, Friar Wood, Friar Wood Hill, Priest Bridge, Priest Bridge Close, &c.—sufficiently indicate the former occupancy.

The present plain brick wall, at the north end of the garden, was built when the lane at the back was widened. A doorway in this wall, under that by which the garden is entered, opens into a kind of cellar, about twelve feet square, and six feet high, plainly arched with brick, so as to support that part of the high road which passes over it. The apartment is thickly whitewashed; but the side opposite the entrance, originally the front, opening directly into the garden, can be seen to consist of very rude masonry, apparently ancient, though the doorway and a square window are filled by pierced woodwork of Elizabethan character. On the west side of the doorway is a broken projecting stone, which may at some time have served for a corbel. Passing onward, a second chamber is reached, part of the walls of which are rude masonry; but the rest, including the roof, is solid rock, consisting of a yellow micaceous sandstone with red stripes, intervening between the magnesian limestone and the coal measures. In the western side is a kind of locker, closed at present by pierced woodwork, similar to that already named. Opposite to the door of entrance is another similar doorway, but with a rere-arch cut in the rock. It stands at the head of an exceedingly well-wrought stair, the steps of which are not loose or built in, but, like all the rest, cut out of the solid rock. After descending twelve steps in a straight direction, it begins to turn upon a newel, crossing a natural fissure in the rock, which on the west has been excavated for a distance of twelve feet. By stooping and squeezing sideways the roof is found to rise about twelve or fourteen feet in height, so as to form a chamber, half natural, half artificial, which may possibly have served as a hiding-place, or as a cool safe or closet. Leaving this, the staircase is found to widen suddenly at the sixty-second step into an irregularly-shaped and very roughly-hewn chamber. The sixty-third step forms a kind of floor, in which are cut two troughs, which are constantly supplied by a spring of beautifully clear cold water. There are four recesses or shelves cut out of the rock at different distances on the stairs. All the way down the stair-passage the shape of the instrument employed in the excavation can be clearly determined. It was an axe, used so as to chop at one time with the edge, which was only an inch and a half in width, and at another with the corner.

There is still another excavation to the west of that just described: it is cut out of the rock, and descends to a chamber sixteen feet six inches below the level of the road. Though rude and entirely devoid of ornament, it has had more pains bestowed upon it than the excavations already described, and there is even an attempt at groining in the roof. A fissure in the rock has been taken advantage of, in which to excavate a projecting table, and cut away the rock below for four inches, so as to allow a person to stand or kneel in front of it. Though there are no crosses upon it there can be little doubt that this has once served for an altar. At the eastern corner is a projecting portion of rock in two stages, which

may have served as rude corbels for supporting books, candles, or, perhaps, images. On the north-west side is a long settle, fourteen inches high; and on the south-west a fireplace, the marks of fire upon the stone being still visible. The fuel has been laid upon the floor, in a plainly-cut opening, just a yard square and twenty inches deep; and it is remarkable that the flue from this is also cut out of the rock without the use of any loose stone, especially as the rock which intervenes between its front side and the interior of the chamber is only six inches in thickness.

Such was the Hermitage at Pontefract, constructed more than four centuries and a half ago, and described in a paper by Mr. John Fowler, F.S.A., read to the Society of Antiquaries in February last: in this the author acknowledges his obligations to some papers which came into the hands of Mr. Richard Frank, who was Recorder of Doncaster and Pontefract; and, adds Mr. Fowler, "these observations have been made the more carefully, because, as is much to be regretted, no attempt has hitherto been made to preserve this interesting discovery."—Yours &c.

JOHN TIMBS.

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## THE WILD CAT.

MR. URBAN,—As a *pendant* to the interesting article on the history of the Wild Cat, which appeared in the September number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, allow me to subjoin a copy of a letter addressed to me by the lamented nobleman, Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland, which contains some remarkable particulars relating to the occurrence of the Wild Cat in the Border country. His grace favoured me with this communication in consequence of my having in my *Historical Memoir on Northumberland* referred to Lord Macaulay's picture of the wild state of the North Tyne country, within the memory of persons still alive. The letter is as follows:—

"*Alnwick Castle*, *24th March*, 1862.

"My Dear Sir,—I have read your County History with much pleasure * * * As you mention some of Macaulay's absurdities or untruths about Keelder, I will tell you what Mr. Telfer of Saughtree, in Liddesdale, narrated to me: When he was young, a shepherd, who had resided near Keelder, told him that wild cats were common in that country, and very dangerous; that he (the shepherd) had been attacked by them and was in serious danger of his life, although he was armed with a formidable staff, and had his dog with him.

"In confirmation of this story, I remember a wild cat being killed in or near Hulne Park, where (when stuffed) it was long kept. It had a short thick tail, and measured six feet long. * * *

"Yours, faithfully,

"NORTHUMBERLAND."

"W. SIDNEY GIBSON, ESQ.

His grace afterwards sent me the following memorandum relating to the wild cat caught in Hulne Park, and informed me that a wild cat which had been caught in Scotland, was then in the possession of Mr. J. A. Wilson, at Alnwick.

"*Memorandum*. *25th March*, 1862.—A wild cat was trapped some fifty years

or more ago by Thomas Newton, the keeper of Bristlee Tower. She was light gray, with very long dark stripes over the body—a short tail. She was caught close by the Nine-year-auld cave, and stuffed by Newton.

"It is believed that it was brought to the castle, but from its having then begun to lose the fur, it must be destroyed before this time.

"George Snowdon.
"Matthew Williamson."

I may add that the specimen in possession of Mr. Wilson, at Bondgate Hall, was caught in Sutherlandshire. With regard to the former wildness of the Keelder district, it would appear that when Sir Walter Scott was on a visit at Alnwick Castle, anecdotes resembling Macaulay's, as to the wild state of the country and its inhabitants, were related to him by the then Duke of Northumberland, who was a great pedestrian in his early youth, and is said to have occasionally walked from Alnwick to Keelder. I have heard that when the late Duchess (Dowager) of Northumberland first visited the Duke's almost Highland castle at Keelder, her rest was disturbed by the wailing of the wild cats around.

There is no doubt that in former times, and until the extension of agriculture, the wild cat was far from rare in Northumberland. In 1853 the present Lord Ravensworth shot, not far from his Northumberland seat at Eslington, an animal which in colour and almost in size resembled the real wild cat, and had been entirely bred in the woods, but it was not the true *Catus Sylvestris*, and it had a tapering tail instead of the distinguishing *brush*. Through the kindness of his lordship a fine specimen, shot in the deer forest, Sutherlandshire, was presented some years since to the museum of the Natural History Society at Newcastle. The wild cat appears to be now almost entirely restricted to the north of Scotland, and mountainous parts of Wales and Ireland.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

Wm. Sidney Gibson.

*Tynemouth*, *Sept.*, 1869.

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## COCKER'S PREFACE TO A COPYBOOK.

Mr. Urban,—The following preface to a copybook, engraved by *rare* Cocker in 1669, may amuse some of your readers :—

"To the Ingenious Practitioner in the Art of Writing.

"Writing is an Art neither Mechanical nor Liberal, yet the Parent and Original of both ; not a Science, yet the way to all Sciences ; not a Virtue, yet the Dispenser and Herald of Virtues ; serving naturally for the Illustration of the Mind, and the delight of the Eyes. God delivered it at first to Men, wise persons have express'd it, many have endevour'd after it, but few attain'd it ; as being both a singular Gift of Divine Providence, and a rare Ornament of Humane Intelligence. For by this, have the Sacred Scriptures been preserved, from Generation to Generation : by this, are the memorable Acts and Atchievements of famous men Recorded : and This, by Securing their Names from the greedy and devouring Jaws of Time, gives them a Second Life in Spite of Death : This also as the Interpreter of the Muses, manifests the Learning of the Times : As the Companion of the Tongues it produces the History of Nations : As an exquisite help of Memory ; it wonderfully perfects the Powers of wit : As a prime Secretary,

it Registers things Famous, and discovers those which are obscure: It is highly necessary and behooveful to the Learned and Unlearned. The Furtherance of Commerce, the Strength of Societies, the Sweet Intercourse of Friends absent, the Progress of Fame, and the Splendour of Justice, Stand all indebted hereunto: It is the Tie of a civil Life, and the Bond of the Weal-Publique. The beginning hereof was small and rude, which latter dayes having encreased and illustrated, is now, at length, arrived at some perfection, and much admired at by the present Age, being made happy by Time's Revolutions, and still rendered more absolute by new discoveries: Among which, how far I may put in for a due claim, I leave to the fair Censure of the Judicious, who had rather procure Good to others, than Applause to myself: and to testifie the reality hereof, I have published these Examples, and the following Directions, for the help and assistance of such as shall endeavour to acquire a facility in this commendable Art."

Then follow the Directions, of which, if possible, the phraseology is yet more curious, and which I will copy and send to you, MR. URBAN, should you desire it.

*40, Hauteville, Guernsey.* S. P. OLIVER, Lieut., R. A.

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## THE AURORA POLARIS.

MR. URBAN, -Although the talented writer of the article on "The Aurora Polaris," in your September number, is evidently well acquainted with the phenomena treated on, he appears to be unacquainted with the fact, that a theory identical with that now proposed by Professor Loomis on the cause of the aurora, was advanced by myself in a paper read at a meeting of the Ashmolean Society, 1839; also at the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, 1840; and published in a pamphlet in 1841. The theory was again brought under consideration at the meeting of the British Association in Oxford, 1847, and several of my papers on this and kindred subjects are published in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. To these papers and the reports on the above-named meetings, I must refer you for the details of my theory, and especially to the *Athenæum*, 1839, page 989; 1840, page 871; 1846, page 1328; and 1847, page 771. But although the theory advanced by myself, and that by Professor Loomis, are identical as to the cause of the aurora, the theory I advance extends over a much wider field, and applies to every phenomenon of evaporation, rain, lightning, hail, storm, &c., and in some degree to terrestrial magnetism.

Respecting the height of the aurora, your author states that from 50 to 500 miles, "were the limits actually observed during the display of 1859." On this head I beg permission to state my belief that, as with the rainbow and a lunar halo, *each person sees his own aurora*. This view I have fairly supported in an article in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, 1848, shewing that in Dr. Dalton's celebrated paper on this subject (see Transactions of the Royal Society) the only observations worthy of consideration were rejected because they gave no parallax to the aurora, while the observations on which he calculated the height of the aurora to be 105 miles were mere guess work. I also show that the observations of Professors Chevallier and Challis on the aurora of

October 24, 1847, support that view, as the centre of the corona was observed to be in a line with a certain star at Durham, but it appeared 2° to the south of the same star at Cambridge, and therefore under the same angle at both places.

For my own part, I believe the aurora is generally produced at an altitude but little above the ordinary height of clouds, and sometimes amongst clouds at a very moderate elevation even in this latitude; and I have several times suggested that experiments should be tried with electric balloons, kites, rockets, or other elevated conductors, in the *auroral district* in America, which might produce effects which would lead to a better knowledge of the cause of the aurora, and perhaps throw some light on the cause of terrestrial magnetism also.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

G. A. ROWELL.

*Oxford, October* 2, 1869.

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